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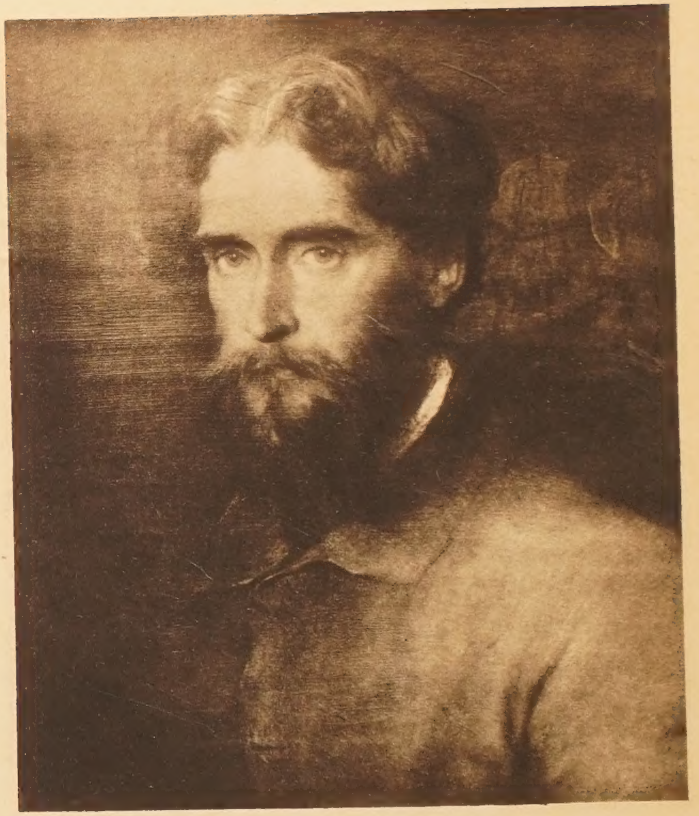

Edition de Luxe

The Complete Works of

John L. Motley

VOLUME XVI

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L.

Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveldt"

Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

VOL. II

Society of English and French Literature
New York

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LETTERS OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

CHAPTER IX

LONDON SOCIETY *(Continued.)*

London dinner-parties—Pembroke Lodge—Lady J. Russell—Sir H. Seymour—Lord Gifford—Dufferin Lodge—Cliveden—The Duchess of Sutherland—Breakfast with Monckton Milnes—Thackeray at work—Danby Seymour—Harrow speeches—The Rothschilds—Stafford House—"An honest diner-out"—Concert at Lansdowne House—Lord Stanhope—"Owen Meredith"—"Tom Brown"—Hatfield—Samuel Wilberforce—Lord Shaftesbury—Lord Denbigh—Dinner at Chiswick House—Holland House—Stoke Park—Gray's "Elegy"—Dinner at Holland House—Lord Macaulay—Lord Clarendon—Cassiobury Park—A series of dinner-parties—Bath House—Ball at Apsley House—India debate in House of Lords—Lord Wensleydale—Mount Felix—East Horsley Towers—Hayward—Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein—Kinglake—Journey to The Hague.

To his Wife

London,
June 27, 1858.

My dearest Mary: My last letter, rather a jejune specimen, I am afraid, was duly posted on the Sunday. I believe that the wondrous tale of my adventures on

that occasion was brought up to Saturday inclusive. There are so many individuals in London society that it is a long time before one meets, except at a grand evening party, many persons on any one occasion that one has seen before, and at the same time those you met yesterday, that it comes to the same thing. About 8 P. M. I drive daily in a hansom along Piccadilly, in a white choker, and the colossal and comical statue of the Duke of Wellington always seems to tower above Belgravia, as the presiding genius of dinner-parties, marshaling with his baton the way that so many thousands are to go to table. Then you go into a grave-looking mansion of nankeen-colored brick, are received by a squad of respectable flunkies, confide your name in a modest whisper to one of them, so that he may roar it up the staircase to his colleagues on the landing. Then you go into a large salon with a score or so of gentlemen and ladies. Then, after the usual remarks concerning the heat of the weather and the odoriferousness of the Thames, the solemn procession goes down to the *salle à manger*. "Slowly and sadly we sat us down," and precisely the same dishes in exactly the same order are placed under our noses, exactly at the same moment. Then, after the normal lapse of an hour and a half, the usual struggle of crinolines takes place, and the ladies soar to the supernal regions. The male survivors pretend to be relieved, and to draw nearer and affect to talk politics, although nothing is ever said, and pretend to drink wine, although not a pint is consumed. Then after the normal twenty minutes are past, the solemn question, "A little more wine?" is propounded, and the procession with funereal gravity moves up-stairs—as if they had all met to pay the last homage to a

deceased friend, and were glad to have accomplished the rite in a becoming manner. After coffee the party is sometimes strengthened by a fresh infusion of new company from without, and the languid circulation is thus improved, and then you eclipse yourself when you like, or remain till twelve o'clock, draining the cup to the dregs.

To descend to particulars. On Sunday I drove out with A. Russell, by invitation, to Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, to make a visit to Lord and Lady John Russell. I have already described him to you, and I have nothing to add to that picture. His manner, especially in his own house, is more pleasing than I had expected. His voice is gentle, and his address is not restrained or even indifferent. We sat in the drawing-room till a shower was over, and then we walked about the grounds with Lord John. This place is one given, or rather lent, to him by the queen for his life, and is built in the royal park, and has a magnificent view of the Thames scenery, with all the rich combinations of bosky bourn and sunny glade, and cottage chimneys that smoke beneath the ancient oak Milton so loved to paint. I think the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" must have been written on the top of Richmond Hill. Lady John Russell looks like her brother, Henry Elliot, from whom she said she had often heard of me. They have several children, the youngest a pretty little girl. The cottage is simply and plainly furnished. It was pleasant enough to see the ex-premier under his own vine and fig-tree. He is a very good politician and statesman, and a model *père de famille*. They wished me to appoint another day to come out to luncheon. I dined afterward with Mrs. Norton. She made the

dinner for me, but she was somewhat disappointed in her company, several of the persons that she wanted, among others Delane, having been engaged. The company consisted of the Marquis of Lansdowne; Lord Dufferin, and his mother, Lady Dufferin; the "young couple" of whose name I think I have already informed you; Mr. Harcourt; Hayward, the "Quarterly Reviewer" and universal diner-out; the Earl of Gifford; and Sir Hamilton Seymour, the man who was minister in Petersburg at the time when the "Sick Man" gave the Czar Nicholas so much anxiety.

I believe I have already described the individuals composing the troop thus enumerated, except the two last-named individuals. Sir H. Seymour is not especially describable. He is obviously intelligent, caustic, and apparently good-humored, and with a good deal of the *usage du monde* to be expected in a veteran diplomatist. He is still comparatively young, but has laid himself up on a pension. Lord Gifford is the eldest son of the Marquis of Tweeddale, is an M. P. till he succeeds to his father's peerage, is about thirty-five years old, plain-looking, intelligent, spectacled, and a sculptor of remarkable talent. There is at Dufferin Lodge a marble bust of Lady Dufferin executed by him, which is singularly like and very beautiful, and another one in plaster of her brother, Brinsley Sheridan, which is almost as good. I do not remember anything especially worth reporting of this dinner. The conversation rolled on the accustomed wheels. But where two such persons as Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin were present, you may imagine that it was not slow. Mrs. Norton, however, was a good deal indisposed, so much so as to be obliged to leave the table.

She recovered, however, and remanied till 12:30 in her salon, at which hour Hayward and myself retired. The descriptions of Mrs. Norton have not been exaggerated. In the noon of her beauty she must have been something wondrous.

On Monday I got a pretty good day's work in the State Paper Office, and at seven I drove out to Highgate to dine with Lady Dufferin. There was no party, except one young man whose name I forget, and Brinsley Sheridan, with his wife and two daughters.

Mr. Sheridan has a good deal of the family fascination, being still very handsome, with a very winning address. One of his daughters is very pretty, and is just engaged to be married to the eldest son of Lord Poltimore.

This dinner, although merely a family one, was one of the pleasantest I have been at. When there is one such person at table as Lady Dufferin, of course it makes all the difference. She has known everybody, and tells peppery anecdotes, strikes out little portraits, and talks on grave and gay subjects with the same animation and brilliancy. Then, she paints beautifully, having adorned the panels of her own boudoir with her own pencil, and is perpetually writing clever verses. When well dressed, she is very pretty, but she never could have had the beauty of Mrs. Norton, who has the head of a classic Muse and the eyes of a sibyl.

I brought Sheridan into town, who asked me for a lift, that some one else might be accommodated in his carriage, and he made himself very agreeable during the drive.

On Thursday I went with Mrs. Norton and Stirling by rail to Cliveden. This is a villa belonging to the

Duke of Sutherland, and famous in Pope's verses as "Cliveden's proud alcove,"

> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,

and now in possession of a purer celebrity. I had received an invitation from the duchess through Mrs. Norton, entirely unawares, as I had never been presented to her; but, as I have already observed, it was probable that I should be drifted in her direction before I left London. I suppose you will like a description of her. There is something very plenteous and bountiful and sunny in her aspect. She is tall and very large, and carries herself with a very good-natured stateliness. Her hair is blond-silvered, her features are large and well chiseled, her smile is very beaming, and there is benevolence and sunshine in every look and word. With her ripe, autumnal, exuberant person and radiating expression, she looks a personified Ceres, and ought always to be holding a cornucopia in her right hand. She welcomed me like an old friend, shaking hands as if I had known her from the tenderest infancy; and then we went, being late, to the table, where about twenty-five people were already seated. The company consisted mainly of ladies. There was next me Lady C. Denison, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons; opposite was Mrs. van de Weyer, who was affectionate in her greetings, and there were various members of the Carlisle family; Lady Stafford, the daughter-in-law of the duchess, Lady Blantyre, and a Count and Countess Potofski, Austrian Poles, for whom the party was made; Grenfell, a brother of Mrs. Froude, whom I very often meet in society, and whose father's place adjoins Cliveden; Miss Weston, cousin

of Mrs. van de Weyer, who has been several years in Europe, and seems ladylike and intelligent; and various others whose names I have forgotten. There was not much done at the party. The view from the house is wonderfully fine, commanding a view of the silver Thames, winding through plains of almost evergreen freshness, and masses of ancient foliage such as England only has to show.

The house is modern, and a small palace built by Barry; the painting of the ceiling and panels is by Landseer and other artists, the service of the table of quite regal magnificence, and the strawberries very portentous in size. After the "trifling foolish banquet" we loafed about the grounds, but the whole thing was brought to a rapid termination because the duchess, who is not living here at the moment, was to go to town by the 4:30 train. This house is only one of a dozen or two palaces, villas, and castles which they possess. Of course they only reside here a few weeks in each year. She charged me to make her a visit very soon at Stafford House, saying that she was always at home about two.

On Wednesday morning I breakfasted again with Milnes. The company consisted of two or three English consuls from foreign parts, Parker the publisher, Mr. Arthur Stanley, cousin of Lady Stanley of Alderley, a canon of Christ Church and an eminent divine, whom I had met before at Milman's, Lord Carlisle, Earl Grey, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. I sat next to the two last-named individuals. I had never met Lord Grey before, although I had heard him speak. He told me he knew me very well through the D. R., and I found him rather an entertaining person. He has

more talents than many of his brother peers. I see no reason to modify my sentiments on the breakfast system. If the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table had been present, the scene would have been changed indeed. If he could only establish his sway in London, a social revolution would be produced; and I am quite persuaded that if by accident, without changing any of his other qualities, he could have a palingenesis, and appear as a Howard or Stanley of England, people would gather up his conversation five baskets full every time he honored any mahogany. As he was not there, I took no notes of anybody's conversation, not even my own, which I flatter myself would exceed in dullness that of any of my competitors. Kingsley gave me a very pressing invitation to visit him at Eversley. Milnes, by the way, is bright, jolly, and amusing, one of the best fellows in London. If he would only shove his entertainments to the other edge of the daylight, and give us cups that inebriate instead of cheering, I should have no fault to find with him.

After breakfast I went down to the British Museum. I had been immersed half an hour in my MSS., when, happening to turn my head round, I found seated next to me Thackeray, with a file of old newspapers before him, writing the ninth number of "The Virginians." He took off his spectacles to see who I was, then immediately invited me to dinner the next day (as he seems always to do everybody he meets), which invitation I could not accept, and he then showed me the page he had been writing, a small, delicate, legible manuscript. After this we continued our studies. I can conceive nothing more harassing in the literary way than his way of living from hand to mouth. I mean in regard

to the way in which he furnishes food for the printer's devil. Here he is just finishing the number which must appear in a few days. Of course, whether ill or well, stupid or fertile, he must produce the same amount of fun, pathos, or sentiment. His gun must be regularly loaded and discharged at command. I should think it would wear his life out.

This day I dined at Mr. Danby Seymour's. He is a very good fellow, an M. P., and of the elder branch of the Seymour family. He descends from the famous Protector Duke of Somerset, and a less remote Sir Edward Seymour ancestor is the one who made the famous reply to William III. when he landed from Holland. "You are one of the family of the Duke of Somerset?" asked this king. "No, your Majesty," answered Sir Edward, "he is of mine," which was true, the ducal branch being the younger one. They have some fine portraits in the house, one of this same Sir Edward, another of the Protector duke, and a full-length, large as life, of Henry VIII., by Holbein.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Seymour the first time I was at Cambridge House. On being introduced to him, he said: "I know you well; I read your book eight years ago." To whom I replied that he was my earliest reader, for he had read it six years before it was published, and we have been great friends ever since. There were not many notables present, and the usual sprinkling of lords and ladies, colonels and M. P.'s. The lady with whom I went to dinner was very lively and sociable—Mrs. Vernon Smith, wife of the man of whom you have heard as having been president of the India Board in Lord Palmerston's ministry. They sent me an invitation to dinner next day

for a few days afterward, but I was engaged. I eclipsed myself rather early from the evening party which followed the dinner, and went to the Cosmopolitan. Among the usual members who were there, there was one Mr. Venables, one of the "Saturday Reviewers," who told me of a personal compliment which will please you and Lily to hear. He said that he was an intimate acquaintance of Tennyson, and that Tennyson had recently told him that he admired my "History" more than any he had ever read, and that he had rarely been so much excited by any book. He did not know that I was in town till the day he went away, or would have liked to see me, etc. As this is somewhat different from the *banalités* of every day, I thought I would sink my blushes and let you hear it.

On Thursday morning Dean and Mrs. Milman called in their carriage to take me to Harrow to hear what are called the "Harrow speeches," to which I had received an invitation from Dr. Vaughan, the head master. This affair is very much like our college commencement. The prize boys speak Latin, Greek, and English orations and poems, and there are also a few scenes from French, German, and English plays acted. The declamation was of a very inferior description. When they acted, however, and so got out of themselves into somebody else, it was quite different, and although their pronunciation of French and German was stunning to unprepared ears, their performance in other respects was rather light and airy. After the exercises were over, the invited guests went to a collation in the head master's house. Lord Palmerston, who rode down, a distance of ten miles, and back, was called on first after the banquet in the usual form. It

is not fair to criticize such performances, for certainly there never was a more senseless ceremony than this, of calling men out to make speeches when they have nothing in the world to say.

I went up afterward to the churchyard of Harrow-on-the-Hill to see the tomb on which Byron used to be fond of sitting when he was at school there. The view is a very extensive panorama, and very English and beautiful. We got back to town just in time to dress for dinner. I dined with the Rothschilds. This is the Baron Lionel, about whom the row as to his seat in Parliament has been so long reproducing itself. It seems probable that next week the bill will pass, and that he will take his seat as member for London, to which office he has been so often elected. His wife is very nice, with much *esprit*, intelligence, and cultivation. There was the married daughter of the house, the wife, of course, of another Rothschild [1] (for the Rothschilds all marry Rothschilds), who is very beautiful and perfectly Hebrew and Oriental. A pale face, arched brows, eyes and hair of the blackest, with a gentle, pretty manner and a *petite* figure, are her characteristics. Then there is a younger daughter of their father's house, unmarried, and a son too. Besides these were Hayward, Villiers, brother of Lord Clarendon, the Hon. George Byng, rejoicing in the appellation of "Poodle Byng," and nobody else. I sat next to Madame Rothschild, and so did very well. On Friday I called at Stafford House. The duchess was at home, and after I had been there a little while invited me to go to luncheon. This is, in fact, a 2:30 dinner, as you know, consisting of soup, boiled and roast, pas-

[1] Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild.

try and fruit, like any other dinner, and is an institution at first devised to keep the strong in awe, for who has the strength to eat two dinners in one day? Of course there was no company, and I only came to make a morning call. There were the duke, Lady Stafford, and Lady Blantyre.

After the refection the duchess showed me all over the house. Descriptions of houses are not much. Suffice it to say that this is the best private palace in London. The double staircase especially is very broad and stately, and the wide entrance-hall is ornamented with fine groups of statuary by modern sculptors—nothing very remarkable, but very good as furniture. I think there are few of the palaces in Genoa with so fine an entrance and staircase. The rooms are all very grand and gilded, the "enervating saloons," to get an invitation to which Roebuck complains of the baseness perpetrated by members of Parliament, and the gallery is very handsome. I was disappointed in the pictures. With the exception of two Murillos from the Soult collection, "Abraham Entertaining the Angels" and "The Return of the Prodigal Son," both of which are treated with a dramatic energy unusual with Murillo, and with his richest and strongest color—with these two signal exceptions there are hardly any first-rate pictures. After passing a very agreeable hour or two in this way I took my leave. I dined that day with the Sturgises. By the way, Milnes, the other day, being invited by Lady Palmerston to dinner, declined on the ground of a previous engagement. She begged him to decline the previous engagement. "No," says Milnes; "whatever else I may be, I am an honest diner-out." The party at the Sturgises' had few persons that I

knew. I went to dinner with Mrs. Mansfield, mother of General Mansfield, who at the age of forty has already acquired great reputation and rank in India. She is originally from Baltimore, she told me, but has been in England ever since her marriage. Then there were a Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, she a very pretty woman and sister to Lady Stanley of Alderley. I do not remember anything worthy of note at the dinner, which, like all those at the Sturgises', was very good; they have almost the best cuisine in London.

At eleven o'clock we adjourned to Lansdowne House, where there was a private concert, to which the Sturgises as well as myself were invited. The concert-room is very spacious and elegantly decorated. The musicians were Viardot, Garcia, Grisi, Mario, Graziani, and others. The room was, however, very hot, and it was difficult to get a good place, so that as a concert I cannot say that I enjoyed it much. It was not a very general party, only several large spoonfuls of the cream of the cream. I do not remember any people of whom I have not spoken, except some members of the royal family, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta. But, to tell you the truth, I forgot to look at them, and so cannot describe them to you, saving the Duke of Cambridge, who stood near me about five minutes. I had a good deal of talk, as usual, with Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Madame Rothschild, and other old acquaintances. The Duchess of Manchester was there also, a very pretty blonde, with a wreath of gold scallop-shells in her hair. The Marchioness of Stafford was there also, and these two are considered the prettiest women in London.

Next day I worked pretty well at the S. P. O. for a

few hours, but there is no doubt that my time is a good deal cut up, and although I shall get through my work pretty soon, yet I could have accomplished it all by this time, and sooner, had I been entirely unknown. Breakfasts, luncheons, and visits consume valuable hours in this wide wilderness. I went in the afternoon to return a visit to Lord Stanhope, who had called on me the day before. He is better known to the world at large under the name of Lord Mahon, which he bore when he wrote the "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," a work which has a high reputation and was favorably reviewed on its first appearance by Macaulay. He is a distinguished personage in the way of letters, science, and art, and I found him particularly agreeable. He is a slender, thin man, with handsome features, curly hair, and spectacles. He showed me the MS. of Byron's "Curse of Minerva," in which almost every word had been altered, so numerous were the corrections; also a very pretty valentine of some thirty lines, written by Macaulay to his (Lord Stanhope's) little daughter.

Afterward I drove down to Chiswick to dine with Lord Carlisle. The company consisted of William Prescott and his wife, who are on their way to America, sailing next Saturday; a Mr. Calvert, a very entertaining and intelligent Englishman, who is consul in the East and has a farm on the ruins of Troy; Lord Granville; the Speaker of the House of Commons, and his wife, Lady Charlotte Denison; Lord and Lady Chichester, Lady Shannon, and Colonel and Lady Louisa Pyne. I give you the names just as they would be given by Jenkins, the reporter of fashionable intelligence for the "Morning Post." The only notabilities of this

party were the Speaker, who is tall, with a good Roman face, which must look uncommonly well in the wig. He seemed good-humored and sufficiently reasonable, and, I dare say, looks very stately in his costume. Lord Granville was Minister of Foreign Affairs in Palmerston's government, is small, bright, boyish-looking, young, and very agreeable. He has a decided resemblance to Longfellow in manner and visage. Lady Charlotte, the Speaker's wife, is a good-natured, cultivated person, whom I have met several times. The rest of the company were commonplace folks, not worth describing, except that you will like to hear a word of the Prescotts. They came over with the Whartons from Calais, who have gone for the summer to the Isle of Wight, so that you will not see them, I am sorry to say. They speak of Prescott, the father, as very well, and wishing to write, but restrained by the physicians and friends. He is more popular here than ever. After returning to town at eleven, I went to a rather small party at the Palmerstons.

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To his Wife

London,
July 4, 1858.

My dearest Mary: This will be but a short and dull letter. I wrote you an unconscionably long one last Sunday. To-day, and for several days past, I have been very much indisposed. You need not be in the least degree alarmed. It is only my old enemy, difficulty of breathing, but it is so obstinate and unrelenting that it makes me incapable of work or amusement,

and depresses me very much. There is not the least need of your worrying yourself, for it is only what I have been suffering from for half my life, and I dare say, after a few days or weeks longer, it will pass away. I should not mention it at all, except by way of excuse for my inability to write anything to amuse you much this week. It does not prevent my daily occupations, but it rather neutralizes them. I go to the S. P. O. every day, but it is difficult for me to work, and I dine out every evening, but it is a *supplice* to talk or to eat. Last Sunday I passed an hour at Mrs. Norton's. Among other persons there was Lytton,[1] the son of Sir E. B. Lytton. I met him afterward the same evening, and he made me a formal speech about the D. R., saying it was a great privilege to know the author, etc. He is a handsome young man, and very clever, having published some poems, which are good, under the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith."

Sunday evening I drove out to Wimbledon, and dined with Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," a book which has had a great run and is generally admired. He had invited me once before, but I was engaged. Hughes is an excellent fellow, very plain, unsophisticated, and jolly, of course full of talent. He is not a professional author, but a working barrister. His wife is a pretty and pleasing person, and they live in a pretty cottage near Wimbledon Common. Kingsley was expected, but did not come, which was also the case with Lord and Lady Goderich, who were prevented by illness. The only persons present besides ourselves were Mrs. Phillips, wife of the artist, a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, and a Lady

[1] The present Earl of Lytton.

somebody. The dinner was plain, but it was *sans gêne*, the conversation less *guindé* and conventional than is customary in London.

Monday I went out with A. Russell by appointment to Hatfield, a celebrated country house of the Elizabethan period, originally presented to Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and now inhabited by his descendant the present Marquis of Salisbury. A part of the house remains as it was originally built; the other portion was burned some years ago, together with the mother of the present proprietor, but has been restored in the same style. It is a rambling, zigzag structure of brick, with gables, turrets, and oriels, a superb dining-room, oak-ceilinged and wainscoted and floored, a fine library, superb views of park scenery and distant hills from the windows, and stately avenues of lime-trees and horse-chestnuts. Then there are various portraits of the great Lord Burghley and his greater son, Queen Elizabeth, and other historical personages, which have a peculiar interest for me, as I happen to be writing about them. And there are also formal, old-fashioned gardens, with clipped yew-hedges and alleys and fish-ponds and conservatories. Descriptions of palaces are a bore, and I will not describe. We had luncheon in the antique banqueting-room. There are also in the library some private papers of the famous Lord Burghley, which I should like very much to have the ransacking of, although I have hundreds of them in the Archives; but Lord Salisbury, I have always understood, does not wish any one to see them, so that I did not allude to the subject. I dined this day with Sir Charles Lyell. The Prescotts, whom it is always a pleasure to meet, both on their own account and their

father's, were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyell. James Lawrence came in the evening. He is just come out alone for rheumatism, and is going straight to the Continent. I regret very much to say that he gives an unsatisfactory account of Prescott. He is kept on a very low diet, and I fear such great precaution is rather alarming.

Next day I had a quiet dinner at Mackintosh's, almost the first time I have dined in London except at a dinner-party, and I was very glad of the repose. I like them both very much, and they have been very friendly to me. She always tells me to send her kindest regards to you. I am very weary of sitting at good men's feasts or bad ones. I have dined out about forty days in succession, and I am now inclined to go into the wilderness and fast forty days, but I have about a dozen invitations ahead.

On Wednesday I breakfasted with Lord Stanhope. I think I spoke of him in my last letter. Lady Stanhope is very agreeable, with a very sweet face, one of the persons I like best in London. I have nothing special to say of this entertainment except merely to mention the names of the guests, and I suppose that you will like to hear them. Macaulay did not come, which is the third time I have been disappointed of meeting him at breakfast. Each time he has been obliged to excuse himself on account of illness, and I am afraid that he is in a very bad way. His cough is certainly very alarming, and each time when I have met him at dinner he has had a very alarming fit of it. The persons who did come were Milnes, whom it is always pleasant to meet; the Bishop of Oxford, whom I have met once or twice before at breakfast, and who is a

solid, thick-set man, agreeable in conversation, and a splendid orator, . . . Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lord Powis, and one or two more. Lady Shaftesbury is daughter to Lady Palmerston, and is a fresh, handsome woman, although one of her younger sons has just set forth to make a tour in America. England is certainly the paradise of grandmothers. Lord Shaftesbury has made himself distinguished by promoting all sorts of charities, is strong about Sabbath-breaking, and is in general one of the leaders of the Exeter Hall political pietists. He is very lugubrious about the present aspect of affairs in England, and assured me that he considered the country fast rolling down the hill into the abyss of democracy.

This day I dined with Mr. Nassau Senior, a noted writer on political economy, an "Edinburgh Reviewer," and an ex-professor. Latterly he has traveled much in Greece, and his MS. journals are lent about London and Paris. He is friendly and hospitable and very *répandu*. His son is a big, burly barrister in spectacles. His son's wife, Mrs. Nassau Senior, junior, is pretty, very fair, with a wonderful profusion of gilt flaxen crinkle-crankled hair, and a remarkably fine voice, with which she discoursed after dinner much eloquent music. She is sister to Tom Hughes, alias Tom Brown. Phillips, the artist, and his wife, both sensible, agreeable people, were the only ones of the company I knew. On Thursday I went with the Sturgises and Incheses, after an early dinner, to the Princess Theater to see "The Merchant of Venice." It was crowded, hot, and uncomfortable. I had afterward for the same evening an invitation, which of course I could not accept, from Lady W. Russell to go with

her to Covent Garden Opera. This house I have not yet seen, and it is very large and handsome. However, I did not care much more about going to the one or the other. The queen was there, and of course rather a brilliant crowd.

Friday I dined with Lady Mary Fielding and her father, the Earl of Denbigh. They sent me an invitation to dinner for either Friday or Saturday, so I took Friday. The family is distinguished for two things—for claiming to be the elder branch of the imperial house of Austria, calling themselves Counts of Hapsburg, and having the double-headed eagle on their spoons; and for numbering the immortal Henry Fielding among the scions of their house. The party was almost a family one, there being about five ladies, Fielding, and two or three colonels of the same name. Besides these were Max Müller, the famous Oxford philosopher, a very learned though comparatively a young man, and Arthur Stanley, of whom I have spoken to you before. He has asked me to dinner three times, but I have always been engaged. I chronicle these names and very important facts because I have nothing else in the world to say. Of course you do not care to hear how many "dead letters" I read in the State Paper Office, or any of the details regarding my diggings generally.

Saturday, having a few days before found Noel's card on my table, I went up to Lady Byron's, but found that they were again flown. It is in vain to attempt to see anybody in London except by positive appointment. Lady Byron was at home by a sea-coal fire (for the weather has become as unblushingly cold as it was hot a week ago); she is pretty well for her,

and was pleased to see me. This day I dined again with Lord Carlisle. The Milmans were going also, and took me in their carriage to Chiswick House, about five or six miles from Hyde Park Corner. It is always pleasant to go to Lord Carlisle's; he is so unaffectedly cordial, and even affectionate, that it would be impossible not to be fond of him. He has been more attentive to me than anybody in London except the Russells and Mrs. Norton, and I like him extremely (I mean, of course, of my new acquaintances). The company, besides the Milmans, consisted of Mr. Ball, a M. P., who has been an under-secretary, and his wife, who is a Venetian, speaking hardly any English, who sat next me, and was quite delighted when she found I could speak French; Macaulay, who came contrary to expectation, but has a very bad cough and looks very feeble; Mr. Labouchere, once Minister for the Colonies, and his wife, Lady Mary, sister of Lord Carlisle; Mr. C. Howard, his brother; Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Sir David Dundas, who is just going to America, and two members of Parliament.

Nothing very memorable occurred. Macaulay did not talk so much as usual, although he seemed in good spirits enough. He was speaking with me after we went up-stairs upon American matters, when he was seized with two or three violent fits of coughing. Soon after, he went away, and everybody seemed to feel anxious about him. Lady Mary Labouchere is as kind-hearted and agreeable as the rest of the family. I had never met her before, but she treated me like an old acquaintance, invited me to go out to their country place tomorrow to lunch and see the churchyard where Gray's "Elegy" was written, and to dine with her in town

next Wednesday. Lord Wensleydale is the Baron Parke about whose life-peerage there was such a row a year or two ago. It was finally settled by making him a peer *tout bonnement*, with remainder to his lawful issue; but as he and his wife are about seventy-five years old each, and have no sons as yet, it seems likely enough that it will remain a life-peerage. I stopped at Cambridge House coming up, where, as usual on Saturdays, there was an assembly. Lady Palmerston is always kind enough to invite me: passed an hour or two there, and I returned at one o'clock. To-day I dine at Holland House, which historical mansion I will describe in my next. God bless you, dearest Mary; take care of my darling children, kiss them all three a thousand times, and believe me

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

London
July 11, 1858.

My dearest Mary: I am not able to give you any new sketches of celebrities. Having seen nearly all the prominent people in London, chalked them out *tant bien que mal* for your entertainment, I can now do little more than send you, like Jenkins, a list of the nobility and gentry that I meet daily at dinner and other parties. Sunday I paid my weekly visit to Mrs. Norton, and found her as agreeable and interesting as she always is. Her talent for conversation is almost as remarkable as her beauty, and even superior to her

poetic genius. I dined afterward at Holland House. This is a quaint, antique old manor-house belonging to the early period of James I., but having the general characteristics of the Elizabethan mansion. Built of brown brick, with turrets and gables, mullioned oriel-windows, terraces, stately staircases, tapestried rooms, and painted ceilings, it is, on not a very large scale, one of the most beautiful country houses that it is possible to conceive. It is approached by a noble avenue of lime-trees, is surrounded by an ample lawn dotted with oaks, pastures "where the nibbling sheep doth stray," and by a vast park of splendid forest-trees, while close to the house are trim gardens, with clipped hedges, sun-dials, fountains, and statues, and "a lush of flowers" sufficient to gladden the soul of John Keats, and all this in what might be called the heart of London, certainly in its pericardium.

Kensington, near which country village Holland House once stood, is already swallowed into the all-devouring stomach of London, assimilated into the brick-and-mortar chyle out of which the life of that gigantic organization is perpetually reproduced and enlarged. "Kensington Gore," is a recognized street of London, and the avenue gates of Holland House open really upon a continuation of Piccadilly. There was a discussion yesterday where I was dining about the value of the place for building purposes. Lord Clarendon said it would bring in an income of £6000 a year; and Rothschild, who sat next me, said it was worth £150,000 at least. Yet the present Lord Holland only lives here about six weeks in the year, residing the rest of the time in Naples, where he has a fine house, as in Paris. He is a singularly agreeable person

in his manners. I went out there this day, having received an invitation on very brief acquaintance, and expecting to find myself rather awkwardly placed among strangers. I got there about eight (having been invited for 7:30, and this is punctuality itself), and there were but two persons in the room. In the twilight I did not recognize them, but presently I observed the familiar proboscis of Lord Brougham wagging in a friendly manner toward me. He and another gentleman, commonly called Bear Ellice, were the only persons there. Brougham was very cross at waiting for his dinner, having been there half an hour, and Lord Holland had not shown himself. Presently he came in and apologized by saying that Lady Holland was taken ill and could not appear. Brougham's wrath was mollified, and he became very agreeable.

Lord and Lady Lyndhurst soon arrived, and with a few others, including the Duc de Richelieu and some persons whose names I did not hear, the party was complete. Lord Holland made me sit next to him, and Lady Lyndhurst was on the other side, so that I felt perfectly at home. Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham were chaffing each other as usual. Nothing can be more genial, genuine, and delightful than Lyndhurst's manner. He is particularly kind and friendly to me on all occasions, made me come and sit with him after dinner, and we talked together for half an hour. He always expresses much interest in my studies and writings, but it is not for that that I like his society, but because of the magnificent spectacle he affords of a large, bright intellect setting in "one unclouded blaze of living light," without any of the dubious haze which so often accompanies the termination of a long and

brilliant career. Everybody looks up to him with reverence and delight. He is full of fun, always joking, always genial, and alive to what is going on around him from day to day. He has made two or three very good speeches this session, and is going to make another, and there is not a sign of senility in anything that he says.

The next day I went by invitation to Stoke Park to luncheon. This is the beautiful country-seat of Mr. and Lady Mary Labouchere. He is a man eminent in politics, of great wealth, and formerly a cabinet minister, as Secretary for the Colonies. She is the youngest sister of Lord Carlisle and the Duchess of Sutherland, and the most amiable creature living. Indeed, the whole family seems somehow or other to have absorbed more gallons apiece of the milk of human kindness than would serve for the average allowance of several hundred individuals. It is certainly agreeable to see people in high station and with vast wealth so overflowing with benevolent virtues. "Chill penury" could certainly not "repress their noble rage," but in my experience I have found that luxury sometimes has as refrigerating an effect upon the "genial current of the soul" as poverty itself. These delicious expressions, which you recognize as bits from that immortal, monumental poem, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," are very apropos at this moment, for the "Elegy" was composed on this very spot. It was to see the church and churchyard that they asked me out to dine. There was no company except Lord Carlisle (whom I may call now my intimate friend, for he is untiring in his demonstrations of regard for me), his brother Charles Howard, and his mother-in-law

Lady Wensleydale. We walked over the grounds, went to a bit of the old manor-house once the residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, and then round about the churchyard.

It is exactly what it ought to be: and as almost every line of that poem has lingered in my memory ever since I used to recite it when a small boy to my dear mother, I enjoyed the exquisite fidelity of the description to the actual scenery, which is as remarkable as, on the other hand, its broad, lofty, and stately moralization, which would be almost as true in a graveyard in Wisconsin or Connecticut as in Buckinghamshire. The "rugged elms" and "yew-tree's shade" are still there, embowering the little church, which stands on the edge of Stoke Park; and the little inclosures, "where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap," have been literally plowed into furrows by the long succession of sowers and reapers in God's acre. The "ivy-mantled tower," where "the moping owl does to the moon complain," is still covered with its luxuriant festoons, but I regret to say that the ivy looks sickly and as if decaying. The church itself is one of the most exquisite of English country churches, and this is saying enough. The only thing I missed was the village. There is none in sight; and (at present at least) there is not much in the stately and sequestered aristocratic park to suggest all those rural pictures which the musing, melancholy poet painted, and the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" driving their teams afield, the busy housewives' evening care, and children climbing the paternal knee. All is very still and silent, and nothing like profane vulgar intrudes upon the calm and exclusive scene. This is what I missed most in

the locality. For the rest, it is perfect. Gray lies buried in the same grave with his mother, and a plain monument, inscribed with some of the best lines of the "Elegy," has been erected in the park.

I had to hurry to town because I had to dine out. This day it was at Lady Williams's, with whom I dined once before. She is a very clever person, original and rather funny, and receives the best company in London. There is nothing very remarkable to say of the entertainment. Now that I have described to you many dinners, the rest hardly require to be sung. There are the same dishes, the same wines, the same solemn stillness, the some gorgeous flunkies, and a score of personages of quality, the same even if different, for one lord differeth less from another in glory than do the stars in their courses. To-day were again Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst at dinner, whom I meet so often that I am gradually getting to mistake myself for an ex-chancellor, and shall probably be soon caught propounding legal opinions with oracular gravity and expecting my words to be accepted as oracles.

On Tuesday I dined again at Holland House. (I have been invited to dine there four times in a week, so that if they retain their original maternal principle of the Holland House organization, I have a right to conclude that they do not consider me a bore.) The company to-day consisted of the Duc d'Aumale (one of the sons of King Louis Philippe) and the duchesse, Lord and Lady Clarendon, Macaulay, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Lady J. Russell, and Hayward. It is always delightful to meet Macaulay, and to see the reverence with which he is regarded by everybody; painful to

observe the friendly anxiety which every one feels about his health. Sir H. Holland told me his complaints were bronchial and asthmatic, but I should have thought them more like dropsy. He was obliged to leave the table for a few minutes on account of a spasm of coughing, which has been the case ever since I have met him. I think, unless he is much changed, that Sydney Smith's descriptions, or rather flings at him, are somewhat unjust. He is not in the least the "colloquial oppressor" he has been represented. On the contrary, every one wishes to hear him talk, and very often people are disappointed because he does not talk enough. To be sure, a mind so brimful as his must spout forth uncontrollably, if you once pull out the plug; nevertheless, he is always willing to shut himself up again, if anybody else wishes to pour himself out. Usually nobody does where he is present. His conversation is, however, rather learned and didactic than *spirituelle*. His "brilliant flashes" are only those of silence, according to Sydney's memorable sarcasm. This is strange, for in his writings he is brilliant and flashing almost to painfulness, but I observe nothing pointed or epigrammatic or humorous in his talk. It is very wise and very instructive, but not the kind to set the table in a roar.

Lord and Lady Clarendon I meet very often; they are very civil to me, and are both among the most agreeable people in London. You are aware that he is one of the most eminent political characters in England, having been a long time a foreign minister, and subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is a tall, thin, handsome, aristocratic-looking person. His wife is a blonde, very young for her age, whatever it

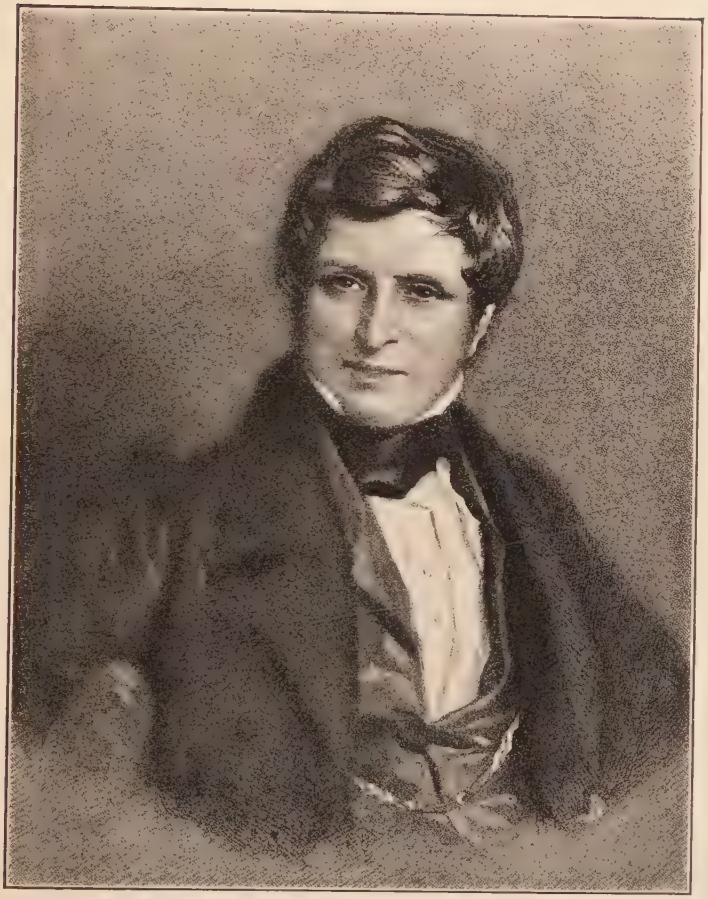
may be, with an amiable manner. On Wednesday morning I went out by rail to Cassiobury Park, seat of the Earl of Essex, to which place I had received an invitation to a *fête champêtre*, or luncheon-party. In the compartment in which I went were Mrs. Norton, Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Airlie, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The party was brilliant, the park magnificent, the house stately. There is nothing very exhilarating to be said of the party. They are generally somewhat slow, these same country festivities. If it were not for Mrs. Norton I should be often bored on such occasions. But she can create an oasis in the most arid place, where one can listen to the constant and musical gurgle of her witty or thoughtful conversation and be refreshed. The luncheon was a kind of brief and somewhat scrambling dinner. The Duke of Cambridge, at the board's end, stolid and manful, flanked by Malakoff, looking like a military Silenus; and at the right of Lord Essex was the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. I cannot give you a list of the other swells who were present, for I forget the names almost as soon as I hear them.

The grounds and the gardens, the park and the lawn, looked very brilliant with the rainbow-colored petals of the female flowers blooming out so suddenly in all directions, but not to "blush unseen," nor to "waste their sweetness," and the whole "dream of fair women" was as successful as such things usually are. If I were Boccaccio or Tennyson, instead of a somewhat slow and cynical dry-as-dust, I dare say I could paint wondrous pictures of romance and poetry upon such a canvas as was here unrolled; but in my commonplace frame of mind, the scene was commonplace.

As usual, I had to fidget into town before I was ready, in order to be in time to dress.

To-day Lord Lyndhurst gave me a dinner, the company being invited to meet me. This is a compliment of which I am very proud. The party was a small one. There was Lord Carlisle, Lord Granville, Lord Wensleydale, Mr. Greville, Sir E. Landseer, Lord Ashburton, and Lord Sefton, a youth who reminded me somewhat of W—— O——, being very lively, boyish, and rattling; and it was too funny to hear him speak incidentally of doing something or other in the House of Lords, with the rest of the hereditary legislators. The party was particularly cozy and agreeable, more so than almost any I have assisted at. I consider it a privilege to have known so well and seen so much of Lord Lyndhurst. This day he was even more genial and sunny than usual. Lady Lyndhurst is always kind and obliging. On Friday I dined with Lord Granville. I hardly think it worth my while to rack my memory to give you a list of the twenty persons present. The lady next me was agreeable and handsome, and opposite me was a remarkably pretty woman. I knew their names once, but have now forgotten. On my right was rather an amusing personage who had just arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, and had been in Cuba and the United States. Then there was a gigantic and agreeable Russian named Count Pahlen, and a famous homeopathic doctor, Quin, and a mass of others whom I do not remember even indistinctly.

Next day I dined with Vernon Smith. He was once of the Palmerston cabinet, as Secretary of the Board of Control for India. He is a handsome man and popular in society. His wife is a very pretty young



LORD LYNDHURST

woman of fifty, a not very rare genus in England, and an agreeable, lively, sociable person. The company were the Rothschilds, baron, baroness, and daughter, whom I have already described to you; the Marchioness of Clanricarde and her daughter; Lord and Lady Clarendon, Lord St. Germans, and Mrs. Dyce Sombre. The latter personage was the one whom I escorted to dinner. I had received an invitation to dine the same day with Lady Palmerston, but could not accept it, but I went there in the evening. There were but few persons, not a party—Lady William Russell, Lord Shaftesbury, who invited me to make a visit to him at his country place, as have also Lord Stanhope, Lord Carlisle, and many others, which invitations of course I cannot accept. Kennedy of Baltimore was there also. I called this morning on them. I have got to the end of my fourth sheet, dearest Mary. I dine to-day with Monckton Milnes, to-morrow with Lord Ashburton, and so on; and there is a ball to-morrow night at the Duchess of Wellington's, to which I shall probably go. God bless you and my dear children. Kiss them a million times, and believe me always

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

July 18, 1858.

My dearest Mary: I came up this morning from Walton, where I went yesterday, and found my dear Lily's letter on my table, and was much gratified by it, as also by funny little Susie's delightful epistle.

Thank them both, and kiss them, as well as my darling Mary, a hundred times. I also inclose a letter from my mother just received, and you will be glad to hear that she is decidedly better. I wrote to her by the last mail, and shall very soon write again. I will now huddle up very rapidly what I have been doing so far as society is concerned, premising that I have now finished with London, and that I have declined all invitations for this week.

On Sunday I dined with Monckton Milnes. His wife I had seen for the first time the evening before at Lady Palmerston's. The dinner was small, consisting of two Frenchmen, one, the editor of the "Siècle," who never could hear himself talk enough, and a Marquis de Ribère, a Legitimist, married to an Englishwoman, an agreeable and intelligent person. I have nothing more to say of this festivity. Next day I dined at Bath House, the splendid mansion in Piccadilly of Lord Ashburton. He is the son of the first Lord Ashburton, and the head of the second branch of the Barings. He is an exceedingly shy, almost timid, personage, but cultivated and friendly. He has a very fine collection of paintings in his town house, and still more at his country residence, the Grange, to which he has given me a very pressing invitation. The dinner consisted of Lord and Lady Euston (the niece of Lord Ashburton), Lord and Lady Dufferin, Sir David Dundas, Mr. Drummond, M. P., and Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde." The latter personage, I think, I have not before described to you. He is tall, apparently forty-five or fifty years of age, with a handsome, striking face, with regular features and long grizzled hair, and a quiet, perfectly English manner.

We sat next each other at table, but his conversation was quite as commonplace as mine or any other Christian; it is impossible to chronicle anything concerning it. I liked him, on the whole, as well as any literary man whom I have met, always excepting Froude. I had a good deal of talk with Lady Dufferin after dinner, whom it is always delightful to meet.

In the evening I went, with the rest of the world and wife, to the Duchess of Wellington's ball. Apsley House is, on the whole, the finest private palace in London, except Stafford House. The staircase, corridors, entrance-hall, are all spacious and imposing; a heroic, colossal, and very detestable statue of Napoleon salutes you in the vestibule, and there are several portraits of him, as well as of great English generals and companions in arms of the Iron Duke, upon the walls of the various saloons. The great dancing-hall is very large and lofty, hung in cherry color, but, being well gilded and gas-lighted, is, notwithstanding, very brilliant, and the other rooms *en suite* are elegant and palatial. As I know a great many people now, I amused myself well enough for a couple of hours, although, as a general rule, I enjoy nothing in London but dinner-parties, not because I want to eat, which you know is not my *faiblesse*, but because it is impossible to talk with any comfort except in a *demi-couchant* attitude, and as my toes have ceased to be fantastic, the dancing-hall has no attractions for me and makes me rather dismal. They have "dancing shoes with nimble soles: I have a soul of lead," etc. I cannot say, however, in my capacity of spectator, that the actors in such scenes seem inspired by any very wild excitement. Their tameness is shocking to me, as was that of the "beasts

that roared over the plain" to the late Alexander Selkirk.

On Tuesday I dined with the Sturgises, a small party of English, among whom were Lord Dufferin and Arthur Russell, and Lady Selina Vernon, a great friend of Mrs. Sturgis, next whom I sat at dinner. On Wednesday I dined by myself at the Athenæum. Thursday afternoon Lord Lyndhurst took me down to the House of Lords to hear the commencement of the India debate. It is always a great pleasure to me to see Lord Lyndhurst. He is very kind to me, always makes much of me when we meet at dinner (and it has been my privilege to dine very often in company with him), and makes me help him up from his chair, and takes my arm to go up-stairs, a distinction I am very proud of. He is a most charming old man, full of fun and wit, interested in everything going on, and, as I am, much occupied with the present as the past, notwithstanding his eighty-six years. His face is very smooth, less wrinkled than mine, so that his brown wig is almost illusory. The debate was rather poor. I heard the Earl of Derby, who was fluent enough and graceful, but tedious as a king. After him came Lord Granville, whom I like so much personally that I was very glad to find him a very good orator, with an admirable sonorous voice, and with some humor in his style of speaking. I was obliged to go off in the middle of his speech, because I had promised to go down to Walton to dine (they moved there yesterday), it being Mrs. Sturgis's birthday.

I came up the following morning, being engaged to dine with Lord and Lady Wensleydale. The party was rather made for me, I believe, as I had the honor

of going with madame to dinner. He is the famous judge, Baron Parke, a shrewd, keen, quick, lively, jolly personage. She is, not unjustly, vain of getting into the peerage in her old days, and of having her stock mingled with the blood of all the Howards, her daughter, now dead, having been the wife of Charles Howard, brother of Lord Carlisle. He is a very kind-hearted, unaffected person, like all the family that I know. The rest of the company, so far as I remember them, were the dear old Lord Lyndhurst, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Pemberton Leigh, a distinguished barrister (who, I believe, once refused the lord-chancellorship), Mr. Fitzgerald, Under-Secretary of State, Lady Cranworth, Lady W. Russell, Lady Robert Cecil, and one or two more. After dinner came in a reinforcement from without, among others a person whom I always like to meet—Lady Mary Labouchere.

The next day I had accepted an invitation to lunch with Lady John Russell, having declined once or twice before. I went out by rail to Richmond. The weather was magnificent, and I walked up the hill from the station, and enjoyed the spacious and far-famed view. There was nobody at Pembroke Lodge except George Elliot, Lady John's brother, and Sir George and Lady Theresa Lewis. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last administration. Lady Theresa is sister to Lord Clarendon, remarkably clever and *spirituelle*, full of talk and cultivation. Lord John was very amusing, told lots of anecdotes about the Duke of Wellington, George IV., and other personages with much sly humor and enjoyment. The popular idea of "Johnny" is that of a cold, cynical, reserved personage, but in his own house I never saw a more agreeable manner.

I proceeded afterward overland to Kingston, whence the rail brought me to Walton, and the quiet scenery and friendly welcome which is the lot of those who are intimate in that beautiful house is most refreshing.

God bless you, my dearest Mary, kiss my dear children, and believe me

Most affectionately yours,
J. L. M.

To his Wife

Oude Doelen, The Hague,
July 26, 1858.

My dearest Mary: Yesterday, Sunday morning, at 10 A. M., I took the boat for Rotterdam, arrived at that place at 8:30 this morning, and by rail at 9:30 reached this hotel by ten. So that twenty-four hours of discomfort and boredom, mingled with a gale of wind, have saved me a long, tiresome, and expensive railroad journey, had I gone any other way. It blew very hard indeed in the morning, so that if I had had you all with me I should not have gone; but luckily the wind was very favorable, and as we steamed away directly before it, we were not incommoded. It faded out by nightfall. To go back and very rapidly account for myself since I last wrote. On Monday I went to Walton, to rest a little and breathe the delicious country air, but after two pleasant days, during which Mount Felix and its occupants were as delightful and friendly as ever, went over to Lord Lovelace's. Previously, on the Tuesday, Julia Sturgis and I drove over to Twickenham, where her boys are at a private school, attended

and were somewhat amused by the distribution of prizes, two of which fell to little Julian and one to Harry, and then brought them home in a very jolly frame of mind for the holidays. By appointment I went to East Horsley Towers on Wednesday, and stayed till Friday morning. I like Lady Annabella King, the daughter of Ada Byron, very much. She has much talent, very agreeable manners, and a good deal of fun, plays and paints admirably, and has evidently a very sweet disposition. I returned to town on Friday, found there a very kind note from Lady Palmerston inviting me to Brocket Hall for the three days which had just expired (I, having been absent all the week, had not received the note). I was sorry to miss this, as Hayward told me that the party was very pleasant and "Pam" in excellent spirits.

Friday I dined at the Athenæum, along with Hayward, who amuses me with his malicious little anecdotes about everybody who ever is or was in London; Sir Henry Rawlinson, the celebrated Orientalist; the Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, one of the deposed family of claimants to the buried majesty of Denmark, and a very accomplished and agreeable young man of much character and talent, whom I met very often; and, fourthly, Kinglake, author of "Eothen." I forgot whether you read or liked that remarkable book, but I have read it more than once, and like it exceedingly. It is full to the brim of talent and caustic observation, and I was glad to meet him. There is nothing *marquant* in his appearance or conversation. He is blond of beard and visage, fortyish in years, with a good eye and a pleasant voice, like most Englishmen. He has thus far made no great figure in Parliament.

Good-by, God bless you, dearest Mary; excuse the meagerness of this letter, but I thought it better to scribble off a dozen lines rather than delay another day, lest you should be anxious. I am very tired and stupid, not having slept in that confounded boat. Kiss my darlings a thousand times.

Ever affectionately,

J. L. M.

CHAPTER X

THE HAGUE

Work at The Hague—The national Archives—Presentation to the Queen of Holland—The "House in the Wood"—A royal dinner-party—Prince Frederick—The American revivalists—Lord Dunfermline—Family anniversaries—A Dutch literary celebrity—The King of Holland—Court fêtes—Court ball in Amsterdam—Prince Henry—The Prince of Orange.

To his Wife

The Hague,
August 1, 1858.

My dearest Mary: I wrote you on Monday last, the morning of my arrival in this place. To-day I resume my Sunday letters, although I fear they will be rather meager in future. This is not so large a town as London. I saw M. Groen van Prinsterer the morning of my arrival. He is going away immediately, to my regret, on a journey of some weeks, and will hardly be back till after my departure. However, he has already published a second volume of his documents from the private Archives of the Orange-Nassau family, so that I have no special need of his presence, as everything which I require in that collection is now printed in a most convenient and readable form. With regard to the great collection of national Archives, I have of

course immediately plunged over head and ears in them. My old friend Bakhuyzen van den Brink is on the spot. It is of great service to have his introduction to the Holland public. Madame Groen, on taking leave of the queen the day of my arrival, told her that I was here, and the same day I saw Count Bylandt. He told me that the queen expressed disappointment to him in January that she did not see me in my visit at that time, so that he said he was glad to find that I had kept my promise of returning. Count Randwyk called on me, with Bylandt, the evening of the day of my arrival, and accordingly the next day I addressed a note to him requesting the honor of a presentation, etc. I received an answer the same morning appointing the interview for 3:30 P. M. Accordingly, I drove out at that time to the "House in the Wood" (Huis ten Bosch), in which beautiful little villa in the very heart of the forest she is at present residing, the king being at Wiesbaden.

I was received in the large saloon by an elderly maid of honor, who entertained me with discourse on various subjects, social, literary, and political, for a few minutes, and then I was sent for, and she piloted me to her Majesty. The queen received me at the door, quite without ceremony, with "I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Motley. Pray sit down." So she seated herself on her sofa and made me take a fauteuil near it, and then she conversed with me for about half an hour in the most unaffected, simple, and agreeable manner possible. She is tall, very fair, and must have had a great deal of blonde German beauty. She was very simply dressed, but I am sorry for Susie's sake that I have entirely forgotten her costume. Her teeth

are beautiful, and her hands small, white, and exquisitely shaped. Her voice is agreeable, and she speaks English not only with great elegance and fluency, but almost entirely without a foreign accent. This, by the way, was one of the compliments which she paid me, observing, "How beautifully you speak English!" adding, "for, to tell you the truth, we think we can always tell the difference, and we do not like American English generally so well, but you seem to me to speak like an Englishman," etc. She said a great many things in a very graceful way about the "Dutch Republic," asked me how I came originally to take up the subject, and alluded to various portions of the work, etc.

She spoke of Lady W. Russell as an old friend for whom she had much affection, and expressed disappointment that she had never been at The Hague. We talked a good deal, too, about Mrs. Norton, of whom she expressed the most unbounded admiration for her genius and the charm of her conversation. I hardly remember much more of her conversation. She is certainly very clever, remarkably intelligent, and with a great deal of information on all subjects, a person who has read much and acquired much, and with much capacity for thought on high and important matters.

Altogether I have rarely made a morning visit on any lady where the conversation was more fluent, lively, and interesting. The best compliment I can pay her is that one quite forgets that she is a queen, and only feels the presence of an intelligent and very attractive woman.

The interview lasted so long as to make me think, contrary to the rule of courts, that I was to take my leave, and I said, "Your Majesty must send me away

if I am tiresome," but she said, "No, no, do not go. What have you got to do? Do you dine out?" I said yes, but that was nothing, and it was a long time to the dinner-hour. I desired nothing better than to stay, etc. So we talked on some time longer, and then she rose, saying, "Will you have the kindness to dine with me the day after to-morrow at 5:30?" Of course I accepted, made my bow, and departed. I dined that day with a gentleman, a friend of Groen van Prinsterer's, M. Elout de Soeterwonde, a man of much distinction, literary, cultivated, a member of the States-General, and a judge. He called on me the day of my arrival, saying that every Hollander had a right to my acquaintance, etc., and I found his family very pleasant. His wife is a very pretty, pleasing woman, and, to my profound astonishment, she informed me that she had seven children. They live in a very pretty, old-fashioned house on the edge of the wood called the Huister Noot, not far from the Hôtel Bellevue.

It was a kind of family party, brothers and sisters-in-law, and so on, but they were all friendly and kind-hearted and intelligent, and I was glad to see something of the interior of the best Holland families. On Friday I dined by appointment with the queen. The company—about sixteen or eighteen in all, male and female—were received by a tall chamberlain (nobody was in uniform) and ushered into one of the large saloons. Here, as usual on such occasions, we were all stuck up in a circular row, like the jars in the "Forty Thieves," and presently entered the queen like Morgiana, and went round dropping a few words into the ears of each.

After this process was got through with (and she talked to me a good while), we went to dinner, queen first, alone; then the ladies were all driven in by the master of the ceremonies by themselves, and then the gentlemen followed helter-skelter, each having been previously informed where he was to place himself at table, something according to the Peabody system.

I hardly knew the names of the company—the Belgian minister and his wife, the Danish minister, Count Randwyk, a professor of botany, and various ladies of honor, etc. The queen sat in the middle of the table, the two ministers one on each side of her. I sat opposite her, with Count Randwyk on my right, and a very chatty, agreeable maid of honor on my left, who had accompanied the queen last year to England, and knew a great many people that I knew.

The dinner was very good, better, on the whole, than most of the London dinners, and the only fault was the march of the dishes, which was rapid enough to suit Mr. Cabot. There was no pausing, and as I cannot talk with my mouth full, I was obliged either to hold my tongue half the time or lose half my dinner. Now, strange to say, or very naturally, I have recently a great appetite, produced by going into the North Sea every morning before breakfast, a system which I shall keep up as long as I am here, although it costs me two hours and two francs per diem, all of which I begrudge. After dinner (which, by the way, was in the great circular hall built by Amalia de Solms, wife of Frederick Henry, youngest son of William the Silent, and adorned by magnificent frescos by the scholars of Rubens), we returned and made another circle in the saloon, had our coffee, and the Morgianic process

was repeated. The queen stopped and talked with me a long time about English society, the Palmerstons, Clarendons, Hollands. She also spoke of Madame Mohl and her husband (of which last couple she spoke with much kindness). By the way, she observed to me, the day before, that she had never been able to make out whether Madame Mohl wore her own hair or a wig, but I told her she might set her mind entirely at rest on that subject. No human intellect could ever conceive, or the hand of man execute, such a wonderful Medusa crop, nor would it be within the resources of science to manufacture any artificial covering which would stand all the tugging and tossing to which those serpent locks were daily subjected. The queen agreed with me that there never was a kinder-hearted or more amusing or original little old woman in the world.

The next day I had an audience of Prince Frederick, uncle of the king. He had mentioned me as having been presented to the queen, and of course it was necessary for me to call likewise upon him. He is a man of sixty, very mild and amiable in character and manners, married to a sister of the King of Prussia and of the Empress of Russia, and, I believe, a very noble and unexceptionable character. The interview lasted about three quarters of an hour. He was very frank and cordial, of course made the "Dutch Republic" the principal topic for a long time, and then discoursed on other matters. I do not think I can recollect anything of the conversation, but he seemed very amiable and simple, and was certainly very friendly. He said, at parting, he hoped he did not see me for the last time, and I dare say I shall be invited to dine at his country place, where he is staying, a few miles out of town.

These matters are a little interruption, but the place is so quiet and small that I have plenty of working hours, whereas in London the enormousness of all dimensions makes one's time shrivel into nothingness, and each day shrinks into an hour so far as any real work is concerned.

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,
August 15, 1858.

My dearest Mary: I work every morning at home two hours before breakfast, then go to the Archives till three, after which, in the course of the day and evening, I get a few hours more. I am more than ever desponding about my task. It is very extensive, laborious, and expensive. I am obliged to travel over thousands of square miles of documents, followed by a couple of copyists, who will, of course, require treble the time to write which it takes me to read, and, without reckoning the confounded expense of the whole business, there is such an endless amount of time to be consumed in waiting.

I have dined out four times this week, but I do not think I could find much entertainment for you in a description of these festivities. On Monday I dined with Mr. —— —— ——. They are friendly people, intensely religious, and I dare say they think me a violent, uncompromising Calvinist like themselves. On this occasion there were some raw Scotchmen, just descended from their native heath and mad with orthodoxy. One of them observed, on some reference to

the late revival in America, that the hand of the Lord was most manifest in that great and wonderful development. He then gave an instance of a mercantile friend who had gone out to New York in the midst of the commercial crisis to collect some money owing to him, but who had naturally, like every other creditor, been referred to the town pump for liquidation. He had brought back, however, something far better than silver or gold, for he had himself experienced religion in New York, and had returned a regenerated sinner, a brand snatched from the burning. These were almost his exact expressions,—saving the irreverent allusion to the pump,—and I thought the idea of the New-Yorkers paying off their Scotch creditors by unlimited draughts upon the treasures of the next world one of the best dodges I have yet heard of. I could hardly sit still in my chair; however, I kept my countenance and looked edified.

The next day I dined with a young couple, De Jonghe. He is a very nice fellow, who is employed in the Archives, but seems to have property of his own, and is of good family. His father was a distinguished man of letters here. His wife is a pretty, pleasing person, talking English, as many of the women here do, perfectly.

The next day I dined with Lord Dunfermline. The party was the same as the last time I dined there, with the addition of Bylandt and the subtraction of Spanish minister and his daughter. They (the D.'s) are very friendly, unaffected people, and I like them very much. Day after to-morrow I am to dine with Baron Goldstein, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Ever yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,
August 29, 1858.

My dearest Mary: Since I last wrote I have had the pleasure of receiving your letters from Geneva and two from Vevey, also Susie's and Mary's, and a long and very charmingly written letter from my dear Lily, taking great pains, and very successfully, to impart to me a portion of the pleasure which she has derived from the excursion to Chamonix. I am so glad you and she were not disappointed, that you found the Amory party so friendly, and that the weather was so auspicious. I am sure I wish you could have more such amusements.

Before I go any further, let me, after thanking my sweet little Mary for her letter, express sorrow that I should have written upon August 1 and not have remembered at the moment that it was her fifteenth birthday. She knows how much I love her, and if I did not say anything about her fête, it was from no want of interest in such a day. My darling child! It seems impossible that she can have lived fifteen years in this weary world, for she seems as young and as innocent now as if she had just descended from heaven. I never feel as if I had any right to her, and I can never express half the tenderness and the affection I feel for her. Since she has been in the world she has been a blessing and a consolation, and she can never cause you or me any unhappiness, except she should die, which God in his mercy forbid! My little, impudent, nonsensical, good-hearted Susie, too, is getting to be a very good child, and in time, when she can be

induced to talk a little and get up an appetite for her dinner, she will be all that can be wished for.

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,
September 3, 1858.

My dearest Mary: The other day I received a visit, while I was seated at my solitary breakfast in the *salle à manger*, from a benignant old gentleman, who came forward smiling, and said, "Mr. Motley, I believe." "Yes." "Well, I am —— ——." I looked as conscious as I could, at a moment's warning, of being in the presence of a celebrity; but as I had rarely or never heard of the great ——, I was a little embarrassed, not knowing exactly what his particular line of eminence might be. He relieved me, however, by seating himself at once at my table as spectator, not participator, and informing me that he was the author of many poems, histories, dramas, and political pamphlets. He made a slight but handsome allusion to the D. R., but, to my great relief, he evidently preferred talking of his own performances, which he was good enough to do for about half an hour without cessation. As his English, which he insisted upon talking, was imperfect, and his teeth, I regret to say, still more so, I was not able to enter into the full current of his conversation. Moreover, as he took snuff to such an extent as to make him decidedly unpleasant, I should have preferred to receive his visit after breakfast. He observed, quot-

ing Lord Byron, that "the myrtles and roses of sweet two-and-twenty were worth all your laurels, however so plenty." From which I inferred that his head was crowned with laurels, for there could certainly be nothing in common with him and the other two shrubs. I am sure I do not know why I am boring you with the portraiture of this individual, except that the week is sterile in topics for your entertainment. Moreover, it is too bad in me to ridicule a personage who, I have since been informed, is really a deserving and eminent man of letters, and who came to see me as a mark of politeness, and begged me if I came to ——, to make his house my home.

The king returned last Friday, and on the following Monday I had an interview with him at the palace at the Northend, the one opposite which is the equestrian statue of William the Silent. I drove thither by appointment at 12:30, and was ushered into a very small room, where I was left for a little while in the company of an inkstand and a sheet of paper, in case, I suppose, that if any reflections suggested themselves, I might instantly reduce them to writing. Soon afterward two young aides-de-camp came in, one a whiskered light-infantry man, the other a fierce hussar, and after bowing profoundly, they both began conversing with me on the subject of the D. R., of which I am, without affectation, getting as tired as ever was a wandering dog of a tin canister tied to its tail. Exactly as the clock struck the half-hour, the door opened, and a stoutish, youngish, tallish man, in a blue cutaway coat, checked shirt with a turn-down collar, and gray trousers, walked up to me, and said in English with a loud voice, "Mr. Motley, you have written a most magnifi-

cent work, and I am proud to make your acquaintance." Whereupon I shrewdly suspected the individual to be his Majesty, although I had expected to be ushered through six more rooms at least; but the king is one of those royal personages who have the good sense to leave a gap in the hedge of their divinity for special occasions. I must say that he made a very agreeable impression upon me; and you will say, of course, that this is on account of my susceptibility to flattery. I know it to be a weakness, but if people are very polite and complimentary and kind to me, whether they are kings and queens, or only knaves or persons of lesser rank, I am but too apt to respond—I cannot help it.

The king is forty-one, but looks younger, having thick, brown, ungrizzled hair and beard, a fresh, smooth, unwrinkled face, regular features, a clear blue eye, and a tall, erect, muscular, and graceful figure. He speaks English with a good accent and in rather a violent manner, as if he was disposed to tear through all idiomatic difficulties by main force. He was very cordial and agreeable, and kept me about three quarters of an hour, and at departing hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing me again. Two days afterward I received a package containing the twelve volumes of Groen van Prinsterer's "Archives et Correspondance de la Maison d'Orange," splendidly bound and gilt, with a note from the king's librarian informing me that it was a present from his Majesty. On the first page of the first volume, moreover, the king had written this inscription, which, as I shall be obliged to pack up the books, you will like me to copy, so excuse the vanity of the proceeding:

"À Mr. J. L. Motley, historien consciencieux et éloquent, au digne appréciateur du 1er Guillaume d'Orange, le plus grand homme de son époque, est offert de souvenir, comme témoignage d'estime et d'admiration.

"Guillaume III. d'Orange,
"Roi des Pays-Bas.

"La Haye, 31 août 1858."

Perhaps the chief pleasure that I derive from this present is the proof which it affords that the king thoroughly appreciates the grandeur of his immortal ancestor and namesake, and religiously cherishes his glory and his memory. I am invited to a court ball at Amsterdam on Tuesday night. The fêtes of the birthday of the Prince of Orange (yesterday, 4th) consist in a dinner to the ministers of state and chiefs of foreign legations, and the ball, day after to-morrow, to which the foreign ministers are *not* invited, so that I shall hardly find an acquaintance there. I wrote to the *maréchal de la cour* that I had no court dress, the invitation being to a *bal gala*, but I received in consequence an invitation to come *en frac*, and to Amsterdam I must go. Fortunately the Danish minister, who is the most kind-hearted, obliging fellow in the world, is going to stay on after the dinner at Amsterdam, and has promised to see that I have a room, a carriage, together with his own servant to go to the ball with me. His name is De Bille; he was brought up in America, where his father was minister, and he is the most amiable creature living. It is my present intention to leave The Hague for Arnheim this day week, on my way to Vevey. I may possibly stop one day with Bismarck

if he is at Frankfort, but I think I shall be with you at latest this day fortnight, perhaps a little earlier.

The weather has been dreary for a fortnight; I hope you have it better in Switzerland.

Good-by, my dearest Mary. My love to my dear children. God bless you.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

P. S. I forgot to mention that, by a rather odd coincidence, on the same day on which I received the king's present, I took from the post-office a letter from one John Hopkins of Chattanooga, Tennessee, informing me that "some weeks since a bookseller, of whom he was making some purchases, insisted until he purchased the D. R."; he then declares himself highly gratified by the perusal of the work, and expresses a thousand wishes for my happiness.

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,
September 11, 1858.

My dearest Mary: I have neither time nor topics for anything but a very brief epistle. I leave to-morrow morning early for Arnheim; thence I intend to make a brief excursion to Zutphen for the sake of seeing that town, which was the scene of many events in the period I am to write about, and the neighboring village of Warnsfeld, where Sir Philip Sydney was killed. I suppose I shall sleep at Zutphen to-morrow night, and the next day get as far as Bonn, thence to

Mayence, Basel, and Vevey. If Bismarck is at Frankfort, I shall pass a day with him there; if not, I shall not go to Frankfort at all. I may arrive on Thursday. I may not get to Vevey till Saturday. I hope that you got my note from Amsterdam and acted upon it immediately.

The ball at the Amsterdam palace was much like other court balls, or rather it was much unlike them in one respect: the Hague society was not there. As Touchstone would have said, in respect that it is at Amsterdam, it liketh me well, but in respect it is not at court, 't is a very vile ball. In fact, it was rather a national sort of thing. The maréchals and chamberlains of the court and other swells were there, and of course the royal family and their hangers-on, but no other ladies from The Hague. The royal family were all very civil to me. The king came up to me very early in the evening, shook hands very cordially, and after talking with me some time, said his brother Prince Henry wished to make my acquaintance, and if I would come with him, he would introduce me. So we went together to the next room, and I was presented. Prince Henry is a young, delicate-looking fellow, rather shy, and, I believe, quite intelligent. He talked about America, where he was once, and seemed to have been very much pleased with his visit. The Prince of Orange came up to me as soon as he saw me, and the king introduced me. He is rather tall, and very slight in figure, with a very interesting and amiable face, resembling very much his mother. I believe he is considered very kind-hearted, disposed to act well his part, and with very good talents. The queen says he is lazy, but she is very fond of him. His manner is extremely

good. I was also introduced to the Princess Frederick, who is an intelligent and accomplished person, the sister of the King of Prussia and of the Empress Dowager of Russia, and also to the Princess Henry, who is very lively, young, and jolly, daughter of Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who traveled in America, and was the hero of the famous story about "Are you the man who is going in the stage to Baltimore?" "Yes." "Well, I am the gentleman who is going to drive you."

I was just going to ask her if she remembered the story, when the music struck up a tremendous flourish and drowned the conversation.

I must break off short here, dearest Mary, for I have a million things to do. Give a thousand kisses to my dear children, and believe me always

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

CHAPTER XI

ROME—PARIS

Rome—Allibone's notice of the "History"—Other letters of commendation—Work on the "History of the United Netherlands"—Its difficulties—Want of a hero—Mr. Story—Letter from M. Guizot about the "Dutch Republic"—The Prince of Wales in Rome—Outbreak of the war in Italy—Mr. Motley and family go to Paris—Causes and prospects of the war—Return to England—Gloomy prospects of European politics.

To his Mother

Rome,
October 10, 1858.

My dearest Mother: I write a line in the midst of great confusion, merely to let you know that we have arrived in this place for the winter. We are still in the hotel, and our trunks are still packed, so I cannot get your letter to Mary (which we had the great pleasure of receiving just before we left Vevey) to read over again, which I shall be most delighted to do the first thing after we get established. We have taken a lodging, very satisfactory on the whole, on the Corso, with plenty of rooms, new furniture, and sunny. It will be ready for us in five days, and I hope to get to work very soon afterward. The Storys, whom we ex-

pected to find already returned from the country, are not yet here, but are expected every day.

I am most happy to hear from yourself such good accounts of your health. I do entertain very sincere hopes that you have turned the corner, and that your constitution will prove itself much stronger than you feared, and that your recovery will be permanent. Do not fail to write to me as often as you can. Your letters are inexpressibly delightful to me. I am sorry to find by your last that my father had not been very well. By your description of his ailment, however, it seems obvious that it was but a temporary one, and no doubt it has long since passed away. I have not yet had time to reply to two or three notes which I received from him. The reason is that they came just as I was obliged to pack up everything, and since that time I have been so much on the road that my papers have been buried out of sight. I remember, however, that he inclosed the proof-sheets of an extract from Mr. Allibone's Biographical Dictionary in which honorable mention was made of my labors. Perhaps he will be willing, as he has been in correspondence with that gentleman, to state to him that I feel very much honored and flattered by the very obliging manner in which he has spoken of my work, and that I wish every success to the difficult and very important enterprise in which he is engaged. That it deserves to succeed cannot be doubted, to judge from the strong language of encomium used concerning it by the eminent gentlemen whose letters on the subject have been published. As I have not myself yet seen the work, I am of course not able to express an opinion of my own.

I feel also very grateful for the warm and hearty

commendations bestowed upon me in the letters of Dr. Lieber, Mr. Everett, Mr. Prescott, Hillard, Sumner, and others. Nothing can be more encouraging to a writer engaged in the arduous pursuits of literature, in which he is obliged to spend not only time and strength but also no inconsiderable amount of money, than to find his labors smiled upon and sympathized with by the most eminent minds of his country, and I shall always feel proud of such approbation. I expect to be as hard at work as I have been ever since I left home for a good while to come. I do not know when I shall have a couple of volumes ready, for I have gone in very deep and have been striking out wide. I left Holland at the latter end of August, and after stopping a couple of very agreeable days at Frankfort with one of the most intimate friends I have in the world, M. de Bismarck, now Prussian ambassador at the Diet, and formerly a companion of my youth, I came to Vevey, whence, after reposing a fortnight, we took the rail to Lyons and Marseilles, and thence the steamboat to Civitavecchia. Our voyage of two nights and a day was very prosperous, the sea calm and the skies bright and warm, so much so that I, in my own person, passed the night on deck.

I had hoped to have found an opportunity to send the London letters, which you think will amuse you, before now. It has, however, been impossible thus far, but I am in daily hope of finding some one who will take them to London at least, whence there will be always a chance of getting them to Boston. I must once more observe that, for two reasons, they ought never to go out of the house. First, because they are *deliberately* full of egotism and vanity. I mean that

Mary and Lily wished to know what people said to me about my book, and I did so to a certain extent, although I have a right to say in my defense that a great many things were said to me which I should blush to repeat even in a letter to them or to you.

To his Mother

Rome,
November 27, 1858.

My dearest Mother: It is several weeks since I wrote, I believe, but time passes so rapidly that it does not seem so long ago.

We are now in very comfortable lodgings in the Corso, about opposite the Church of San Carlo, if you happen to remember it. We are on the third floor, but as the rooms are all sunny and well furnished when you get there, and plenty of them, we do not much mind going up-stairs.

I have a very good room for my study, and I am hard at work. I began my first volume about a fortnight ago and hope to have it done by April. My task is, however, rather a difficult one, more so, I think, than in my former book. I have to spread myself over a wide surface, for after the death of William the Silent the history of the provinces becomes for a time swallowed in the general current of European history. I do not mean by that that it loses its importance. On the contrary, the Netherlands question becomes the great question of Christendom. Netherlands history is for a time the only European history. France, Eng-

land, Spain, and Holland being all mingled into one great conflicting mass, it is difficult to say who are friends and who are enemies, except as the dividing-line is drawn according to religious opinion. I am obliged, therefore, in order to carry out my intention, to go more fully into English and French contemporaneous history than I did in the other book. This obliges me to take much greater care, because I come very often upon fields which have been more trodden before than the historical soil of the Netherlands. I have, however, made very extensive collections of MSS. in England, Holland, and France, and whatever may be the success or the merits of the volumes when done, I am sure I shall have plenty of solid work in them, and from original and substantial materials.

You may imagine that it is not a very money-making concern, but history-writing must be pursued honestly as a science, if it is to be permanently valuable, and not as a trade. I have not yet succeeded in getting a title for my book. It is in reality a continuation of the other on a little different plan, but I do not mean to call it so, but bring it out as an independent work. All history is of course but a fragment. You may write the history of two centuries, and yet you will give but a slice of the great lump of human history, and I wish each of my histories to stand on their own legs. I suppose I shall eventually think of some brief title. That is the only part of the book of which I hope to take a mercantile view. A telling and selling title is always desirable to attract readers and buyers. The great cause of regret that I have, however, admits of no remedy. There is no great hero. It is difficult to scare up another William of Orange, and whatever

success or virtue my other book may have had is owing to my having discovered one of the great men of the world's history, who was, I think, not generally known or appreciated. I have several lesser lights in the course of my new volumes, and shall make what I can of them in succession, but I feel the difference between them and that radiant character.

I have been talking of myself, my dearest mother, or rather of what I am about, because I know that it will interest you. I get up at daylight every morning and begin to work. This sounds very fine, but you know it is not daylight at this season before seven. Little Mary and I and Susie have a cup of coffee at that hour together, the two other females not rising so early. The French governess comes from nine to eleven for the two children, and at 11:30 we breakfast *à la fourchette*, and dine at six. I thus get every day eight or nine hours of work. The children are very well, and the climate agrees with them. The Storys we see frequently, and like them both very much. She is a bright, sweet-tempered, intelligent person, and he is decidedly a man of genius. His sculpture is of a very high order of merit. He has just completed an exquisite statue of Hero holding a torch, as if looking for Leander, which has as much expression as has often been put into marble. I wish I were rich enough to buy it, not because he is in the condition of a poor artist, having money enough of his own. His statue of his father is admirable. He has also just finished a Cleopatra, which is highly original in attitude and design.

The children are very fond of E——, who is about Mary's age, and they have a dancing-class together

twice a week, which is a good deal of amusement for them. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mrs. Bruen and Miss Bruen, are also here, and, I believe, Edward Perkins and his wife. Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Doane are come or coming. There are also other scatterings of Americans here and there, but none, I think, whom you are acquainted with.

I am most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

From M. Guizot

Paris,
25 février 1859.

Vous avez probablement déjà vu par les journaux, Monsieur, que le premier volume de la traduction de votre "Histoire de la Fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies" vient de paraître. L'éditeur, M. Michel-Lévy, a dû, d'après ma recommandation, vous en envoyer deux exemplaires. Je vous prie de me faire savoir si cet ordre a été exécuté. J'aurai mieux aimé qu'on publiât les deux volumes ensemble; la traduction française en aura quatre; mais la publication, déjà avançée, d'une autre traduction française en Belgique a décidé M. Michel-Lévy à se presser. Je sais que cette traduction belge a été faite sans votre aveu; M. Mohl m'a donné connaissance de ce que vous lui avez écrit à cet égard. Je ne doute pas que votre ouvrage n'obtienne, en France, le succès bien mérité qu'il a obtenu aux États-Unis et en Angleterre, et qu'il n'aide efficacement au triomphe de cette grande cause de la liberté religieuse que vous avez soutenu avec tant de sincérité, de savoir et d'éloquence.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de tous mes sentiments d'estime et de considération très distinguée.

GUIZOT.

To his Mother

Rome,
March 26, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: We go on here in a very jog-trot fashion. I work pretty hard, but the ditch grows larger with every successive dig. I have nearly finished a volume, but I am not very well satisfied with it. You need not be anxious about my headaches; I have them from time to time, but they are by no means so furious or so frequent as they used to be.

The children and Mary are all very well. Last Tuesday I had the honor of dining with the Prince of Wales, who is passing the winter here. The invitation was quite unexpected by me. Colonel Bruce (who is his governor, and a very agreeable person, brother of Lord Elgin) called on me, and said his Royal Highness was desirous of making my acquaintance. The next day I received a note from him saying that H. R. H. Baron Renfrew would be happy to see me at dinner, etc. Baron Renfrew is the prince's traveling-name. The party was very small; there was Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, the parson, the doctor, the aide-de-camp, the diplomatic representative here, Mr. Russell, Mr. Gibson the sculptor, Mr. Hay, an excellent old gentleman here, formerly an Under-Secretary of State, and myself.

The prince is about eighteen. His profile is exemely like that of the queen. The complexion is , fresh, and healthy, like that of most English

boys. His hair is light brown, cut short, not curly. His eyes are bluish gray, rather large, and very frank in their expression; his smile very ready and genuine; his manners are extremely good. I have not had much to do with royal personages, but of those I have known, I know none whose address is more winning, and with whom one feels more at one's ease. He has been well educated, and I should think had a good mind; but of course it is impossible to measure his intellect after so brief an acquaintance. I talked to him before dinner. At dinner he sat on one side of Mrs. Bruce, and I on the other, and we talked upon the common topics, the table not being too large for general conversation. After dinner he asked me to take the chair next him, and we conversed for half an hour together. He talked about German literature, Goethe and Schiller, objects of art in Rome. Altogether the dinner was a very pleasant one, and it is very agreeable to me to have made the acquaintance of the future sovereign of the magnificent British Empire in such a simple and unceremonious manner. I have left myself no room, my dearest mother, except to say God bless you. Give my love to the governor, A——, and all the rest of the family, small and great, and with the united and kindest affection of us all, I am

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Paris,
June 5, 1859.

My dearest Mother: We left Rome Wednesday morning, June 1, and reached Paris Friday afternoon

at 5 P. M. of June 3. This is the most rapid traveling we were ever guilty of. The railroad took us in two hours to Civitavecchia; then the steamer landed us in Marseilles in about thirty hours more. Then the express-train, which started at 10:30 P. M. of Thursday evening, brought us to Paris in eighteen additional hours. The weather was very fine, so that the journey, though disagreeable, was soon accomplished. It seems almost incredible that we were breakfasting in our Roman lodgings on Wednesday, and that I am now writing to you on Sunday morning from an apartment in which we have already installed ourselves at Paris.

We were driven out of Italy by the war. My plans have been quite upset by these unforeseen circumstances. It had been my intention to pass most of the summer in Venice, going thither about the middle of June, and staying there till September, after which we should have probably wintered in Florence. There is much very important and interesting matter in Venice which I had reckoned upon, not only for the work which at present occupies me, but for future historical labors; and as Edward Perkins and Lillie Cleveland, whom our Lily is very fond of, thought of passing the summer there also, the project was a very satisfactory one. I could have worked hard all day, and we could have swum about by moonlight in gondolas in the evenings. But

> The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
> Gang aft a-gley,

and so there was no staying in Italy. We have come for the present to Paris, a place which we one and all detest. Rome was tranquil enough, but the climate

after the middle of June has a bad reputation, and, indeed, there were three cases of fever, one, and perhaps two, fatal ones in the apartment underneath ours in the same house. I believe, however, that it was typhus and not Roman fever, and contracted in another place. We have been all, thank God, very well, and the weather in Rome was exquisitely beautiful up to the moment of our departure, the very perfection of spring—that season which exists only in imagination with us. I can hardly conceive of two things more diametrically opposed to each other in the way of atmosphere than the April and May of Rome and Boston.

It is not very easy for me to give you any news about the war in Italy. The events, as they occur, are of course immediately given in the American newspapers. The telegraph adding, however, its inevitable blunders to the indispensable lies of the bulletin, the confusion is worse confounded than ever. Thus there is no doubt that in all the engagements that have taken place hitherto, in which much life has been squandered without any result, the advantage has been uniformly with the French and Sardinians. Yet in the official accounts, for example, of the action of Montebello the statement of the allies is that there were 4000 French and 400 Sardinians engaged with 18,000 Austrians. The Austrian commander-in-chief, on the contrary, puts the number of French and Sardinians at 40,000.

With regard to the war itself, my sympathies are warmly with Sardinia. Nothing can be more chivalrous, manly, vigorous, progressive, and enlightened than the King of Sardinia, his prime minister, and his whole nation. It seems to me that no man deserves to mention the word "liberty" who does not feel the

warmest admiration and sympathy with so noble a cause. But of course it is extremely difficult to place confidence in the intentions of the French emperor,—for me it is impossible,—and while I do not wonder that Sardinia should have made the alliance, yet it is not easy to be very hopeful as to the result. It is true that the emperor has hedged himself about with protestations and self-denying ordinances of all kinds, but those who remember his career for the last ten years can hardly put much faith in such exuberance of virtue on his part, and I do not believe there will be very much gained for liberty and human progress if Prince Napoleon is made into a King of Etruria, and a Murat into King of Naples, and a Bonaparte (I forget his name) made into a pope. Yet the Italian liberals are very sanguine. There are no Italians, high or low, who do not sympathize with the movement (except the reigning individuals, of course), and who do not abhor Austria. The position of Prussia with a king who has hopelessly lost his reason, and yet may live many years, complicates matters very much. The German politicians are rapidly tending to an almost unanimous conviction that the interests of Germany require them all to support Austria, and they probably will do so, a result which will make the war universal. They are impelled to this by their hereditary and natural hatred of France, and by the indispensable necessity of keeping a united Germany as a bulwark against Russia.

Yet if there were a young, vigorous, intellectual sovereign in Prussia at this moment, a man like Frederick the Great or Peter the Great, he would see that the time had arrived for Prussia to secure at last the object

of its ambition, the imperial crown of Germany. If the house of Brandenburg, which governs the powerful, wholly German, and progressive Prussia, could become emperors of Germany, to the utter annihilation of a fictitious, artificial sham, which was got up at the Congress of Vienna forty years ago, and baptized the Empire of Austria, in which there are only about seven millions of Germans, shaken up pell-mell in a great bag with some thirty millions of Slavonians, Magyars, Italians, Croats, and Greeks, and the Lord knows what a hodgepodge, which has never had any vitality except in defiance of all laws, divine or human—if such a result could take place, then there might be a real Germany, and a handsome solution to the present European question.

You ask me whether I propose publishing one volume at a time of my book, and that is exactly what I do not know myself. I have written a volume since November last—in Rome. But it will take me some two or three months to get it into publishing shape, and where I shall find a resting-place I know not. Two days in Paris have convinced me that the expense of this town is so frightful as to make it altogether beyond my possibilities, and we are now thinking a little of England for a time.

My facilities for work are greater there than anywhere, as I have always a copyist or two engaged at work. But we have not yet decided on anything, but have meantime taken a lodging for a month, during which we shall make up our minds.

I do not know that I can say anything more to entertain you, my dear mother. The influences of Paris are very depressing to me. I dislike the place more and

more every time I come to it. I like Italy, but there are many drawbacks to a residence there for a literary man. But the climate is most delightful, and spoils you for other atmospheres. I found it favorable to labor, and I do not think I ever got through a greater amount of work in the same time than I did in Rome. My habits in one respect are changed. I have become a comparatively early riser. I got up usually in the winter at seven, and latterly at six. I get more time, I find, by this system. We are all well.

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames,
August 18, 1859.

My dearest Mother: Your letter of 18th July was welcomed most warmly. I am delighted to find you feeling yourself so well, and I was still more gratified to be informed a few days ago by Mr. Lothrop that he had seen you just before he left home, and that he had not seen you looking so well for years, and that you seemed to him quite recovered. I cannot help regretting a little that you did not carry out your plan of making a visit to Nahant, for it seems to me that a tonic atmosphere like that of Nahant would give you courage and strength to grapple with your enemy, who seems already a retreating one. As to age, I wish you could see some of the people in London society. There is Lord Palmerston, seventy-five years exactly, prime minister in England for the second time, full of life,

bustle, and business in the House of Commons every night till after midnight, and making a speech every night, receiving large companies at dinner, and in the evening every Saturday for the whole season, and having no more idea of considering himself old than Lady Palmerston, who is, I believe, of exactly the same age, and in her way quite as alive and youthful in manner and appearance, and quite as active, influential, and reigning, and charming a personage in the great London world as she ever was. Then there is Lord Lyndhurst, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday last month, whose intellect is as vivid, whose voice as melodious, and whose interest in the great questions agitating the world as comprehensive and unflagging, as if he had fifty years less upon his back than he has.

He made an admirable speech on foreign politics the other night, and he told me a few days ago that he meant to make a speech on a subject which he has very much at heart—the natural necessity of a strong and cordial alliance between the two great English commonwealths on the two sides of the Atlantic. England and America together, he says, may defy the world, and England can have no real friend among the despotic governments of Europe. The season was too late, he thought, for him to make a speech on the subject this year, but he meant to do it next session. So you see that eighty-seven years do not prevent him from laying out work for himself in the future. He is very fond of his two nieces, Mrs. Amory and her daughter, and always speaks of them, as you may suppose, with the warmest interest and affection. I do not say anything of our few weeks in London. You have been recently

reading my letters of last year, in which the whole ground was gone over, and, in addition, Lily has written you (I hope you have received it, and were not alarmed at the postage) a detailed account of our proceedings in the form of a journal, which she kept mainly because she thought it would amuse and interest you.

I did not care a great deal about going through a second London season. But as we were obliged to leave Italy (where I had intended passing a second winter, having sent all my books and papers there), there seemed no other course open, particularly as I had much literary business in England. I thought, too, that, as Lily was just grown up, and old enough to go into society, and likely to please and be pleased, it was a kind of duty to let her have the advantage, which my position as a man of letters gives her, of seeing for once the most brilliant and cultivated society in the world, viz., the highest circles of London in the full of the season. I must say, without meaning to take any credit to myself, except as belonging to a peculiar class, that I cannot help forming a favorable idea of English civilization when I see the position accorded in this country to those who cultivate art, science, and literature, as if those things were worth something and were entitled to some consideration, as well as high birth, official rank, and wealth, which on the Continent are the only passports.

I do not like to say much about European politics. A black cloud seems to envelop the Continent. The nations of the earth, in their cowardice or their inertness, have allowed the most dangerous malefactor who ever usurped supreme power to paralyze and stultify

them all, and frighten them all out of their wits. The confidence reposed by the whole Italian people at the beginning of this year in the intentions of Louis Napoleon was as incredible as it was pathetic, and would have converted into a hero any man standing in his position who had been possessed of one spark of virtue or generosity. There is no doubt of two things—that he originated the Italian revolt, and that he has, against the unanimous wishes of the Italians, left them in the lurch, having pledged himself to Austria to restore the archdukes. The firm, moderate, consistent, unanimous, dignified, and courageous conduct of the Italians in this tremendous crisis will always remain one of the grand lessons of history. If they are destined to be crushed into submission after this calm and deliberate expression of their wishes, at any rate a significant chapter in the history of freedom and tyranny will have been recorded, and it will be something that the mask will at last be torn from the face of the French emperor. The Tuscan Assembly has just voted unanimously that the Hapsburg-Lorraine dynasty shall *never* be restored. They will doubtless vote as unanimously to annex themselves to Sardinia.

Our plans are not yet fixed, although they will be before the end of the week. A furnished house is offered me at The Hague for a year, which I shall either take, or take lodgings in the country in England. I have lost three months, and must get to work again, if my two volumes are to be ready by next fall.

We are all well, staying at this delightful country house of the Sturgises, where we are always treated with such hospitality that it seems as if the house belonged to us. Mrs. John Sturgis had a little girl

born a week ago, and both mother and child are going on very well. Little H——, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis, is a most charming little boy. Give my love to the governor and all the family.

Always most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

CHAPTER XII

RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND—PUBLICATION OF THE "UNITED NETHERLANDS"

Oatlands Park—Difficulties of his work—London in November—William Stirling—East Sheen—Professor Owen—Mr. and Mrs. Grote—John Murray and the "History of the United Netherlands"—Letter from M. Guizot proposing Mr. Motley as corresponding member of the French Academy—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes about the "Autocrat"—International copyright—Mr. Motley's affection for England—American and European politics—Letter from Mr. N. Hawthorne—"The Marble Faun"—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Political and literary affairs in the States—Praise of the "Dutch Republic"—The Royal Academy dinner—D. C. L. at Oxford—Oxford commemoration—Letter from Lady Dufferin to Mrs. Norton—Lady Dufferin and her son—Approaching completion of the "United Netherlands"—Lord de Grey—Studley Royal—Fountains Abbey—Sidney Herbert—Visits in Scotland—Keir—Glen Quoich—Mr. and Mrs. Ellice—Inveraray—The Duke of Argyll—Taymouth—Lord Breadalbane—The Prince of Wales's visit to America—Election of Abraham Lincoln—Publication of the "United Netherlands"—Letters of acknowledgment from M. St. Hilaire and from M. Guizot.

To his Mother

Oatlands Park Hotel, Walton-on-Thames,
November 24, 1859.

My dearest Mother: My life is now very much within the four walls of my study. I am hard at work, but alas! my work grows and expands around me every

day. I am like the conjurer's apprentice in the German ballad, who raised a whole crowd of specters and demons by stealing his master's wand, and then did not know how to exorcise them and get rid of them. The apparitions of the sixteenth century rise upon me, phantom after phantom, each more intrusive and threatening and appalling than the other, and I feel that I have got myself into a mob of goblins, who are likely to be too much for me. The other day I read of an eminent photographic artist to whom a ghost appeared. Instead of being frightened, the photographer was enchanted. "Stop a bit, my dear specter," said he, while he made a hurried search for the implements of his trade, thinking that the chance of getting a daguerreotype of a bona-fide ghost was a speculation not to be neglected. Upon which the ghost vanished, much disgusted at being converted into an article of merchandise. Well, I am afraid my ghosts will vanish while I am trying to photograph them, and that always keeps me in a state of impatience and excitement. For two or three years, during which I have written almost nothing, I have been collecting a vast quantity of materials in the shape of unpublished letters and other documents of eminent historical characters, and I have been reading them so much and so constantly that the individuals seem to clothe themselves with a ghastly kind of life, and seem to haunt me.

The truth is, I have laid out too much work. If I labored away like a galley-slave at the oar eight hours a day for the next five years, I should hardly fill up the outlines which I have chalked out. However, I hope to get a couple of volumes ready in the course of the next year, although it will only be in the sweat of my brow.

We are living a most retired life. The country here is very rural, cultivated, and pretty. The climate is moderate, the early winter thus far being rarely frosty, but often foggy. To-day, for example, the tall trees within a hundred yards of my window are swallowed up in a white gloom, while the big oaks and beeches closer to me are, like Ossian's heroes, vague, misty, and gigantic. I do not object to fog, always excepting a black fog, a London fog. I was obliged to pass the day in town yesterday, and to breathe unmitigated coal-smoke for six hours. When the fog settles down in London, the smoke from millions of chimneys settles down with it. It cannot escape upward, and so every breathing being is turned for the time into a chimney. I was a chimney all day yesterday, and rejoice that I was not born in that station in life, not finding it exhilarating. London is not attractive in November. I had something to do in the libraries. Just before leaving town I stumbled against Stirling in the fog, and had a walk and talk with him. He had just got back from Spain. He tells me that he expects to publish his Life of Don John of Austria in a few months. Do you know his books? If not, I advise you to read them. His "Cloister Life of Charles V." is a charming book. So are his Lives of the Spanish painters. The Life of Don John will doubtless be best of all. He is a man of large fortune and of ancient family, a member of Parliament, and, as Dogberry says, with "two gowns and everything handsome about him." He has a magnificent place in Scotland, mentioned in one of Scott's poems as "the lofty brow of ancient Keir." Last year he invited me down there, but I left England as soon as the London season was over. While I have been writ-

ing, the fog has been growing whiter and whiter, and thicker and thicker. My Ossianic trees have withdrawn themselves deeper and deeper into the mist, and have nearly all vanished. Only one giant, whom I can almost touch from the window, is dimly visible, a shrouded and vegetable phantom. I am delighted to find, my dearest mother, that you give such good accounts of your health. I always believed that you would triumph over your disorders, and now I am convinced of it. Pray accept this letter for what it is worth, and if you are willing, I will write oftener, and each one stupider than the other. Give my best love to my father and all the family, great and small, and believe me always

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To his Father

East Horsley Towers,
December 29, 1859.

My dear Father: I received your kind letter three days ago, and I thank you very much for the check therein contained. You do not say anything as to my dear mother's health, but as she has always reported very well of herself, and as the accounts have always been good, I trust sincerely that she is as well as she has lately been, and that many years of happy life are in store for her. I always believed that the strength of her constitution would enable her to surmount her difficulties, and now I feel convinced of it.

I notice what you say about the map for the siege of Leyden. I could send a plan or chart cut from a contemporary chronicle which I used very minutely in writing my account, and perhaps it might be worth while to have it copied and inserted. I will think of it, and let you know very soon. I am glad to hear that General Pierce expressed himself so agreeably on the subject of the "Dutch Republic." We met several times at Rome, and he seemed a very kind-hearted and excellent man, and although I differ from him in politics as far as it is perhaps possible for two persons to differ, yet I was very favorably impressed by him. I was especially touched by the gentleness and care which he had for his wife, who is a great invalid, and also by the warm sympathy which he manifested for his old friend, and my friend, Hawthorne, during the alarming illness of his daughter.

I hear, by the way, that Hawthorne is about to publish a new novel. I know that he wrote one in Rome, and I hope it will be as beautiful and as successful as his other works. We liked him very much. He is the most bashful man, I believe, that ever lived, certainly the most bashful American, *mauvaise honte* not being one of our national traits; but he is a very sincere, unsophisticated, kind-hearted person, and looks the man of genius he undoubtedly is.

We had a merry Christmas party at Mount Felix. Everybody enjoyed themselves, as they are apt to do at that most hospitable mansion.

This place is in Surrey, about ten miles from our own residence at Oatlands Hotel. The only guest here to-day (we had some others yesterday) is Ruskin, of

the "Seven Lamps" and the "Italian Painters." He is very agreeable company, very fond of talking, but not dogmatic as in his books.

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

East Sheen,
February 13, 1860.

My dearest Mother: I am writing to you from the house of your old acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bates. Saturday we had a large party of country neighbors to dine, but there were none of them known to fame, nor any of them at all interesting, except one lady, who sang and played remarkably well, and charmed us all at the piano for an hour or two after dinner. Yesterday we had no one at dinner but a Polish gentleman whom one often meets in London society, and the celebrated Professor Owen. This is the great lecturer and writer on comparative anatomy and on fossil remains, to hear whom Lily goes up to town every Tuesday, generally passing the day with her friend Lady Annabella King, at her grandmother's, old Lady Byron. She was therefore very glad to make his personal acquaintance. To-day we are to have more people at dinner, the Van de Weyers among others. Van de Weyer is a particularly agreeable person, and a great favorite with everybody.

Mr. Bates is a most excellent man, kind-hearted, benevolent, and sensible. He is in very good health, and goes to Bishopsgate Street every day of his life, which I should not care to do if I were past seventy and had a million pounds sterling.

The last house where we were visiting a week ago is a very different place, belonging to very different persons—Mr. and Mrs. Grote. I do not know whether you have ever read Grote's "History of Greece"; but it is one of the great works of the age, is fully recognized as such, and will last as long as Gibbon's "Roman Empire." I feel it a great honor to have been commended and taken cordially by the hand by such a man. He had been reading my book, and showed me many passages which he had marked and commented upon. He is very kind-hearted, and with most genuine, childlike simplicity of manner, not always found in company with such exuberant and accurate erudition as he possesses. Mrs. Grote is a character, very firm, decided, clever, accomplished, strong-minded, tall, and robust, whom Sydney Smith called the most gentlemanlike of women. She is very droll in her dress, despising crinoline and flounces, and attiring herself, when going out for a walk, in a shawl thrown over her shoulders and tied round her waist, with a poplin gown reaching to the tops of her boots, a tall brown man's hat with a feather in it, and a stout walking-stick. She is the best company in the world, full of originality and humor, has seen and known every remarkable person in England and France, and is full of anecdotes about everybody and everything. One of the best things she ever said was about Sydney Smith's daughter (who was married to Dr. Holland), in consequence of her husband being baronetted. Somebody, hearing Lady Holland spoken of, asked if Lord Holland's wife was referred to. "No," said Mrs. Grote; "this is New Holland, and the capital is Sydney."

I am going to town to-morrow to see John Murray,

the publisher, about my new volumes. I do not know whether you remember that when I was first about to publish the "Dutch Republic" I offered the MS. to Murray, to whom I had a note of introduction. After retaining the work a fortnight, he declined it very civilly but decidedly. In consequence, as you remember, I had it printed and published by Chapman, and the governor was kind enough to pay the expenses. Well, the other day I received a note from Murray expressing in very strong language his self-reproaches for his short-sightedness in having lost his chance of being my publisher, and his desire, if possible, to repair his mistake if I was not bound to any one else. . . . So I hope to make an arrangement with Murray, who is by far the best publisher in England.

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

From M. Guizot

Paris,
16 mars 1860.

J'ai eu un grand plaisir à vous proposer à l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, comme successeur de M. Prescott en qualité de correspondant, et je me suis félicité de cette occasion d'exposer vos titres à cet honneur. J'espère que vous continuerez votre belle "Histoire de la Fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies," en la conduisant jusqu'au moment où l'Espagne elle-même a été forcée de reconnaître que la République était fondée. Le succès de votre premier ouvrage ne vous permet pas de le laisser incomplet,

et je serai charmé d'apprendre que vous vous occupez de la compléter.

J'ai bien regretté de ne pas me trouver à Paris pendant le temps que vous y avez passé.

Recevez, je vous prie, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

GUIZOT.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Oatlands Park Hotel, Walton-on-Thames,
March 29, 1860.

MY DEAR WENDELL: I am not going to make one word of apology for my long silence. If you will forgive it and write me again at once, I promise faithfully that I will write to you as often as once a quarter if you will do the same. I cannot do without letters from you, and although I have a special dislike to writing them myself, I am willing to bore you for the sake of the reward. I really believe that you are the only one of my friends to whom I have not expressed in rapturous terms the delight with which I have read and re-read your "Autocrat." We were quite out of the way of getting the "Atlantic" in our foreign residences—in Nice, Switzerland, and Rome. But one day after it had been collected into a volume some traveler lent it to us, and we carefully forgot to return it—a petty larceny combined with breach of trust which I have never regretted, for no one could appreciate it more highly than I, in the first place, and then all my family. It is really even better than I expected it to be, and that is saying much, for you know how high were

my anticipations, and if you do not, poor Phillips, now no more, who always so highly appreciated you, could have told you how surely and how often I predicted your great and inevitable success. The "Autocrat" is an inseparable companion, and will live, I think, as long certainly as anything which we have turned out on our side. It is of the small and rare class to which Montaigne's "Essays," "Elia," and one or two other books belong, which one wishes to have forever under one's thumb. Every page is thoughtful, suggestive, imaginative, didactic, witty, stimulating, grotesque, arabesque, titillating—in short, I could string together all the adjectives in the dictionary without conveying to you an adequate expression of my admiration.

In order that you shall not think me merely a devourer and not an appreciator, I will add that the portions which give me the most pleasure are those, by far the largest, which are grave, earnest, and profound, and that the passages least to my mind are those which in college days would have most highly delighted me, viz., the uproariously funny ones. But, as Touchstone observes, "we that have good wits cannot hold, we must be flouting," and I do not expect to bottle you up. I have not the book at my elbow at this moment, and am too lazy to go down-stairs to fetch it, but, as an illustration of what I most enjoy, take such a passage as about our brains being clockwork. I remember nothing of the diction at this instant, but the whole train of thought is very distinct to me. Also the bucketful of fresh and startling metaphors which the Autocrat empties on the head of the divinity student in return for his complimentary language as to the power of seeing analogies. Also—but I shall never

get any further in this letter if I once begin to quote the "Autocrat," so I will only add that I admire many of the poems, especially "The Voiceless," which I am never tired of repeating. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that it is always with a deep sensation of pride and pleasure that I turn to page 28 and read the verses therein inscribed. Strange to say, I have not yet read "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table." I tried to buy it the other day at Sampson Low's, one of the chief American republishers or importers, but he said that it had been done by —— (gentlemen who have, among others, done me the same favor).

Is there no chance of ever getting an international copyright bill and hanging these filibusters, who are legally picking the pockets of us poor-devil authors, who would fain become rich devils if we could? Why do you not make use of your strong position, having the whole American public by the button, to make it listen to reason? If I were an autocrat like you, I would issue an edict immediately. Or I would have a little starling that should say nothing but "Copyright" and let the public hear nothing else. Let me not omit to mention also with how much pleasure I read your poem on Burns. It is magnificent, and every verse rings most sympathetically upon the heart. So you see we do not lose the run of you, although I have been so idle about writing, and I am promising myself much pleasure from "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," which I shall have sent to me from Boston. By the way, I bagged the other day a splendid presentation copy of the "Autocrat," which you had sent to Trübner for some one else, and I gave it to Mrs. Norton (of

whom you have heard often enough, and who is a poet herself), who admires it as much as I do. I do not know whether I shall like the novel as well as your other readers are likely to do, because the discursive, irresponsible, vagrant way of writing which so charms me in the "Autocrat" is hardly in place in a narrative, and, for myself, I always find, to my regret, that I grow every year less and less capable of reading novels or romances. I wish it were not so. However, I doubt not you will reclaim me, but I do not mean to read it until it is finished.

I have not a great deal to talk about now that I find myself face to face with you. We have been, by stress of circumstances rather than choice, driven to England, and we have seen a great deal of English society, both in town and country. We have received much kindness and sat at many "good men's feasts"; and I must say that I have, as I always had, a warm affection for England and the English. I have been awfully hard at work for the last year and a half, with unlucky intermissions and loss of time, but I hope to publish a couple of bulky volumes by the beginning of next year. There is a cartload of MS. already in Murray's hands, but I do not know how soon we shall begin to print.

I wish when you write—and you see that I show a generous confidence in your generosity by assuming that you will write notwithstanding my delinquencies—you would tell me what is going on in your literary world, and also something about politics. One can get but little from the newspapers: but I should really like to know what chance there is of the country's being rescued from the government which now oppresses

us. But I forget, perhaps you are not a Republican, although I can hardly conceive of your being anything else. With regard to my views and aspirations, I can only say that if Seward is not elected (provided he be the candidate) this autumn, good night, my native land! I admire his speech, and agree with almost every word he says, barring of course the little sentimentality about the affection we all feel for the South, which, I suppose, is very much like the tenderness of Shylock—"Kind sir, you spat on me on Thursday last, you spurned me such a day, and another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies," etc., etc. However, if Mr. Seward thinks it worth while to stir in a little saccharine of this sort, he knows best. The essential is to get himself nominated and elected. Now please write and tell me what the chances are, always provided you agree with me, but not if you are for the pro-slavery man, whoever he may be. I have not yet succeeded in suppressing Louis Napoleon, who bamboozles the English cabinet and plays his fantastic tricks before high heaven with more impunity than ever. Of a truth it may be said now,—three hundred years ago it was uttered by one of the most illustrious of her sons,—"Gallia silvescit." What can be more barbarous than the condition of a country relapsed of its own choice under a military despot?

Pray remember us most kindly to your wife and children, and believe me always

Most sincerely yours,

J. L. Motley.

Pray remember me most affectionately to all the fellows at the club.

From Mr. N. Hawthorne

13 Charles Street, Bath,
April 1, 1860.

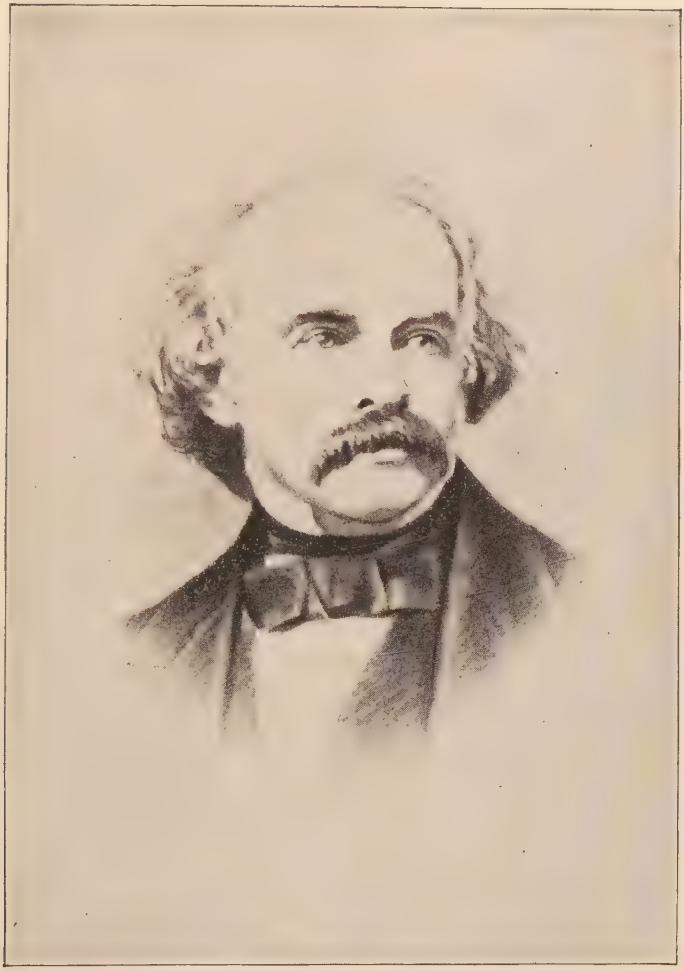
My dear Motley: You are certainly that Gentle Reader for whom all my books were exclusively written. Nobody else (my wife excepted, who speaks so near that I cannot tell her voice from my own) has ever said exactly what I loved to hear. It is most satisfactory to be hit upon the raw, to be shot straight through the heart. It is not the quantity of your praise that I care so much about (though I gather it all up most carefully lavish as you are of it), but the kind, for you take the book [1] precisely as I meant it, and if your note had come a few days sooner I believe I should have printed it in a postscript which I have added to the second edition, because it explains better than I found it possible to do myself the way in which my romance ought to be taken. . . .

Now, don't suppose that I fancy the book to be a tenth part as good as you say it is. You work out my imperfect efforts and half make the book with your own imagination and see what I myself saw but could only hint at.

Well, the romance is a success even if it never finds another reader.

We spent the winter in Leamington, whither we had come from the sea-coast in October. I am sorry to say that it was another winter of shadow and anxiety, not on Una's account, however, but my wife's. She had an attack of acute bronchitis, which reduced her very low, and except for an enduring faith in the energy

[1] Hawthorne's romance, "The Marble Faun."



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

and elasticity of her constitution I should have been almost in despair. After a long confinement to her bed she at last recovered so far as to enable us to remove from Leamington to Bath, and the change of air seems to have been very beneficial. The physician feels confident that she will be quite restored by our return to the United States. I have engaged our passages for June 16, and, patriotic as you know me to be, you can conceive the rapture with which I shall embrace my native soil. Mrs. Hawthorne and the children will probably remain in Bath until the eve of our departure; but I intend to pay one more visit of a week or two in London, and I shall certainly come and see you. I wonder at your lack of recognition of my social propensities. I take so much delight in my friends that a little intercourse goes a great way and illuminates my life before and after.

Are you never coming back to America? It is dreary to stay away, although not very delightful to go back. I should be most happy, and so would my wife, to think that Mrs. Motley and yourself and your daughters were within our reach, and really you ought to devote yourselves in the cause of your country. It is the worst sort of treason for enjoyable people to expatriate themselves.

Your friend,
NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
April 29, 1860.

It was so pleasant, my dear Lothrop, to get a letter from you. I have kept it a week or two so as to have

something more to tell you, yet I fear it will not be much after all. Yesterday the Saturday Club had its meeting. I carried your letter in my pocket, not to show to anybody, but to read a sentence or two which I knew would interest them all, and especially your kind message of remembrance. All were delighted with it; and on my proposing your health, all of them would rise and drink it standing. We then, at my suggestion, gave three times three in silence, on account of the public character of the place and the gravity and position of the high assisting personages. Be assured that you were heartily and affectionately, not to say proudly, remembered. Your honors are our honors, and when we heard you had received that superior tribute, which stamps any foreigner's reputation as planetary, at the hands of the French Institute, it was as if each of us had had a ribbon tied in his own buttonhole. I hoped very much to pick up something which might interest you from some of our friends who know more of the political movements of the season than I do.

I vote with the Republican party. I cannot hesitate between them and the Democrats. Yet what the Republican party is now doing it would puzzle me to tell you. What its prospects are for the next campaign, perhaps I ought to know, but I do not. I am struck with the fact that we talk very little politics of late at the club. Whether or not it is disgust at the aspect of the present political parties, and especially at the people who represent them, I cannot say; but the subject seems to have been dropped for the present in such society as I move about in, and especially in the club. We discuss first principles, enunciate axioms,

tell stories, make our harmless jokes, reveal ourselves in confidence to our next neighbors after the Château Margaux has reached the emotional center, and enjoy ourselves mightily. But we do not talk politics. After the President's campaign is begun, it is very likely that we may, and then I shall have something more to say about Mr. Seward and his prospects than I have now.

How much pleasure your praise gave me I hardly dare to say. I know that I can trust it. You would not bestow it unless you liked what I had done, but you would like the same thing better if I had done it than coming from a stranger. That is right and kind and good, and notwithstanding you said so many things to please me, there were none too many. I love praise too well always, and I have had a surfeit of some forms of it. Yours is of the kind that is treasured and remembered. I have written in every number of the "Atlantic" since it began. I should think myself industrious if I did not remember the labors you have gone through, which simply astonish me. What delight it would be to have you back here in our own circle of men—I think we can truly say, whom you would find worthy companions: Agassiz, organizing the science of a hemisphere; Longfellow, writing its songs; Lowell, than whom a larger, fresher, nobler, and more fertile nature does not move among us; Emerson, with his strange, familiar remoteness of character, I do not know what else to call it; and Hawthorne and Dana, when he gets back from his voyage round the world, and all the rest of us thrown in gratis. But you must not stay too long; if all the blood gets out of your veins, I am afraid you will transfer your allegiance.

I am just going to Cambridge to an "exhibition," in which Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks a translation (*expectatur versio in lingua vernacula*), the Apology for Socrates; Master O. W. Holmes, Jun., being now a tall youth, almost six feet high, and lover of Plato and of art.

I ought to have said something about your grand new book, but I have not had time to do more than read some passages from it. My impression is that of all your critics, that you have given us one of the noble historical pictures of our time, instinct with life and glowing with the light of a poetical imagination, which by itself would give pleasure, but which, shed over a great epoch in the records of our race, is at once brilliant and permanent. In the midst of so much that renders the very existence of a civilization amongst us problematical to the scholars of the Old World, it is a great pleasure to have the cause of letters so represented by one of our own countrymen, citizens, friends. Your honors belong to us all, but most to those who have watched your upward course from the first, who have shared many of the influences which have formed your own mind and character, and who now regard you as the plenipotentiary of the true Republic accredited to every court in Europe.

To his Mother

31 Hertford Street, Mayfair,
May 10, 1860.

My dearest Mother: I send by this steamer a copy of the "Times" containing an account of the Anniver-

sary Banquet of the Royal Academy. You will see that I was called on to respond to the toast of Literature, and that I was obliged to make a short speech. It was a most awful ordeal. For the company is exceedingly select, which made the compliment very great, but the feeling of trepidation still greater. However, as I knew a day or two beforehand that I was to be called on, I got out of the scrape pretty well, and received much applause and congratulations afterward. But it was quite impossible for me to enjoy the dinner as I should have done had I been merely a spectator. Fancy being obliged to get up and address such an awful set of swells as the cabinet ministers, Palmerston, Gladstone, Lord Russell, the chancellor, the judges, the opposition fellows, Dizzy and the rest, the lord mayor in all his glory, all the artists, and many distinguished men of letters! It was a horrible moment for a bashful youth like me! The dinner was in itself a very pretty sight. It was in the principal hall of the Exhibition (opened that day and the day before for invited guests only, and made public a day or two afterward). The leading pictures of the year cover the walls of the room. The dinner begins at six, and as the twilight comes on, after the tables are cleared, the choristers begin "God Save the Queen." At the first stave the gas is suddenly let on, and the walls become alive and glowing with the pictures. The effect is very startling and brilliant. There is to be another dinner, that of the Literary Fund, next week. I have accepted the office of steward, one of the twenty of course merely nominal officers, but with the express condition that I am not to be called on for a speech. I wish to have the satisfaction this time of enjoying

the dinner and hearing the others, which I cannot do with the knowledge that I am to be served up as a part of the entertainment.

Of course it is unnecessary to add that this is strictly between ourselves. I hardly feel at home here yet, and am discontented and fidgety because I have not yet got to work. I always feel thrown on my beam-ends when I am compelled to be idle. However, I have a good, comfortable little library, with all my books and papers arranged, and it will be my own fault if I do not turn off a good lot of MS. daily so soon as the mill gets going, which will be to-morrow.

Good-by for the moment, my dearest mother. I pray most fervently that you may continue in good health, and that you will pass a happy summer at Riverdale. Write to me as often as you can, if only a few lines, which gives us always the greatest pleasure. All send much love to my father and yourself, and I remain

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

P. S. We had one glimpse, but a delightful one, of the Agassizs. They only stayed three days in London. They would have been overwhelmed with invitations had they remained, which I suppose was one reason for their rapid departure.

To his Mother

31 Hertford Street, London,
June 22, 1860.

My dearest Mother: I do so long to see you again, and feel very unhappy that the work which I have

given myself to do seems to protract our exile. My two volumes will be published, I suppose, early in November, and I hope will prove interesting, although they do not cover so large a space of time as I expected would be the case when I began them. But my materials have grown so enormously on my hands that I have found it difficult to keep within reasonable bounds. The next two, which will complete the work, will travel over a much longer range of years.

Lily's letter has so well described the "Commemoration Day" at Oxford, when I received my honorary degree of Civil Law, that there is no need of my saying anything about it. It was an honor quite unexpected and unsolicited by me.[1] Indeed, I knew nothing of it until the other morning, when Dean Milman, in inviting me to breakfast, congratulated me. When I went there I told him there must be some mistake, but on returning to my house I found the official communication. The only thing I have to add to Lily's account is a slight allusion to the absurd figure the doctors cut walking gravely through the streets.

> A long red gown, well brushed and neat,
> We manfully did throw

over the customary suit of solemn black, and then with a vast black velvet machine on the head, something between the Doge of Venice's cap and a large coal-scuttle, we proceeded through the rain with as much solemnity as if we were not the most absurd caricature

[1] Mr. Motley, with his wife and eldest daughter, were the guests of Rev. Arthur Stanley (afterward Dean of Westminster) and of his sister Miss Stanley.

in the world. And the best of it was that even the street boys, who I supposed would receive us with jeers and chaff, were evidently very much in awe of us.

Nothing could be more absurd than old Brougham's figure, long and gaunt, with snow-white hair under the great black porringer, and with his wonderful nose wagging lithely from side to side as he hitched up his red petticoats and stalked through the mud. Three of the new-made doctors were very distinguished personages—Lord Brougham, Sir Richard Bethell (the Attorney-General), and Leopold M'Clintock. The other three—viz., Swedish envoy Platen, Count Strzelecki, and the humble writer of this note—were much less known to fame. You would know that I am not writing this out of mock modesty, even if I were capable of such an affectation, if you could have heard the tempest of cheers and hand-clapping that greeted Brougham and M'Clintock. The others crept in under a very mild expression of approbation from the gods in the gallery,—videlicet, the undergraduates,—who from time immemorial make this a kind of "nigger's holiday," and indulge themselves in all the chaff they can manufacture.

I regretted very much that the weather was so bad that we could see nothing of Oxford to any advantage. I was also sorry that on the Commemoration Day we lunched in University Hall rather than in All Souls', where we were also expected, because All Souls' was founded by Archbishop Chicheley, in the reign of Henry VI., of a Northampton family, of which your grandfather Checkley was no doubt descended. Until very recently, any one proving kindred with the old archbishop might have claimed free instruction at his

LORD BROUGHAM

college, so that I might have been educated at All Souls' at small expense; but the privilege is now done away with. I leave to Lily the task of chronicling our movements, as she does it, I think, very well indeed, and is fond of writing letters, while I, on the contrary, am so fearfully driven for time, being hard at work eight hours a day, when I can secure myself against interruption, that I must confine myself, until my volumes are done, to very brief notes.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

From Lady Dufferin to Hon. Mrs. Norton[1]

Dear Car: Refuges have been erected at all the exposed parts of the road, patterns are provided for entering the dining-room; water-souchies and flounders will be the staple of the repast, with ducks, snipes, and other water-birds. Beds—water beds—are provided for belated travelers; in short, every aqueous comfort that can be expected.

"Come unto these yellow sands." Three beaus await the fair Lily, who must be a water-lily for the nonce, and a warm welcome for the rest. I trust we shall be able to keep our heads above water, and have no doubt the little aquatic party will get on swimmingly.

Seriously, you will all be very welcome; and what signifies the weather to determined souls in waterproof soles?

Your affectionate Naiad,

H. D.

[1] Who was engaged to dine, as well as Mr., Mrs., and Miss Motley, at Dufferin Lodge, Highgate. The day proved so wet that a note was despatched to know if the guests were still expected.

To his Mother

Dufferin Lodge, Highgate,
August 14, 1860.

My dearest Mother: It gave me the greatest delight to receive once more a letter from you, and although you do not speak of your health in quite as satisfactory language as I had hoped, I cannot doubt that the Nahant air has been rapidly bringing you up beyond the former level. The governor, in his last letter, spoke of you in such sanguine terms that I cannot help feeling entirely encouraged about you. We have been here at this pretty villa more than a week. I do not know whether any of us have ever mentioned that we were coming here. I found myself a little run down at the fag-end of the season, for I have been very hard at work; and so Lady Dufferin, who is the most kind-hearted and amiable and accomplished woman in the world, insisted on our all coming here to make a visit of a week or two. Little Mary, who was also rather poorly, has picked up wonderfully in the few days that we have spent here. We return to town to-morrow, and have hardly time to get ready for our intended visit to Scotland. We have a great many invitations to country houses,—I hardly know how many we shall be able to accept,—but our headquarters will be Keir, the place of my particular friend Stirling. His works you are acquainted with, I know. He is a most accomplished writer, a good speaker in Parliament, and the most genial and delightful of companions. His fortune is large, and his family very ancient and distinguished. You will find his place

mentioned in "The Lady of the Lake," in the description of Fitz-James's rapid ride after the combat with Roderick Dhu:

> They mark just glance and disappear
> The lofty brow of ancient Keir.

Our old friends the Misses Forbes are going to have the children for a visit to Aberdeen, which they will enjoy very much, and meantime we can make our visits and excursions.

Lady Dufferin herself went yesterday to Ostend, whither she was summoned to make her friend the Prince Regent of Prussia a visit; and she would only go on condition that we would stay on, making use of her establishment here as long as we could. There is too great a blank left, however, by her departure, and we shall leave to-morrow morning. Her son, Lord Dufferin, has gone to Syria as British commissioner, and she is in great anxiety for fear he should catch the fever, which prevails there at this season. He is very amiable, accomplished, and good-looking, and in every respect worthy to be son to such a mother. You know, of course, that Lady Dufferin is sister to Mrs. Norton. The other sister, the Duchess of Somerset, has been kind enough to invite us to a wedding which is to take place on the 25th of this month in church, with the breakfast afterward at her house, thinking that we might like to see an English wedding. The couple to be married are a very pretty Miss Graham with a young officer named Baring.

I feel that I am writing a very stupid letter, but in truth I have got very much out of the way of writing

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anything but history. I feel rather anxious about my new volumes, and for this reason. When I handed in my MS. to Murray some two or three months ago, I called it, and supposed it, Volume I.; but, to my horror, I found that it would make two large volumes. Now, the time covered is so short, although it is a most important epoch, I thought it even rather too brief for one volume. Of course, therefore, the objection is double for two. However, if the matter seems only one-tenth part as interesting to the reader as it did to me when writing, he will not quarrel with the slow movement in point of time. I can hardly now understand how I managed to write so much, for I have just calculated that I was exactly ten months and a half writing the whole, which is rather rapid work for two octavo volumes. It is true that from November, 1858, when I began to write, till May, 1860, when the book was finished, are eighteen months; but I lost the whole period from May, 1859, to November in traveling and loafing. You must not think, however, that I have written in a hurry, for I have not done so at all, and I am only surprised that what I thought one volume has turned out two.

The remainder of the work will be about as much more, namely, two volumes, but they will go over six times as much ground.

I hope that you have had better weather than ours. I never knew that such a summer could be as this has been. Literally and honestly, I do not think we have had three really fine days since the 1st of May, and not one hot, or even warm, day. We never think of sunshine any more than if such an article did not exist, as it rains regularly every day. The possibility

of such a season is certainly a great set-off to the certainty that we can never have one of our horrible winters. A New England winter and an Old England summer, such as this has been, would bring the world to an end very soon.

I am always most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Studley Royal, Ripon,
September 27, 1860.

My dearest Mother: I am going to take advantage of your permission to write you a little note instead of a long letter, for which it seems to me that I never shall find time. It is no joke to do what I am now doing, namely, making a tour of country visits and correcting the sheets of two great octavo volumes while on the road. I am pursued by printers' devils at every turn and by every post, so that my holiday is not a pure and absolute one as you may suppose, and when I get back to London my hard labor will begin afresh, for there are two more volumes unwritten, which must be finished as soon as possible. It was a very great pleasure to us all to see Tom, and to have such fresh and delightful news of you, for he reports you as in better health than for some years.

We came to this place the day before yesterday.

Lord de Grey is a young man, one of the rising politicians of England. He was in the House of Commons as Lord Goderich when I first knew him two years ago, but since then he has succeeded to the earldoms

of Ripon and De Grey by the deaths of his father and uncle, and he is now, of course, in the House of Peers. He is Under-Secretary for War, and he is a hard-working public man and a most amiable and agreeable companion. His wife is most charming and fascinating, very pretty, very gentle, and very amiable, a great favorite in London society. This place, Studley, is a large house, the park of four hundred acres is very magnificent, and the deer swarm about it in every direction. They have become so familiar, however, as hardly to seem like wild animals, and, like the beasts roaming over the plain commemorated by Mr. Selkirk,

> Their tameness is shocking to me.

The crowning glory of the place, however, is Fountains Abbey. I do not know whether you ever heard of it, and I doubt whether it is as famous as Melrose or Tintern; but I suspect that it is the first ecclesiastical ruin in the world.

It stands in the most beautiful part of Lord de Grey's park, and is very extensive. The tall tower, looking at a little distance as if belonging to a cathedral, is still in good preservation, but as you come nearer you find that all the rest of the spacious church is a mass of most picturesque ruin, with large trees growing in the nave, and ivy and wild flowers festooning the old Norman pillars and the beautiful lancet-shaped windows. The cloisters are very extensive, and still preserve their roofs, so that you walk through their whole range and look out through the windows at a beautiful stream which murmurs along among the ruins, and at twilight or moonlight it would not re-

THOMAS HUGHES.

quire a violent imagination to picture the forms of hooded monks stalking through the cloisters, or to hear a midnight mass pealing from the ruined choir of the beautiful chapel. Descriptions of buildings and scenery are a bore, so I shall say nothing further of this exquisite ruin, save to repeat that it is far the most impressive one that I have ever seen, and much more beautiful than Melrose Abbey. We have a small but pleasant party here. The father and mother of Lady de Grey, Mr. and Lady Mary Vyner, Mr. Sidney Herbert (the Minister of War) and his very pretty wife, Mrs. Hughes, wife of Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and a most excellent fellow, who, I am sorry to say, is only coming when we are going, and one or two others. Mr. Herbert is one of the most distinguished persons in London, being very handsome, with considerable talents, of famous lineage, as he is a descendant of the family which numbers Sir Philip Sydney among their illustrations. He is himself brother and heir to the present Earl of Pembroke.

We leave this, I suppose, on Saturday (day after tomorrow) for Keir, where we shall stop a day, and on Monday we go to Aberdeen, where Mary and Susie are passing the time of our absence in the house of our excellent friends the Misses Forbes, of whom you have often heard us speak, and they have been making several visits among the friends of that family, and passing their time very agreeably.

Our house in Hertford Street, which I have taken on for six months, is small, but very neat and clean, and sufficiently comfortable, and my books and papers are all ready in my library, which is a satisfactory room

enough, commanding an uninterrupted view of the water-butt and the dead wall of an adjacent house, but perfectly quiet and retired. This is a wretched little letter, my dear mother, but it will serve to express my affection for you, and my delight to hear that your health is so much improved.

Your ever affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Taymouth Castle,
October 28, 1860.

My dearest Mother: I am ashamed to think how long it is since I have written to you. . . . You may imagine, however, that letter-writing—even to you—has been an absolute impossibility. And even now I am only sending you a little note,—no more,—only for the pleasure of talking to you for the moment and sending you my warmest greetings of affection—not in the shape of writing anything worth the trouble of reading. Most unluckily, too, I have taken up my headaches again, and have been and am still enduring one unceasing one of four days and nights long. After having, as I thought, entirely distanced them, I am much disappointed. I think Lily has written to you a pretty full account of our journeyings. At Keir we have been several times. We passed a week in the wildest part of the Highlands, at a place called Glen Quoich, the property of Mr. Ellice, an old gentleman

much known in the world of London, once a cabinet minister and still in Parliament, and as vigorous and active almost as Lord Palmerston, at almost the same age, seventy-six. He went to America two years ago (where both in New York and Canada he is a large landowner), and returned extremely delighted with everything he saw and heard in our country. His place in the Highlands he has created out of the wilderness during the last twenty years. His estate runs thirty miles long, through mountain, ravine, torrent, waterfall, deer-forest, and lonely rocks, and his house is the only habitation, except the cabins of some of his own people, for miles and miles around. The house stands on the very edge of the wild Loch Quoich, surrounded by purple mountains on all sides. Beyond that lake is a magnificent sea-inlet called Loch Hourn, hemmed in by precipitous crags, some of the more distant ones 3000 or 4000 feet high, with the heights of the Isle of Skye in the background. At the time of our visit, the second week in October, the mountains were all covered nearly to their base with new-fallen snow, so that the scenery had an almost Alpine expression, and as the outlines are always bold and picturesque, the views were certainly of a very noble character.

The company was not a very large one: many members of his family; Mrs. Ellice, his son's wife, who is a most delightful person, full of talent and amiable qualities, singing like a nightingale, and painting portraits or caricatures or scenery like a professional artist; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ancient ambassador in Turkey, with his wife and daughters; the young chief of Lochiel, and a few others. In

spite of rain, sleet, and snow, walked, drove, and fished, and were very sorry when our visit came to an end.

We afterward passed a few days very pleasantly at Inveraray Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyll. This is a great turreted building, standing near Loch Fyne on the west coast, surrounded by very grand scenery of cliff, wood, and water. The present head of all the Campbells, the MacCallum More, is comparatively young, about thirty-seven, handsome, with very Scottish golden locks. He is a member of the present cabinet, is very clever, cultivated, a good speaker, an excellent man of affairs, and very agreeable. The duchess, who is daughter to the Duchess of Sutherland, is gentle, amiable, and very cultivated and attractive. They have a quiver full of children to the number of eleven. We passed a few days rather quietly, but much to our satisfaction.

We have now been spending a week at this magnificent place, one of the most princely establishments in the kingdom, Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane. The house stands on the Tay, a dark, transparent, rapidly rolling river, which flows out from Loch Tay, about two miles off. The position is very beautiful, but perhaps in some degree melancholy, as the house and pleasure-grounds are a little too much shut in by the mountains, like the happy valley of Rasselas. There is a walk along the Tay on both sides, under magnificent beeches two or three miles long, with the most velvety lawn under foot, which is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. Nothing can be imagined much more agreeable than these scenes, where a beautiful nature has been assisted to

decorate itself by the hands of art and intelligent wealth. Lord Breadalbane is the chief of another branch of the great Campbell family. He is about sixty-eight years of age, the most amiable, kind-hearted, and benevolent of men, evidently taking the greatest delight in making other people happy. The marchioness is somewhat of an invalid, but is very amiable, accomplished, and agreeable. There are several very charming young girls in the house, especially two nieces of Lord Breadalbane, and other young people, so that there are always pleasant excursions all day long, and in the evening, after the magnificent dinner (which is always like a royal entertainment, in a splendid hall, a table blazing with silver and gold, with bagpipes blowing martial airs in alternation with a band of music), comes dancing till after midnight, reels and flings, and strathspeys and Roger de Coverleys. Last night several of the young men were in Highland costume, dancing as only Scotchmen can, or do. It has been a very pleasant week for Lily and for Mary. As for myself, I should have enjoyed myself better if I had not been tormented with this horrible headache, which still continues, and which must be my excuse for the fearful stupidity of this letter. A hundred pages of uncorrected proofs lie glaring at me in my dressing-room; but I am absolutely incapable of reading, and I am afraid that there will be some delay in the book if my head will not stop. Good-by, my dearest mother. I promise faithfully to write again very soon, for before a great while the printers' devils will have ceased for a while to torment me.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

31 Hertford Street,
November 19, 1860.

My dearest Mother: Your kind letter of 22d October reached me a few days ago, and gave me, as your letters always do, very great pleasure. As to the governor, he seems to grow younger every day, and I am sure that I should not have been up to dancing all night till five o'clock, and then getting to breakfast in the country by 8:30.

The Prince of Wales has returned, after a passage of twenty-eight days, safe and sound. I met him at dinner at Oxford just before he sailed, as I think I mentioned to you. I am told that the queen is much pleased with the enthusiasm created in America by his visit. I am sure that she has reason to be, and all good Englishmen rejoice in it. It was certainly a magnificent demonstration of the genuine and hearty good feeling that exists between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I read the long accounts given in the "Times" by the special correspondent of his reception in New York and Boston with the greatest pleasure.

I am very sorry that I cannot exchange congratulations with the governor on the subject of the Presidential election.[1] The account has this instant reached us by telegraph, and although I have felt little doubt as to the result for months past, and Tom will tell you that I said so at Keir, yet, as I was so intensely anxious for the success of the Republican cause, I was on tenterhooks till I actually knew the result. I rejoice in the

[1] The first election of Lincoln.

triumph at last of freedom over slavery more than I can express. Thank God, it can no longer be said, after the great verdict just pronounced, that the common law of my country is slavery, and that the American flag carries slavery with it wherever it goes. . . .

To change the subject, you will be pleased to hear that Mr. Murray had his annual trade-sale dinner last Thursday (15th). This is given by him in the City to the principal London booksellers, and after a three-o'clock dinner he offers them his new publications. You will be glad to know that my volumes [1] quite took the lead, and that he disposed at once of about 3000 copies. As he only intended to publish 2000, you may suppose that he was agreeably disappointed. He has now increased his edition to 4000, and expects to sell the whole. After that he will sell a smaller and cheaper edition. The work is, however, not yet published, nor will it be for several weeks. I am very glad to hear that you are pleased with the opening pages. The volumes have cost me quite as much labor as the other work; but alas! I have no William of Orange for a hero. I hope the governor will be pleased with them.

Ever most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

From M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire

Paris, rue de l'Empereur, 54 (ancien Montmartre),
25 décembre 1860.

MONSIEUR ET TRÈS HONORABLE AMI: J'ai reçu ces jours-ci les deux volumes que vous avez bien voulu

[1] The first two volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands."

m'envoyer, et je vous remercie de ce beau présent. C'est une digne suite à "L'Histoire de la Fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies." Je vous lirai avec le plus grand plaisir, et j'ai déjà lu avec un très vif intérêt votre chapitre sur l'invincible Armada. Je n'ai vu nulle part un récit plus attachant ni plus complet de cette abominable entreprise. Le portrait que vous avez tracé de Philippe II. est aussi exact que le personnage est odieux. Je serai presque porté à croire que les souvenirs, qui datent de 270 ans, ne laissent pas que d'avoir aujourd'hui leur opportunité. Mais l'Angleterre ne se laissera pas surprendre par une nouvelle Armada, ni par un nouveau Philippe II. Le mouvement des volontaires atteste que la nation est plus vigilante encore que son gouvernement. Je crains que l'année prochaine ne démontre la haute nécessité de cette vigilance.

Il faut espérer que les dissensions qui agitent votre patrie se calmeront bientôt, et les dernières nouvelles sont plus favorables. Il me semble, autant que j'en puis juger, que le message de M. Buchanan offre un terrain d'assez facile conciliation, mais il faudrait, de part et d'autre, beaucoup de sagesse et de prudence.

Nos amis les Mohl sont très bien, ainsi que nos amis de l'Institut.

Votre bien dévoué,

B^y^ St. Hilaire.

From M. Guizot

Paris, 52, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
7 janvier 1861.

J'ai reçu, Monsieur, les deux nouveaux volumes de votre histoire des Provinces-Unies, et le vous remercie

d'avance du plaisir que j'aurai à vous lire; je suis sûr que j'y trouverai le même esprit de philosophie chrétienne et le même talent dramatique qui ont assuré à votre premier ouvrage un succès si légitime et si général. Désirez-vous que ces deux volumes soient traduits et publiés en France comme les précédents? Je ne veux faire, à ce sujet, aucune démarche avant de savoir quelles sont vos intentions.

Je ne me promets pas de pouvoir vous lire tout de suite, au milieu du bruit de Paris en hiver. Mais je retournerai à la campagne dès que le printemps reparaîtra, et je reprendrai là les lectures qui charment mes loisirs.

Recevez, je vous prie, Monsieur, avec mes remercîments l'assurance de toute ma considération et de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

GUIZOT.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CRISIS IN AMERICA

The slavery question in America—A dangerous outlook—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes on the labors of an historian—The gathering storm—Literary gossip from Boston—Publication and reception of the "United Netherlands" in America—The secessionists and public opinion in England—Charles Dickens—Mr. Wilkie Collins—Letter from Mr. W. E. Forster on the crisis in America—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—"Elsie Venner"—Letter to the Duchess of Argyll on the American crisis—Mr. Motley goes to Boston—State of public feeling—Mr. Motley's letter to the "Times"—Causes of the war—Bitter feeling toward England—A "war of principle"—Unanimous feeling throughout the North—General Scott—His supposed plans—The army in camp—Visit to Washington—Evacuation of Harper's Ferry—General McClellan—Disposition of the army round Washington—Lord Lyons—The four articles of the Congress of Paris—Mr. Seward's negotiations with England—Abraham Lincoln—England's policy—The blockade and the cotton crop—The Army of the Potomac—Outpost skirmishes—Massing of troops—Arlington House—Objects of the war misunderstood in England—Mr. Chase—Counter-revolution in Virginia and other States—The slavery question—England's attitude—General McDowell—General Scott and his subordinates—Mr. Montgomery Blair—Conversation with the President about England—The President's message.

To his Mother

31 Hertford Street,
February 9, 1861.

My dearest Mother: . . . I wrote you a long letter of eight pages yesterday, and then tossed it into

the fire, because I found I had been talking of nothing but American politics. Although this is a subject which, as you may suppose, occupies my mind almost exclusively for the time being, yet you have enough of it at home. As before this letter reaches you it will perhaps be decided whether there is to be civil war, peaceable dissolution, or a patch-up, it is idle for me to express any opinions on the subject. I do little else but read American newspapers, and we wait with extreme anxiety to know whether the pro-slavery party will be able to break up the whole compact at its own caprice, to seize Washington and prevent by force of arms the inauguration of Lincoln. That event must necessarily be followed by civil war, I should think. Otherwise I suppose it may be avoided. But whatever be the result, it is now proved beyond all possibility of dispute that we never have had a government, and that the much eulogized Constitution of the United States never was a constitution at all, for the triumphant secession of the Southern States shows that we have only had a league or treaty among two or three dozen petty sovereignties, each of them insignificant in itself, but each having the power to break up the whole compact at its own caprice. Whether the separation takes place now, or whether there is a patch-up, there is no escaping the conclusion that a government proved to be incapable of protecting its own property and the honor of its own flag is no government at all and may fall to pieces at any moment. The pretense of a people governing itself, without the need of central force and a powerful army, is an exploded fallacy which can never be revived. If there is a compromise now, which seems possible enough, because the Northern States are

likely to give way, as they invariably have done, to the bluster of the South, it will perhaps be the North which will next try the secession dodge, when we find ourselves engaged in a war with Spain for the possession of Cuba, or with England on account of the reopened African slave-trade, either of which events is in the immediate future.

But I find myself getting constantly into this maelstrom of American politics and must break off short.

I send you by this mail the London "Times" of the 7th of February. You will find there (in the parliamentary reports) a very interesting speech of Lord John Russell; but it will be the more interesting to you because it contains a very handsome compliment to me, and one that is very gratifying. I have not sent you the different papers in which my book has been reviewed, excepting three consecutive "Times," which contain a long article. I suppose that "Littell's Living Age" reprints most of these notices. And the "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," and "Westminster Reviews" (in each of whose January numbers the work has been reviewed) are, I know, immediately reprinted. If you will let me know, however, what notices you have seen, I will send you the others in case you care for them.

We are going on rather quietly. We made pleasant country visits at Sidney Herbert's, Lord Palmerston's, Lady Stanhope's, Lord Ashburton's; but now the country season is pretty well over, Parliament opened, and the London season begun. I am hard at word in the State Paper Office every day, but it will be a good while before I can get to writing again.

I am most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
February 16, 1861.

My dear Motley: It is a pleasing coincidence for me that the same papers which are just announcing your great work are telling our little world that it can also purchase, if so disposed, my modest two-volume story. You must be having a respite from labor. You will smile when I tell you that I have my first vacation since you were with us,—when was it? in '57?—but so it is. It scares me to look on your labors, when I remember that I have thought it something to write an article once a month for the "Atlantic Monthly"; that is all I have to show, or nearly all, for three and a half years, and in the meantime you have erected your monument, more perennial than bronze, in these two volumes of alto-relievo. I will not be envious, but I must wonder—wonder at the mighty toils undergone to quarry the ore before the mold could be shaped and the metal cast. I know you must meet your signal and unchallenged success with little excitement, for you know too well the price that has been paid for it. A man does not give away the best years of a manhood like yours without knowing that his plant has got to pay for his outlay. You have won the name and fame you must have foreseen were to be the accidents of your career. I hope, as you partake the gale with your illustrious brethren, you are well ballasted with those other accidents of successful authorship.

I am thankful for your sake that you are out of this wretched country. There was never anything in our experience that gave any idea of it before. Not that

we have had any material suffering as yet. Our factories have been at work, and our dividends have been paid. Society—in Boston, at least—has been nearly as gay as usual. I had a few thousand dollars to raise to pay for my house in Charles Street, and sold my stocks for more than they cost me. We have had predictions, to be sure, that New England was to be left out in the cold if a new confederacy was formed, and that the grass was to grow in the streets of Boston. But prophets are at a terrible discount in these times, and, in spite of their predictions, Merrimac sells at 1125. It is the terrible uncertainty of everything—most of all the uncertainty of opinion of men. I had almost said of principles. From the impracticable abolitionist, as bent on total separation from the South as Carolina is on secession from the North, to the hunker, or submissionist, or whatever you choose to call the wretch who would sacrifice everything and beg the South's pardon for offending it, you find all shades of opinion in our streets. If Mr. Seward or Mr. Adams moves in favor of compromise, the whole Republican party sways like a field of grain before the breath of either of them. If Mr. Lincoln says he shall execute the laws and collect the revenue though the heavens cave in, the backs of the Republicans stiffen again, and they take down the old revolutionary king's arms, and begin to ask whether they can be altered to carry Minie bullets.

In the meantime, as you know very well, a monstrous conspiracy has been hatching for nobody knows how long, barely defeated in its first great move by two occurrences—Major Anderson's retreat to Fort Sumter, and the exposure of the great defalcations. The ex-

pressions of popular opinion in Virginia and Tennessee have encouraged greatly those who hope for union on the basis of a compromise; but this evening's news seems to throw doubt on the possibility of the North and the border States ever coming to terms; and I see in this same evening's paper the threat thrown out that if the Southern ports are blockaded fifty regiments will be set in motion for Washington! Nobody knows, everybody guesses. Seward seems to be hopeful. I had a long talk with Banks; he fears the formation of a powerful Southern military empire, which will give us trouble. Mr. Adams predicts that the Southern Confederacy will be an ignominious failure.

A Cincinnati pamphleteer, very sharp and knowing, shows how pretty a quarrel they will soon get up among themselves. There is no end to the shades of opinion. Nobody knows where he stands but Wendell Phillips and his out-and-outers. Before this political cataclysm we were all sailing on as quietly and harmoniously as a crew of your good Dutchmen in a trekschuit. The club has flourished greatly, and proved to all of us a source of the greatest delight. I do not believe there ever were such agreeable periodical meetings in Boston as these we have had at Parker's. We have missed you, of course, but your memory and your reputation were with us. The magazine which you helped to give a start to has prospered since its transfer to Ticknor and Fields. I suppose they may make something directly by it, and as an advertising medium it is a source of great indirect benefit to them. No doubt you will like to hear in a few words about its small affairs. I don't believe that all the Oxfords and Institutes can get the local recollections out of you. I suppose I have

made more money and reputation out of it than anybody else, on the whole. I have written more than anybody else, at any rate. Miss Prescott's stories have made her quite a name. Wentworth Higginson's articles have also been very popular. Lowell's critical articles and political ones are always full of point, but he has been too busy as editor to write a great deal. As for the reputations that were *toutes faites*, I don't know that they have gained or lost a great deal by what their owners have done for the "Atlantic." But oh, such a belaboring as I have had from the so-called "Evangelical" press for the last two or three years, almost without intermission! There must be a great deal of weakness and rottenness when such extreme bitterness is called out by such a good-natured person as I can claim to be in print. It is a new experience to me, but is made up by a great amount of sympathy from men and women, old and young, and such confidences and such sentimental *épanchements* that if my private correspondence is ever aired I shall pass for a more questionable personage than my domestic record can show me to have been.

Come, now, why should I talk to you of anything but yourself and that wonderful career of well-deserved and hardly won success which you have been passing through since I waved my handkerchief to you as you slid away from the wharf at East Boston? When you write to me, as you will one of these days, I want to know how you feel about your new possession, a European name. I should like very much, too, to hear something of your every-day experiences of English life, how you like the different classes of English people you meet—the scholars, the upper class, and

the average folk that you may have to deal with. You know that, to a Bostonian, there is nothing like a Bostonian's impression of a new people or mode of life. We all carry the Common in our heads as the unit of space, the State House as the standard of architecture, and measure off men in Edward Everetts as with a yardstick. I am ashamed to remember how many scrolls of half an hour's scribblings we might have exchanged with pleasure on one side, and very possibly with something of it on the other. I have heard so much of Miss Lily's praises that I should be almost afraid of her if I did not feel sure that she would inherit a kindly feeling to her father and mother's old friend. Do remember me to your children; and as for your wife, who used to be Mary once, and I have always found it terribly hard work to make anything else of, tell her how we all long to see her good, kind face again. Give me some stray half-hour, and believe me always your friend,

O. W. Holmes.

To his Mother

31 Hertford Street,
March 15, 1861.

My dearest Mother: . . . It is not for want of affection and interest, not from indolence, but I can hardly tell you how difficult it is to me to write letters. I pass as much of my time daily as I can at the State Paper Office, reading hard in the old MSS. there for my future volumes; and as the hours are limited there

to from ten till four, I am not really master of my own time.

I am delighted to find that the success of the "United Netherlands" gives you and my father so much pleasure. It is by far the pleasantest reward for the hard work I have gone through to think that the result has given you both so much satisfaction. Not that I grudge the work, for, to say the truth, I could not exist without hard labor, and if I were compelled to be idle for the rest of my days, I should esteem it the severest affliction possible.

My deepest regret is that my work should be for the present on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Before leaving the subject of the new volumes, I should like to say that I regret that no one has sent me any of the numerous reviews and notices in the American papers and magazines to which you allude. I received a number of the New York "Times" from the governor, and also the "Courier," containing notices. The latter, which was beautifully and sympathetically written, I ascribed to Hillard's pen, which I do not think I can mistake. If this be so, I hope you will convey my best thanks to him.

These are the only two which have been sent to me, and it is almost an impossibility for me to procure American newspapers here. Of course both Mary and Lily, as well as myself, would be pleased to see such notices, and it seems so easy to have a newspaper directed to 31 Hertford Street, with a three-cent stamp. Fortunately, I recently subscribed to the "Atlantic Monthly," and so received the March number, in which there is a most admirably written notice, although more complimentary than I deserve. It is with great

difficulty that I can pick up anything of the sort, and I fear now that as the time passes it will be difficult for me to receive them from America.

The Harpers have not written to me, but I received a line from Tom showing that the book was selling very well considering the times. As to politics I shall not say a word, except that at this moment we are in profound ignorance as to what will be the policy of the new administration, how the inauguration business went off, and what was the nature of Mr. Lincoln's address, and how it was received, all which you at home at this moment have known for eleven days. I own that I can hardly see any medium between a distinct recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an independent foreign power, and a vigorous war to maintain the United States government throughout the whole country. But a war without an army means merely a general civil war, for the great conspiracy to establish the Southern Republic, concocted for twenty years, and brought to maturity by Mr. Buchanan's cabinet ministers, has, by that wretched creature's connivance and vacillation, obtained such consistency in these fatal three months of interregnum as to make it formidable. The sympathy of foreign powers, and particularly of England, on which the seceders so confidently relied to help them on in their plot, has not been extended to them. I know on the very highest authority and from repeated conversations that the English government looks with deepest regret on the dismemberment of the great American Republic. There has been no negotiation whatever up to this time of any kind, secret or open, with the secessionists. This I was assured of three or four days ago. . . . At the same time, I

am obliged to say that there has been a change, a very great change, in English sympathy since the passing of the Morrill Tariff Bill. That measure has done more than any commissioner from the Southern Republic could do to alienate the feelings of the English public toward the United States, and they are much more likely to recognize the Southern Confederacy at an early day than they otherwise would have done. If the tariff people had been acting in league with the secessionists to produce a strong demonstration in Europe in favor of the dissolution of the Union, they could not have managed better.

I hear that Lewis Stackpole is one of the most rising young lawyers of the day, that he is very popular everywhere, thought to have great talents for his profession, great industry, and that he is sure to succeed. You may well suppose with how much delight we hear such accounts of him.

My days are always spent in hard work, and as I never work at night, going out to dinners and parties is an agreeable and useful relaxation, and as I have the privilege of meeting often many of the most eminent people of our times, I should be very stupid if I did not avail myself of it; and I am glad that Lily has so good an opportunity of seeing much of the most refined and agreeable society in the world.

The only very distinguished literary person that I have seen of late for the first time is Dickens. I met him last week at a dinner at John Forster's. I had never even seen him before, for he never goes now into fashionable company. He looks about the age of Longfellow. His hair is not much grizzled and is thick, although the crown of his head is getting bald. His

features are good, the nose rather high, the eyes largish, grayish, and very expressive. He wears a mustache and beard, and dresses at dinner in exactly the same uniform which every man in London or the civilized world is bound to wear, as much as the inmates of a penitentiary are restricted to theirs. I mention this because I had heard that he was odd and extravagant in his costume. I liked him exceedingly. We sat next each other at table, and I found him genial, sympathetic, agreeable, unaffected, with plenty of light, easy talk and touch-and-go fun without any effort or humbug of any kind. He spoke with great interest of many of his Boston friends, particularly of Longfellow, Wendell Holmes, Felton, Sumner, and Tom Appleton.

I have got to the end of my paper, my dearest mother, and so, with love to the governor and A——, and all the family great and small, I remain

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

P. S. I forgot to say that another of Forster's guests was Wilkie Collins (the "Woman in White's" author). He is a little man, with black hair, a large white forehead, large spectacles, and small features. He is very unaffected, vivacious, and agreeable.

From Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster

Burnley, near Otley,
March 30, 1861.

My dear Mr. Motley: I am very much obliged to you for both your letters, and can assure you that they, especially the longer one, will be of the great-

est service to me if I take part in the debate on the 16th prox.

As I go up to London next Friday, and as I hope to see you and talk the matter over fully between then and the 16th, I will do little more now than thank you.

So far as I can judge from the newspapers, the chances of avoiding war increase. It seems to me Lincoln's policy is shaping itself into first attempting, by refraining from hostile measures, by keeping the door for return open on the one hand, and by making their exclusion on the other as uncomfortable as possible, to get the seceding States back; and, secondly, should this turn out to be impossible, to let them go peaceably, straining every nerve to keep the border States. My great fear still is, lest the Republicans should, in order to keep the border States, compromise principle; but as yet they have stood as firm as one can reasonably expect.

You must excuse my saying that I do not agree with you that supposing the Union patched up again, or the border slave States left with the North, you will even then get rid of the negro question. So long as the free States remain in union with slave States, that question will every day press more and more urgently for solution. Such union will be impossible without a fugitive-slave law, and any fugitive-slave law will become every day more and more impossible to execute; and, again, slave-holding in one State, with freedom of speech and pen in the next State, will become more and more untenable. I do not doubt, however, that the question will, in case of the border States being left by themselves with the North, be solved by their freeing themselves before long from their slave popu-

lation, partly by sale and partly by emancipation. Did I not think so, I would wish them to join the South.

As it is, however, unless the North degrades and enslaves itself by concession of principle, the cause of freedom must gain by present events, either in case of the cotton States returning, as they would have to do on Northern terms, or in case of their going on by themselves, when they will be far less powerful for harm than they were while backed by the whole strength of the North. I am therefore most anxious that our government should not, as yet, recognize the South, not only because I think a premature recognition would be an interference in your affairs, and an interference most unjust and unfriendly to the old Union, our ally, but because I think it would strengthen the South, and so either tend to harden her against concession to the North, or give her a fairer chance, and therefore more power for evil, in a separate start. Such recognition would also, I fear, do harm by making it less unlikely for the seceding States to join the South. I thought I ought to write this much in order to show you why I feel so interested in this matter; but the best mode of meeting the debate in the House must be left for consideration nearer the time, when I hope to see you.

Yours most faithfully,

W. E. FORSTER.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

31 Hertford Street, Mayfair, W.
April 19, 1861.

MY DEAR HOLMES: . . . I did not wish to let this steamer go without thanking you for your delightful

letter of 16th February. I wish I had deserved such a pleasure as it gave me, or that at this moment I had entitled myself to just such another at an early day. I can only promise that I will send another note on the heels of this one, and thus give myself a better chance. I only desire at this moment to tell you that I have read "Elsie Venner." I refrained on purpose from reading it until it was all finished, and then I gobbled it up at a single meal, so hungry was I for the long-deferred banquet. I assure you that I admire it extremely. I was in some anxiety before I began, because I knew that you had never written a novel before, and I felt somehow as if you had announced yourself to come out as Hamlet, or to walk over Niagara on a tight rope, or to do, in short, some of those things by which men achieve fame, but to which they are apt to have apprenticed themselves in their tender epochs. One ceases to suspect a man

> Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
> Claudere lustrum

of such romantic delinquencies as you have just committed—with even (shall we say it) an additional luster or so to those which Horace confesses. But fortunately your reputation has gained infinite luster by your crimes. Then, I knew how hard it was to write a novel. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* Did I not have two novels killed under me (as Balzac phrases it) before I found that my place was among the sappers and miners, and not the lancers? And was it not natural, having thus come to grief in the bygone ages, that I should feel solicitous when I saw you setting off on the same career?

But you have been perfectly successful. I assure

you that the interest is undying throughout the book, that the characters are sharply and vigorously drawn and colored, that the scenery is fresh, picturesque, and poetical, and the dialogue, particularly when it is earnest and thoughtful, is suggestive, imaginative, and stimulating in the highest degree. As to the mother-thought of the book, it is to me original, poetical, and striking. I knew that there was no resemblance to "Christabel"; but I had not read "Lamia" since college days. So after finishing "Elsie" I took up Keats and read the poem, but found no resemblance whatever. There is a snake, to be sure, and so there is in "Paradise Lost," and plenty in "Virginia," but none with a family likeness. I took the deepest interest in Elsie, and was passionately in love with her myself, and could not approve your excellent but somewhat calm-blooded Bernard C. Langdon (I never will forgive you that "C.") for not taking the snake out of her heart and her to his bosom at that last most touching appeal, "Love me." I thought of Rachel's "M'aimes tu?" as I saw her years ago as Thisbe in "Angelo," which nobody but a Connecticut schoolmaster could have resisted, any more than your Elsie's despairing cry. Do not be angry with me if I seem to underrate your hero. He has all the necessary heroic New England romance, but he is perhaps a little too poison-proof and has too clear an eye to the main chance to be much more interesting than all his family of heroes.

In truth, I suspect it is only when the hero has a tragic ending, like the Master of Ravenswood, that one cares very much about him. If the Master had married the Lord Keeper's daughter, and Sir William had come down with handsome settlements, and the Master had

grown opulent and fat, and repaired his residence of Wolf's Crag, we should have found his slouched hat and black feathers less exciting. On the other hand, you have succeeded in inspiring a true and legitimate interest in the schoolmistress and her energetic and gentle life. The pure, vaporous, but still sufficiently definite shape comes and goes like the true indigenous American angel, flitting through all the book, and filling it with a health-giving atmosphere. I did not mean to write a criticism on the book. You have enough of that in the journals. But I feel that you will like to hear me say how cordially I appreciate and how thoroughly I have enjoyed it, as we do all. After all, the sympathy of so old and true a friend as I claim to be will not be indifferent to you, even though it blends with the general chorus of praise which salutes you from all sides. The "Autocrat" has sold a great deal here. Dickens told me he had read it through twice, with great interest and admiration. He remembers you well, and speaks of you as all who know you are prone to speak. He promised to read "Elsie Venner" at once, and when I next see him I will get him to tell me what he thinks of it. I hope you are not thinking hardly of me for not elaborately criticising the book. It is not from want of sympathy or admiration, but from a momentary feeling of incompetency. Besides, a letter should not be a newspaper notice. I read it through from beginning to end in a single day and evening with unflagging interest, and I read and reread with increased delight the choice passages, and I consider it a most undeniably successful novel. . . .

I am most sincerely yours,

J. L. M.

P. S. I wrote a note to Longfellow, acknowledging from my heart the cordial greeting sent me by the Saturday Club. I send another response by you, and pray give my love to them one and all.

To the Duchess of Argyll

31 Hertford Street, Mayfair,
May 16, 1861.

My dear Duchess of Argyll: I hope that you will kindly accept the accompanying volumes, in memory of the delightful days during which we had the privilege of enjoying your hospitality at Inveraray.

You were my first reader, or rather my first and only *listener*, for you may recollect that you allowed me to read a chapter from the proof-sheets.

I have just taken the liberty of writing a hurried note to the duke. I do hope that you will use your influence to persuade him and the English government and all England that the cause of the United States government is a righteous cause; that we are disappointed and mortified at the idea that there should be any party in England, least of all in the Liberal government, who should look coldly on the chance of our dismemberment, while we are struggling with the most gigantic rebellion with which a civilized commonwealth was ever called on to grapple. We are but in the beginning of the conflict. Of course we do not expect anything but neutrality; but why we are not as much entitled to moral sympathy as Italy ever was, I cannot understand. With the greatest regard,

Believe me very faithfully yours,

J. L. Motley.

From Lord Lyndhurst

George Street,
June 12, 1861.

Dear Mr. Motley: Will you do me the favor to dine here on *Thursday* the 21st, and meet a countryman of *ours*,[1] at a quarter to eight o'clock?

Very faithfully yours,
Lyndhurst.

To his Wife and Daughters

Woodland Hill,
June 14, 1861.

My dearest Mary and dearest Darlings: My note from Halifax, with the announcement which you must have seen in the papers, will have told you enough of my voyage.[2] It was a singularly favorable one, and we reached Boston Wednesday morning at eight o'clock. I found my dear mother looking not worse than I had anticipated, but very feeble. She had had an attack of neuralgic pain the day before, and was not able to come out of her room. She was, however, pretty well the next day, and is not very much changed in the face, although she has evidently become more infirm.

[1] Lord Lyndhurst was born in America in 1772, an English subject.

[2] Mr. Motley's anxiety in this crisis of American affairs led to a sudden visit to Boston, his family then expecting to follow him. His appointment to the post of United States minister to Austria, which became vacant after his return, changed the plan.

My father seems a good deal older, but is very active and in vigorous health. All the various members of the family are very well. I walked out about eleven o'clock, and went first to the State House to see Governor Andrew. He received me with the greatest cordiality, I may say distinction, and thanked me very warmly for my papers in the "Times." I may as well mention once for all that *not a single person* of the numbers with whom I have already spoken has omitted to say the same thing. You know how enthusiastic our people are when pleased, and you can therefore imagine the earnest and perhaps somewhat exaggerated commendations which I receive.[1]

The paper was at once copied bodily into the Boston and New York papers, with expressions of approbation, and I make a point of stating this to you, both because I was myself surprised at the deep impression which the article seems to have made here, and in order that you may let any of our English friends who are interested know that the position taken in the article is precisely that which is recognized by all men throughout the free States as the impregnable one in this momentous conflict.

The reason why I am saying so much about it now is simply because it is the text, as it were, to all I have, or probably shall have, to say on the subject of American politics in my letter to you. Any one who supposes that this civil war is caused by anything else than

[1] At the beginning of the Civil War Mr. Motley wrote an elaborate letter to the London "Times," explaining clearly and comprehensively the nature of the Union and the actual causes of the struggle. There was so much misunderstanding upon the subject that the letter was of the greatest service. It was republished in the United States, and universally read and approved.

by an outrageous and unprovoked insurrection against a constituted government, because that government had manifested its unequivocal intention to circumscribe slavery and prevent forever its further extension on this continent, is incapable of discussing the question at all, and is not worth listening to. Therefore it is (and with deep regret I say it) that there is so deep and intense a feeling of bitterness and resentment toward England just now in Boston. Of course I only speak of Boston, because, having been here but two days, I have as yet taken no wider views, and I intend, when I write, to speak only of that "which I do know." The most warm-hearted, England-loving men in this England-loving part of the country are full of sorrow at the attitude taken up by England. It would be difficult to exaggerate the poisonous effects produced by the long-continued, stinging, hostile articles in the "Times." The declaration of Lord John Russell that the Southern privateers were to be considered belligerents was received, as I knew and said it would be, with great indignation, especially the precedent cited of Greece struggling against Turkey, to justify, as it were, before England and the world, the South struggling against the United States government. This, then, is the value, men say to me every moment, of the antislavery sentiment of England, of which she has boasted so much to mankind. This is the end of all the taunts and reproaches which she has flung at the United States government for being perpetually controlled by the slavery power, and for allowing its policy to be constantly directed toward extending that institution.

Now that we have overthrown that party, and now

that we are struggling to maintain our national existence, and, with it, liberty, law, and civilization, against the insurrection which that overthrow has excited, we are treated to the cold shoulder of the mother-country, quite as decidedly as if she had never had an opinion or a sentiment on the subject of slavery, and as if the greatest *war of principle* which has been waged, in this generation at least, was of no more interest to her, except as it bore on the cotton question, than the wretched squabbles of Mexico or South America. The ignorance, assumed or actual, of the nature of our Constitution, and the coolness with which public speakers and writers have talked about the Southern States and the Northern States, as if all were equally wrong, or equally right, and as if there had never *been such a state in existence* as the one which the queen on her throne not long ago designated as the "great Republic," have been the source of surprise, disappointment, and mortification to all. Men say to me, We did not wish England to lift a little finger to help us, we are not Austria calling in Russia to put down our insurrections for us, but we have looked in vain for any noble words of encouragement and sympathy. We thought that some voice, even of men in office, or of men in opposition, might have been heard to say, We are sorry for you, you are passing through a terrible ordeal; but we feel that you are risking your fortunes and your lives for a noble cause, that the conflict has been forced upon you, that you could not recede without becoming a byword of scorn among the nations. Our hands are tied; we must be neutral in action: you must fight the fight yourself, and you would be ashamed to accept assistance; but our hearts are with

you, and God defend the right. But of all this there is not a word.

. . . Now, it is superfluous for *me* to say to *you* that I am not expressing my own opinions in what I am writing. In my character of your own correspondent, I am chronicling accurately my first impressions on arriving here. You see that the language I hear does not vary so much in character as in intensity from that which I have used myself on all occasions in England to our friends there. But the intensity makes a great difference, and I am doing my best, making use of whatever influence and whatever eloquence I possess, to combat this irritation toward England, and to bring about, if I can, a restoration of the old kindliness.

You cannot suppose that I am yet in condition to give you much information as to facts. One thing, however, is certain, there is no difference of opinion here. There is no such thing as party. Nobody asks or cares whether his neighbor was a Republican, or Democrat, or abolitionist. There is no very great excitement now, simply because it is considered a settled thing, which it has entered into no man's head to doubt, that this great rebellion is to be put down, whatever may be the cost of life and treasure it may entail. We do not know what General Scott's plan is, but every one has implicit confidence in his capacity, and it is known that he has matured a scheme on a most extensive scale. There are now in Washington and Maryland, or within twelve hours' march of them, about 80,000 Union troops. There are, including these, 240,000 enrolled and drilling and soon to be ready. The idea seems to be that a firm grasp will be kept upon Maryland, Washington, Western Vir-

ginia, and that Harper's Ferry, Richmond, and Norfolk will be captured this summer; that after the frosts of October vast columns of men will be sent down the Mississippi, and along it, coöperating with others to be sent by sea; that New Orleans will be occupied, and that thus with all the ports blockaded, and a cordon of men hemming them in along the border of the Middle States, the rebellion will be suffocated with the least possible effusion of blood. Of course there will be terrible fighting in Virginia this summer, and I am by no means confident that we shall not sustain reverses at first, for the rebels have had longer time to prepare than we, and they are desperate. General Scott promises to finish the war triumphantly before the *second* frost, unless *England interferes.* This was his language to the man who told me.

You see that it was no nightmare of mine, this possibility of a war with England. General Scott loves and admires England, but there is a feeling in Washington that she intends to recognize the Southern Confederacy. This would be considered by our government, under the present circumstances, as a declaration of war; and war we should have, even if it brought disaster and destruction upon us. But I have little fear of such a result. I tell every one what is my profound conviction, that England will never recognize the "Confederacy" until the *de facto* question is placed beyond all doubt, and until her recognition is a matter of absolute necessity. I have much reliance on Forster. I know that his speech will do infinite good, and I doubt not that Buxton will be warm and zealous. I hope that Milnes and Stirling will keep their promise. But what nonsense it is for me to tell of what you

know already, and what I shall know in a few days!

Yesterday afternoon I came out here to stop for a couple of nights. My first object was to visit Camp Andrew. This is the old Brook Farm, the scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," and his original and subtle genius might, I should think, devise a new romance out of the wonderful transformation effected now in that locality.

Five regiments, in capital condition, have already gone from Massachusetts to the seat of war, being, as you know, the very first to respond to the President's summons. We have more enlisted for the war, which are nearly ready to move, and will have their marching orders within a fortnight. Of these the crack one is Gordon's regiment—the Massachusetts Second. Lawrence Motley is one of the first lieutenants in this corps, and you would be as pleased as I was to see what a handsome, soldierly fellow he is. And there is no boy's play before his regiment, for it is the favorite one. All the officers are of the *jeunesse dorée* of Boston —Wilder Dwight, young Quincy, Harry Russell, Bob Shaw, Harry Higginson of Dresden memory, and others whose names would be familiar to you, are there, and their souls are in their work. No one doubts that the cause is a noble and a holy one; and it is certainly my deliberate opinion that there was never a war more justifiable and more inevitable in history.

We went to the camp to see the parade. To my unsophisticated eye there was little difference between these young volunteers and regular soldiers. But of course my opinion is of little worth in such matters. I had a good deal of talk with Colonel Gordon. He

is about thirty, I should think. He graduated first in his class at West Point, served through the Mexican War, and is, I should think, an excellent soldier. He is very handsome, very calm and gentle in manner, with a determined eye. You will watch, after this, with especial interest the career of the Massachusetts Second. . . . Gordon's regiment will, it is hoped, be taken into the permanent service after the war, as the regular army must always be on a much larger scale than before. In that case these officers will have a profession, which has been one of the great wants for young men of rich families in our part of the country.

I am now going into town, when I shall post this letter and order your Boston newspaper. *No event* has taken place, of any very great moment, since I left you. General Scott, I am very glad to say, is in no hurry. He is too old a campaigner and strategist to wish to go unprepared into petty conflicts to furnish food for telegrams. The thing is to be done on a great scale. There is no thought of peace, and there is a settled conviction in the minds of the most pacific by nature that, even had the United States government been base enough to *acknowledge* the Southern Confederacy, it would necessarily have been involved in war with it. There are at least half a dozen *casus belli*, which, as between two belligerent nations, could only be settled by the sword, unless the North chose to go on its knees and accept the dictation of the South. There is no need of saying more. The Mississippi alone speaks war out of its many mouths. The Union hardly intended, when it bought Louisiana and the Mississippi valley, in order to take it from the control

of one enemy, to make a present of it to another and more bitter foe.

The girls here are all pretty and nice. N—— sings very well, with a fine, fresh, ringing voice, and gave me "The Star-Spangled Banner" last night with great spirit.

God bless you all, dearest ones. I will write from Washington.

Ever most affectionately,
J. L. M.

I shall go to see Mrs. Greene [1] to-day, who is in town and in good health. It was impossible for me to do so yesterday, as I was detained by many visitors. Amory came almost the first. He is delightful as ever, and sends his love to you.

To his Wife

Washington,
June 17, 1861.

My dear Mary: . . . After being at home three days, I left by the afternoon boat of Saturday, 15th, for New York, where I was obliged to remain all Sunday till 6 P. M. I did not find Mr. Grinnell, unluckily, who is out of town for the summer. In the night I came on to Washington, reaching here at six this morning. I went up to the State Department in the forenoon, and had the merest moment of a conversation with Mr. Seward, who begged me to come and dine with him to-day at seven, and requested, as it was his

[1] Sister to Lord Lyndhurst.

despatch day, to defer all further colloquy until then. I had afterward a very brief interview with the Secretary of War, Cameron, to whom Governor Andrew begged me to give some information concerning Cobb's battery of flying artillery, which is of more interest to the War Department than to you, so I will not enlarge on that subject. I also introduced Tom, who had something to communicate concerning Gordon's regiment; and the secretary took occasion to say that Massachusetts—and, indeed, all New England—did everything so well that improvement seemed impossible, and that the country was more indebted to it than could ever be repaid for its conduct in the present crisis.

Afterward I saw a small crowd waiting on the pavement, and Lee, who was with us (and who, as you know, has a place in the War Department), told me that they were waiting to see General Scott come out of his office. It reminded me of the group I so often saw in Piccadilly waiting to see Lord Palmerston come out. We stood looking on, too, and very soon he appeared. He has a fine, soldierly, and yet benignant countenance, very much resembling Dr. Reynolds in face as well as stature, and not seeming much older than he. Presently Lee, who knows him very well, went up and mentioned my name. He turned round with much vivacity, with his hand stretched out very cordially, and expressed himself very happy to make my acquaintance, being pleased to add that my writings were "an honor to the age." Of course I say these little things to you because it will please you and the children. He asked us to come and see him of an evening, and I certainly shall do so as soon as possible.

No one here knows what the plans of the campaign are; all is conjecture. You will see by the papers that go with this that Harper's Ferry has just been evacuated by the rebels. Those with whom I converse seem to imagine that the plan is to strengthen and improve day by day the great national army, gradually surrounding the rebellion by an impenetrable cordon, and thus compelling them, by sheer exhaustion, to lay down their arms before the close of the year. The blockade, bankruptcy, and famine, it is thought, will be potent enough without many very severe pitched battles. The show of force is already so imposing and so utterly beyond any previous calculation of the rebels that they are thought to be rapidly demoralizing, while, on the other hand, every day strengthens the government. There are at least 100,000 well-furnished government troops here and in the immediate neighborhood, or within twelve hours' march, and they are coming daily. The government has plenty of money, plenty of men, and is constantly improving its commissariat and arranging all the details of a great war. It has entered into no man's head that the rebellion is not to be put down. I doubt not that the English government have been fully informed upon this point now, for when I expressed this sentiment just now to Lord Lyons, he responded, "Certainly not; it is only a question of time,"

I went to see him after leaving Mr. Seward. In fact, Seward was kind enough to send me there in his carriage. I found him little changed from the Dresden days, except that he has grown stouter. He was very cordial, frank, and friendly, and we had a long and full conversation on American affairs. He was himself sure that every thinking person in England would deplore

a rupture between the two countries as a calamity too painful to contemplate, and that all his efforts would be to avert it.

There is a review of 8000 government troops on the sacred soil of Virginia going on just now. General McDowell invited us to go. My dinner engagement prevents me, but Tom has gone. The town is full of troops. A Massachusetts regiment left Boston the day we did, and a Michigan regiment arrived the same day. All are enlisted for the war just now. There is no lack of good officers. McClellan, who commands the Western Division and is next to Scott, is very competent to command the whole if anything should happen to the veteran. But of that there seems no fear. He looks vigorous, healthful, and young. There seems nothing senile about him.

To-morrow we are going across the Potomac to see the encampments, the fortifications, etc. Pay no heed to anything you may see from time to time of intentions of the rebels to attack Washington. They are as likely to attack Boston. The thing I believe to be utterly out of the question, although Scott would like nothing better than that they should try it on.

I dine with Lord Lyons to-morrow, and I dare say I shall spend the rest of the week here. I have not quite decided whether to go to Fortress Monroe or not, but probably shall do so. Secretary Cameron has given us a pass recommending us especially to the commander of troops, etc., etc. I may as well repeat what I said in my last, that here, as in Boston, every one to whom I speak thanks me for the article in the "Times." Lord Lyons said it was considered the principal document in the whole affair, and the French min-

ister said the same thing. Everybody says it has done much good, and it most sincerely rejoices me to hear it.

June 18, *Tuesday morning*, 7 A. M. I continue my letter for a moment before breakfast. We are going across the Potomac at nine — Tom and I and the two Lees. I dined with Seward entirely *en famille*, no one being present but his son and son's wife. . . .

We had, among the first acts of the new antislavery administration, agreed to do what we have been so freely reproached for not doing when our government was controlled by an administration of which Jefferson Davis was a member, and we are met on the threshold by the declaration that his invitation to pirates of all nations is sufficient to convert them into good, honest belligerents.[1]

Had the English declaration been delayed a few weeks, or even days, I do not think it would ever have

[1] Early in the administration of Mr. Lincoln, the government of the United States proposed to accede to the four articles in regard to maritime warfare adopted at the Congress of Paris in 1856. The British government, however, wished to state that by the proposed convention for such accession Great Britain did not mean to undertake any engagement bearing upon the Civil War in America. The President decided that such a declaration was inadmissible, as the United States could accede to the articles only upon a perfectly equal footing with all the other parties. The American government was aggrieved by the obstruction offered by Great Britain to its accession to the four articles, especially as Great Britain was at the time secretly proposing to the Confederate government to accept but three of them. The exequatur of the British consul at Charleston, who had been the intermediary of the negotiations of his government with the Confederate authorities, was revoked by the President.

been made, and I cannot help thinking that it was a most unfortunate mistake. Nevertheless, I am much less anxious about the relations between our two countries than I was. Nobody really wishes a rupture on either side, and I think that the natural love of justice and fair play which characterizes England will cause regret at the mistake which has been committed. Moreover, there can hardly be much doubt, despite the misrepresentations of an influential portion of the English press and of some public men, that the English nation will understand the true position of the American government in this great crisis.

We have circumscribed slavery and prevented forever its extension by one square inch on this continent, and at the same time we mean to preserve our great Republic one and indivisible. It is impossible that so simple and noble a position as this should fail to awaken the earnest sympathy of nine tenths of the English nation. To the question whether the task is beyond our strength, I can only repeat that General Scott—than whom a better strategist or a more lofty-minded and honorable man does not exist—believes that he can do it in a year; and so far as I can make out his design, it is by accumulating so much force and by making such imposing demonstrations everywhere as to convince the rebels that their schemes, already proved to have been false in all their calculations founded on coöperation in the free States, have become ridiculous. Thus without any very great effusion of blood, perhaps, the rebellion may be starved out and broken to pieces. Mr. Seward says that the great cause of the revolt is the utter misapprehension of the slave States of the Northern character. It has hitherto been

impossible to make the sections thoroughly acquainted with each other. Now they will be brought together by the electric shock of war. And they will learn to know each other thus, which is better than not knowing each other at all—and so on. I give you a brief idea of his schemes and hopes.

He read me a long despatch which he is sending to-day to the French and English governments. He did this, of course, confidentially, and because, as he was pleased to say, I had been fighting our battles so manfully in England, for he, like every one else, praised warmly my "Times" letter. I suppose ultimately this despatch will be published; but I have only room now to say that I think it unobjectionable in every way—dignified, reasonable, and not menacing, although very decided. I said little in reply, and soon afterward we went to the White House, in order to fall upon Abraham's bosom. I found the President better- and younger-looking than his pictures. He is very dark and swarthy, and gives me the idea of a very honest, confiding, unsophisticated man, whose sincerity of purpose cannot be doubted. I will say more of him in my next, for I am obliged to close suddenly. By the way, let me correct one statement in another part of my letter. Both the President and Seward tell me that, in Scott's opinion, an attack by the rebels on the lines before Washington is not impossible. It would be a desperate and hopeless venture. Maryland has just gone for the Union by a very large majority, electing all members of Congress.

Good-by. God bless you and my darlings.

Ever your affectionate

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Washington,
June 20, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I told you that I went with Seward in the evening of Monday to see the President. He looks younger than I expected, less haggard than the pictures, and, on the whole, except for his height, which is two or three inches above six feet, would not be remarked in any way as ill- or well-looking. His conversation was commonplace enough, and I can hardly remember a single word that he said, except when we were talking—all three—about the military plans in progress, he observed, not meaning anything like an epigram, "Scott will not let us outsiders know anything of his plans." He seemed sincere and honest, however, and steady, but of course it is quite out of the question for me to hazard an opinion on so short an acquaintance as to his moral or intellectual qualities.

Seward impresses me as being decidedly a man of intellect, but seems an egotist. . . . There is no doubt whatever that the early impressions of the foreign ministers here were favorable to the success of the rebellion, and that these impressions were conveyed to their governments. Mercier, the French minister, was most decided in his views and his sympathies, while Lord Lyons, calm and quiet as you know him to be, as well as sagacious and right-minded, had also little doubt, I suspect, six or seven weeks ago that the secession or revolution was an accomplished fact. Hence the anxiety of their governments to be on good terms with the rebels, particularly after the astounding misrepresentations of the Southern commissioners. It amuses Amer-

icans very much when I tell them that the recognition of Mr. Adams was remonstrated against by those individuals.

I dined with Lord Lyons yesterday, and M. Mercier was there. Of course we spoke of little else but American affairs. There is no need of quoting the conversation, but it is sufficient to say that little doubt seems now to exist in the minds of either that the United States government is sure to put down this rebellion and remain a great power—greater than ever before.

The encouragement which the rebels have derived from the premature recognition which they have received as belligerents, and still more by the exclusion of *our ships of war* as well as their pirates from the English ports *all over the world* for the purpose of bringing in prizes, while, on the contrary, France does not exclude our ships of war, but only privateers, has already given the rebellion a new lease of life. Still more pernicious is the hope which is now entertained by the rebels that so soon as the new cotton crop is ready to come forward—say in October—England will break up our blockade, and of course become instantly involved in war with us. I refuse to contemplate such a possibility. It would be madness on the part of England, for at the very moment when it would ally itself with the South against the United States, for the sake of supplying the English manufacturers with their cotton, *there would be a cry of twenty millions as from one mouth for the instant emancipation of all the slaves.*

Nothing could resist that cry. The sentiment of the free States would be more overwhelming even than its manifestation so lately, which has surprised the world by the rising as it were out of the earth, in the brief

space of six weeks, of a well-equipped and disciplined army of 250,000 men. The alliance of England with the South for the sake of reopening the cotton ports would have for its instant result the total destruction of the cotton interest. An invading army at half a dozen different ports would proclaim the instant abolition of slavery.

There is not the slightest exaggeration in this. No logic can be more inexorable, and the opinion is avowed on all sides.

To break our blockade for the sake of getting cotton for Manchester would lead to the total extermination of the cotton crop for many a long year. No English statesman can be blind to this, and therefore I do not fear any interference on the part of England. The South, however, does expect such interference, and will in consequence prolong its struggle a little.

I passed the whole of the day before yesterday on the other side of the Potomac—the "sacred soil of Virginia." We hired a carriage and took it on board a small steamer plying to Alexandria. The sail for about half a dozen miles along the broad, magnificent Potomac, under a cloudless sky, but protected by an awning, was very pleasant. The heat is not excessive yet, and there is usually a good air stirring. The expanse of hill and dale and the wooded heights which surround the margin of the beautiful river make a delightful passage of scenery. Alexandria, but lately a bustling tobacco port, is now like a city of the dead so far as anything like traffic is concerned. It is the headquarters of General McDowell, an experienced army officer, who commands all the Union troops (some 25,000) in this part of Virginia.

We went to the Marshall House, the principal hotel of the place, where, as I suppose you read in the papers, Colonel Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves was killed. He had gone in person to the top of the house to cut down a secession flag, and was coming down the stairs with it, when he was shot by the master of the house, one Jackson, who in his turn was instantly despatched by a private in the regiment. Ellsworth is much regretted as a young officer of great courage and irreproachable character.

By the way, you should read in the "Atlantic" for June and July a very spirited account of the march of the New York Seventh to Washington. It was written by Major Winthrop of New York, who was killed the other day in that unlucky and blundering affair of General Pierce at Great Bethel. These outpost skirmishes are of little consequence to their ultimate results, but they serve to encourage the enemy a little. On the other hand, they read a useful lesson to government upon the folly of appointing militia officers to high command when there is no lack of able and experienced army officers. Of these there are plenty, and no idea is more ridiculous than that the South has got all the officers and all the military material. The bone and sinew of the free States are probably the best raw material for troops in the world. General Scott told me last night that the Massachusetts volunteers in a few months would be equal to the best regulars. To an unsophisticated eye they are nearly so already.

A regiment marched into Washington yesterday morning,—the Massachusetts First,—and with their steady march, stout frames, good equipments, and long train of baggage-wagons, drawn by admirable

teams of horses, following them, they looked very businesslike, I assure you. And this regiment is but a tenth part of the men whom Massachusetts has already contributed. As for New York, I am afraid to say how many are already here, and they are wonderfully well drilled—at least 20,000, and they can send on as many more as can possibly be required. The contention now among the States is to get the largest proportion of their regiments accepted. The manner in which these great armies have been so suddenly improvised is astounding to foreigners. "C'est le pays des improvisations," said M. Mercier to me yesterday. From Alexandria we went on to Shuter's Hill, one of the heights commanding Washington, where, under guidance of Colonel Wright, the engineer who built the works, we examined the very considerable fortifications which have been erected here.

It is very interesting to see the volunteers working with pick and spade under the broiling sun of Virginia, without complaint or inconvenience. They are men who have never doubted that labor was honorable.

We afterward went to Arlington House, formerly the seat of Washington Custis, and now the property of General Lee. He is an excellent officer, and was, before his defection, a favorite of General Scott. The place has great natural beauties of hill and dale, lawn and forest, and commands a magnificent view of Washington and the whole valley of the Potomac; but the house is mean. It is now the headquarters of General McDowell (I was wrong in saying further back that these were at Alexandria). Colonel Heintzelmann commands there, and there are some New York regiments encamped in the grounds. I observed one alley

through the tents had been christened Fifth Avenue. The property is thoroughly respected, and the soldiers have even amused their leisure in planting little gardens about their tents instead of destroying or defacing anything.

Thus we passed the day in going about the lines from one point to another, receiving explanations of everything from most intelligent officers, generally of the regular army. The works at the Tête du Pont, to defend the mile-long bridge which crosses the Potomac from the Virginia side to Washington, are very thorough, and the attempt upon Washington, if made, must, I think, result in a total defeat. I passed an hour with General Scott last night at his house in Washington. He tells me still that he expects an attack daily along the whole line, says that the rebels are perhaps in greater number than those which he has in the immediate neighborhood, but that his are much better troops. I could not make out that he had any reasons to expect an attack, except upon the logical ground that they must do it, or come to grief by remaining inactive. They are poorly provisioned, impatient, and in danger of disbanding. Meantime Scott has secured Harper's Ferry, a most important strategical position, without striking a blow. They were forced to evacuate the place to escape being surrounded. "*Reste à savoir*" how it will be at Manassas Junction. The general pleases me exceedingly. He is in manner quiet, but hale, vigorous, and full of energy, and has no doubt whatever of bringing the whole matter to a happy issue within a reasonable time. But the things which annoy him most are the lying telegrams of the newspapers and the general impatience of outsiders. I spent an hour

and a half with Seward last evening, and afterward called at the White House on Mrs. Lincoln. She is rather nice-looking, youngish, with very round white arms, well dressed, chatty enough, and if she would not, like all the South and West, say "sir" to you every instant, as if you were a royal personage, she would be quite agreeable.

Woodland Hill,
June 23, 1861.

I continue my letter interrupted at Washington. Thursday evening I passed with Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, the hardest-worked man, except Mr. Cameron, just now in Washington. He is a tall, well-made, robust man, with handsome features, fine blue eye, and a ready and agreeable smile—altogether *simpatico*. The conversation, of course, turned very much upon our English relations, and I told him I would stake my reputation on the assertion that the English government would never ally itself with the Southern Confederacy, or go any further in the course already taken toward its recognition. I said that I had been over and over again assured, by those in whom I had entire confidence, that the sympathy of the English nation was with the American cause, but that it was exceedingly difficult to make the English understand that which to us was so self-evident a proposition: that we meant two things—first, to put an end forever to slavery extension and the nationalization of slavery; secondly, to maintain the Constitution and laws of the great Republic one and indivisible; that war was not contemplated as possible between the two countries, except by a small and mischievous faction in England.

Mr. Chase is a frank, sincere, warm-hearted man, who has always cordially detested slavery and loved the American Constitution as the great charter of American liberty and nationality. Like every man, public or private, throughout the free States, he is convinced of the simple truth that the constitutional union of the whole people is all which guarantees to each individual the possession of his life and property, because it is the basis of all our laws. Destroy this, and anarchy and civil war are the inevitable results. He expressed a most undoubting conviction that the rebellion would be put down and the Union restored. It was not of much consequence who was in power, who occupied this or that office. The people was resolved that it would not be disinherited of its Constitution and its national life, nor of the right possessed by every individual in the country to set his foot at will on any part of the whole broad country of the United States. It was as idle to attempt resistance to the great elemental forces of nature as to oppose this movement. The people would put down the rebellion without a government, were it necessary. In six weeks an army of 250,000 men had been put into the field, armed and equipped for service. In six months there would be half a million, and as many more as might be necessary. There is nothing of the braggart about Mr. Chase, nor about the President, nor about Cameron, and, after all, the Minister of Finance and the Secretary of War are the men who are of necessity most alive to the stern realities of the crisis. They know that money, men, beef, bread, and gunpowder in enormous amounts are necessary for suppressing this insurrection, but they have not the slightest doubt as to the issue.

"Already a great result is secured," said Chase. The *idea* even of extending slavery has forever vanished from men's minds. It can never go an inch further on this continent, and, in addition, slavery as a governing power (as it has been for forty years) is forever dethroned. It can never be nationalized, but must, so long as it remains, be local, exceptional, municipal, and subordinate, restricted to the States where it at present exists, while the policy of the government will be the policy of freedom. The South will be forced to come back into the Union, such as it has ever existed under the Constitution. This, he thinks, will be brought about by the pressure caused by the blockade, by the sufferings of the people thus imprisoned, as it were, and thrown out of employment, by the steady pressing down upon them of immense disciplined armies, backed by the boundless resources of a fertile country and a well-organized commissariat and vast wealth; while, on the other hand, the South cannot be inspired by the enthusiasm which has often enabled a feebler nation to resist triumphantly a *foreign* invasion. The United States government is no foreigner. It is at home everywhere upon its own soil, from the Canada line to the Gulf of Mexico, but conspirators have excluded it for a time from its own rights, its own property, and the exercise of its benignant functions over the whole people of which it is the minister and guardian, appointed by the people itself. The inhabitants of the slave States must ere long awake from the madman's dream which has deprived them of their reason. For the leaders, of course, there is no returning.

There is already a beginning, and a good beginning,

on the border. Maryland, which seemed but a few weeks ago so rabid in the secession cause, has just voted largely for the Union. The progress of the counter-revolution in Virginia is steady. The inhabitants of Western Virginia have repudiated the action of the State convention, and are about establishing a government of their own—not as a separate State, but as claiming *to be Virginia*, with the intention of sending members and senators to Congress, and electing governor and legislature. This course is supported by United States troops, and will be recognized by Congress, which has had to deal with similar cases before, and *is the sole judge*, according to the Constitution, as to the claims of its members to their seats. According to Chase and other cabinet ministers with whom I have conversed, this movement will be triumphant. Thus in the rebel States fire is fighting fire, as in a prairie conflagration. The same phenomenon will be manifested in Eastern Tennessee, where there are 30,000 or 40,000 fighting men, who will fiercely dispute the power of a convention to deprive them of their rights as citizens of the United States, and who will maintain the Union with arms in their hands to the death. The same will be sooner or later the case in North Carolina, in North Alabama, in Louisiana.

In short, the whole white population of the seceding States is five and a half millions, against twenty-two or twenty-three millions. Not another State can secede by any possibility, and within the five and a half million seceders there are large numbers who are fierce against the rebels, and still larger numbers, among the ignorant masses, who will be soon inquiring, What is all this about? Why is all this bloodshed and misery?

And they will be made to understand, despite the lies of the ringleaders of the rebellion, that the United States government is their best friend; that not one of their rights has been menaced; that it wishes only to maintain the Constitution and laws under which we have all prospered for three quarters of a century, and which have now been assaulted, because the people at the ballot-box, last November, chose to elect Mr. Lincoln President, instead of Mr. Breckenridge. This plunging into pronunciamiento and civil war by a party defeated at the polls may be very good Mexican practice, but it will not go down in the United States; and ere long the people, even at the South, will make this discovery. So thinks Mr. Chase, and I think he is right. I am much pleased with the directness and frankness of his language. "And if all these calculations fail," said he, "if the insurrection is unreasonably protracted, and we find it much more difficult and expensive in blood and treasure to put it down than we anticipated, we shall then draw that sword which we prefer at present to leave in the sheath, and *we shall proclaim the total abolition of slavery on the American continent.* We do not wish this, we deplore it, because of the vast confiscation of property, and of the servile insurrections, too horrible to contemplate, which would follow. We wish the Constitution and Union as it is, with slavery, as a municipal institution, existing till such time as each State in its wisdom thinks fit to mitigate or abolish it, but with freedom the law of the Territories and of the land; but if the issue be distinctly presented, death to the American Republic or death to slavery, slavery *must die.* Therefore," said he, "the great Republic cannot be destroyed. The peo-

ple will destroy slavery, if by no other means they can maintain their national existence.'' In this connection we came to talk again of England and its policy. But it is hardly worth while to repeat anything more to you on this subject. Every man with whom I have conversed holds the same language.

I battle stoutly for England and the English, for no man knows better than I all the noble qualities of that great nation, and how necessary it is to our moral greatness and true prosperity to cultivate the closest and warmest relations with our ancient mother. I maintain, and, I think, have partly convinced many minds, that England has only acted under a great delusion as to the permanence of our institutions, for which error we are ourselves somewhat to blame; that the great heart of the nation is in sympathy with us; that the idea of going to war with us has never entered the minds of any but a few mischief-makers; that the ''Times'' is no representative of English opinion, nor of the English government. I would pledge myself for a marked difference before long in the whole attitude of England, and that the last thing she contemplated was allying herself with the South in a war against the United States government. Already my words have been partly justified. Recent news from England to the 8th of June has produced a good effect. Notwithstanding the violence of language which I have described to you (in order that you and such of our dear English friends who care to read my first impressions may hear and see exactly as I have seen and heard), I believe that the hearts of this, the most excitable and the most warm-hearted people on the earth, will soon turn to England, if they catch

any warm manifestations of sympathy with our cause.

While I was at Mr. Chase's, General McDowell, with one of his aides, came in. He is a firm, square, browned, powerful-looking soldier, some forty years of age, educated at West Point, and thoroughly experienced in all the active warfare which we have had in his time. He commands, as I mentioned, all the forces on the Virginia side of the Potomac for the defense of Washington. He told us of an alarm the night before; that the rebels were about attacking his lines, and that they were in force to the number of 3000 in the immediate vicinity of Alexandria. He went there, but the 3000 melted to three, who were taken prisoners. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that there are ready 100,000 rebels under arms in Virginia, and that they are bound by every rule of war to carry out their boasts and make the attack.

On the other hand, it is the object of the government daily to strengthen itself. This, as I told you, was the language of General Scott to me the evening before. By the way, I did not tell you that on that occasion we rather took the general by surprise (as I think Jefferson Davis will never do). The servant ushered us at once into his little drawing-room. He inhabits a small, modest house in—I forget what street; and we found him, the evening being very sultry, taking a nap in his shirt-sleeves, with an aide-de-camp at each knee, and a servant brushing flies at his back. He started up, somewhat confused, and beat a hasty retreat to an adjoining room, whence he emerged, a quarter of an hour later, arrayed in all the splendor of an old black bombazine frock-coat. But he is a magnificent old fellow. He

told us, with a smile, that a price had been set upon his head by his native State of Virginia, but he doubted whether it would ever be earned. Nevertheless, his house was only guarded by a sergeant and ten men. The rest of his conversation I have already reported to you.

As I told you before, there is no lack of good officers. The great cause of future trouble may be in neglecting to make proper use of them, through this detestable system of appointing politicians and militiamen to be brigadiers and major-generals. General Mansfield, who commands in Washington, seems to me a first-class man in every respect, and so do McDowell and Colonel Heintzelmann. McClellan, who commands in the West, is said to be equal to Scott in talent, and thirty years his junior; while General Lyon, a Connecticut man and a West Pointer, seems to be carrying all before him in Missouri, and is rather the favorite of the hour. I do not go quite into military details, because you get them, true or false, in the papers. I have already ordered you the "Daily Advertiser," and to-morrow I shall see that you get the New York "Times" regularly. Up to this time nothing of importance has happened, and I think that you will derive from my letters as much information to be relied upon as you could get anywhere. With regard to Missouri, there is not the slightest possibility of her getting out of the Union. The governor is a secessionist and a fugitive, and his following is comparatively small. I had a long conversation last evening with the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Bates, who is himself of Missouri, and he tells me that secession there is simply an impossibility. General Lyon with his United States forces

has already nearly put down secession there; but should the insurrection be protracted much longer, the State would be entered on three sides at once (for it is surrounded by free States) and 150,000 slaves liberated. There is no child's play intended any longer, and the word "compromise," which has been the country's curse for so long, has been expunged from the dictionary. Bates has been the champion of freedom for many years, and he has lived to sit in a cabinet with men of his own faith. He is a plain man, shrewd, intelligent.

Sumner, who arrived Wednesday night, told me that Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, was desirous of making my acquaintance. Friday morning I was engaged to breakfast with Mr. Chase. The conversation was very pleasant and instructive to me, turning on the topics already mentioned, and as I walked down with him to the Treasury Department, he insisted on my going with him into his office to finish the subject, "the purport of which," he said, "I have already given you." Afterward I went with Sumner to Mr. Blair's. He is a Virginian by birth and education, and it is therefore the more to his credit that, like General Scott, he is of the warmest among Unionists, and perhaps the most go-ahead, uncompromising enemy to the rebels in the cabinet, not even excepting Mr. Chase. While we were talking, he asked me what I thought of the President's views. I told him that I had only passed half an hour with him a few evenings before, when I had been introduced to him by Mr. Seward, and that since then it had been advertised conspicuously in all the papers that the President would receive no visitors, being engaged in

preparing his message to Congress. "But you must see him; it is indispensable that you should see him and tell him about English affairs," said Blair. I told him that I was leaving Washington that afternoon. He asked if I could not defer my departure. I said no, for my arrangements were already made.

The truth is, I had resolved not to force myself upon the President. If he did not care to converse with me, it was indifferent to me whether I saw him or not. But Mr. Blair begged me to stop a moment in his library, and incontinently rushed forth into the street to the White House, which was near, and presently came back, saying that the President would be much obliged if I would pay him a visit.

I went and had an hour's talk with Mr. Lincoln. I am very glad of it, for had I not done so, I should have left Washington with a very inaccurate impression of the President. I am now satisfied that he is a man of very considerable native sagacity, and that he has an ingenuous, unsophisticated, frank, and noble character. I believe him to be as true as steel, and as courageous as true. At the same time there is doubtless an ignorance about State matters, and particularly about foreign affairs, which he does not affect to conceal, but which we must of necessity regret in a man placed in such a position at such a crisis. Nevertheless, his very modesty in this respect disarms criticism.

Our conversation was, of course, on English matters, and I poured into his not unwilling ear everything which my experience, my knowledge, and my heart could suggest to me, in order to produce a favorable impression in his mind as to England, the English government, and the English people. There is no need

of my repeating what I said, for it is sufficiently manifest throughout this letter. And I believe that I was not entirely unsuccessful, for he told me that he thought that I was right, that he was much inclined to agree with me. "But," he added, "it does not so much signify what I think; you must persuade Seward to think as you do." I told him that I found the secretary much mitigated in his feelings compared with what I had expected. He expressed his satisfaction. I do not quote any of his conversation, because he was entirely a listener in this part of the interview. Afterward he took up his message, which was lying in loose sheets upon the writing-table, and read me nearly the whole of it, so far as it was written. On the whole, the document impressed me very favorably. With the exception of a few expressions, it was not only highly commendable in spirit, but written with considerable untaught grace and power. These were my first impressions, which I hope will not be changed when the document comes before the world. It consists mainly of a narrative of events from the 4th of March up to the present hour. Nothing had yet been written as to foreign relations, but I understand from Seward that they are all to be dismissed in a brief paragraph, such as will create neither criticism nor attention anywhere.

We parted very affectionately, and perhaps I shall never set eyes on him again, but I feel that, so far as perfect integrity and directness of purpose go, the country will be safe in his hands. With regard to the great issue, we have good generals, good soldiers, good financiers, twenty-three millions of good people "whose bosoms are one," a good cause, and endless tin.

The weather has been beautiful ever since I landed,

magnificent sunshine and delicious heat. Just now there is a heavy shower. When it is over I am going to drive over to Camp Andrew to see the Massachusetts Second.

Ten more regiments have been ordered from Massachusetts, and seven, including Gordon's, will soon be ready to take the field at once. This will make 15,000 men from Massachusetts alone. New York has already sent 20,000, and has a reserve of 20,000 ready; Pennsylvania about the same, and so on. The only struggle is who shall get the greatest number accepted.

Give my love to all my English friends. Kiss my three darlings three thousand times, and believe me

Most lovingly,

J. L. M.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA

Mr. Motley returns to America—The war—Boston society—Remembrances to friends in England—The Northern army—Its numbers and quality—Departure of the Gordon regiment for the seat of war—The "mercenaries"—"The North is a unit"—Death of Mrs. Longfellow—Objects and prospects of the war—The commanders—McClellan — McDowell — Patterson — Johnston — Butler—Rumors of engagements—Lord Lyndhurst on Mr. Motley's letter—"Commencement" at Harvard University—Reception of General Scott's name—Skirmish of July 18—Converging on Manassas—A review at Boston—Lieutenant Brownell—Battle of Bull Run—First rumors—News of the defeat—Lord J. Russell's letter—The essence of the Union—Cause of defeat at Bull Run—The war was inevitable—Josiah Quincy—Longfellow—Holmes—"Tom Brown"—Incidents of the battle—Mr. Motley appointed United States minister to Austria—The Duke of Argyll on the feeling of England.

To his Wife

Boston,
July 1, 1861.

My dearest Mary: This is only a note, because I would not let the steamer from New York of day after to-morrow go without a greeting from me. There is absolutely nothing new in the political world since I wrote last. By the way, by the midweek steamer I sent

rather a lengthy epistle to the Duke of Argyll, which I hope that he will pardon in two respects—first, its unconscionable length, and, secondly, for talking very plainly about the state of public feeling here. I felt that I could not pay a higher compliment to his intellect and his candor than to make a kind of general statement, without mincing matters.

I told Lord Lyons in Washington that I had appointed myself a peace commissioner between the two countries, and meant to discharge my duties to the fullest extent, and in that vein I had spoken to the President, to Seward, Chase, Blair, and Bates, and to every other personage, private or public, with whom I came in contact. Of course I only said this in jest,—for I have no idea of exaggerating my humble individuality,—but he was kind enough to say that he thought I might do much good.

I think, however, that the day for talk is gone by—England had made up its mind that we had gone to pieces. When she learns, what we are thoroughly convinced of here, that the United States government is invincible, and that this insurrection is to be quelled, as it will be within a year, she will cease to talk of Northern and Southern States, and will find out that the great Republic is still existing one and indivisible. Our case has always been understated. We have a good cause, and no intention of "subjugation," which, like the ridiculous words "secession" and "coercion," has been devised to affect the minds of the vulgar. The United States government is at home on its own soil in every State from Maine to California, and is about asserting the rights of property and dominion.

General Scott says that the general impatience is the

greatest obstacle in his way; but he is a cool hand and a tried one, and he will give a good account of himself, never fear. The rebels never dreamed of the intense feeling of nationality which pervaded the free States. They thought to have a united South and a divided North; they find exactly the reverse. Slavery will be never extended, and the United States government will survive this crisis and be stronger than ever. Pray give my kindest regards to Lord Lyndhurst and her Ladyship; say that I mean to have the pleasure of writing to him very soon. Mrs. Greene is very well; I have a kind note from Miss Sarah Greene, asking me to dine to-morrow, and I shall do so if I can get up from Nahant. I go there now; my mother is already better for the sea air. I have received all your letters up to the 12th of June. They are most delightful to me, and I have read them all again and again. The family of course have seen them, and I lent them to the Lodges and Mr. Cabot. They go to Newport to-day —what an awful disappointment to me! The first summer that they have not been at Nahant for so many years is the one I am passing there.

While I am writing, Copley Greene and James Amory have been here; Amory showed me a note from Lord Lyndhurst. I have also seen Miss Greene, and agreed to dine with her mother next week instead of this. Saturday we had a delightful club dinner: Agassiz, who was as delightful as ever, and full of the kindest expressions of appreciation and affection for Lily, and Holmes, who is absolutely unchanged, which is the very highest praise that could be given; Lowell, Pierce, Tom Appleton, Dana, Longfellow, Whipple. There were three absent, Felton, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and it

says something for a club in which three such vacancies don't make a desolation.

Nahant. I am finishing this note to-night at N——'s, as I must send it by to-morrow's early boat. My mother is looking better than usual. I have been on the Agassizes' piazza just now. He was not there, but will come to-morrow. Mrs. Agassiz and Mrs. Felton both looked very natural and nice and gentle, and had a thousand kind things to say of you and Lily.

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Boston,
July 7, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I can't tell you how much delight your letters give me. . . .

Seid umschlungen, Millionen! You must give my kindest regards to dear Mrs. Norton, to Lady Dufferin, —if you are so fortunate as to see her, which seems too great a privilege ever really to come within your reach, —to Lady Palmerston and Lord Palmerston, to the adorable Lady —— and Lord ——, to Milnes, Stirling, Forster, to dear Lady William, with my most sincere wishes for her restoration to health. Tell her I should give myself the pleasure of writing to her, but my whole mind is absorbed with American affairs, and I know that they bore her inexpressibly, and I could write of nothing else. Don't forget my kind regards to Arthur, and to Odo if he comes. If you see Lady John Russell and Lord John, I wish you would present

my best compliments, and say that I have been and am doing everything within my humble means to suppress the noble rage of our countrymen in regard to the English indifference to our cause, and that I hope partially to have succeeded. At any rate, there is a better feeling and less bluster; but alas and alas! there will never in our generation be the cordial, warm-hearted, expansive sentiment toward England which existed a year ago. Yet no one is mad enough not to wish for peaceful relations between the countries, and few can doubt that a war at this moment would be for us a calamity too awful to contemplate. Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Stanley; it was so kind of her to ask you to so pleasant a party as you mention. I hope you took the responsibility of remembering me to Froude; and indeed I wish really that you would say to all our friends individually, when you see them, that I beg my remembrances in each letter. There is no need of my specifying their names, as you see now that I have got to my third page and have not mentioned one third. *Vivent nos amis les ennemis*, and so I give my kind regards to Delane. I wish he was n't such a good fellow, and that I did n't like him so well, for the "Times" has played the very devil with our international relations, and if there is one thing I have ever set my heart upon it is the *entente cordiale* between America and England. Give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan.

. . . It never occurs to me that any one can doubt the warmth of my feelings toward England, and so when I try to picture the condition here it is that my friends in England may see with my eyes, which must be of necessity quicker to understand our na-

tional humors than those of any Englishman can be. Give my regards to Parker, to whom I dare say you read portions of my letters. Pray don't forget to present my most particular regards to Lord Lansdowne, and I hope it may have occurred to you to send him some of my letters, as I can't help thinking that it would interest him to have private information about our affairs, which, so far as it goes, can at least be relied upon. Don't forget my kind regards to Layard and to the dear Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman, and to those kindest of friends, Lord and Lady Stanhope, and also to the Reeves. As for my true friend Murray, I am ashamed not to have written him a line; but tell him, with my best regards to him and Mrs. M., that I have scarcely written to any one but you. If you see him, tell him what I think of our politics. It will distress his bigoted Tory heart to think that the great Republic has not really gone to pieces; but he must make up his mind to it, and so must Sir John Ramsden. The only bubble that will surely burst is the secession bubble. A government that can put 250,000 men in the field within ten weeks, and well armed, officered, and uniformed, and for the time well drilled, may still be considered a nation. You see that Abraham asks Congress for 400,000 soldiers and 400,000,000 of dollars, and he will have every man and every dollar.

But before I plunge into politics, let me stick to private matters for a little. If I have omitted any names in my greetings, supply them and consider them as said. I write to scarcely any one but you, and then to such as I know are sincerely interested in American affairs. To-day I send a letter to Lord Lyndhurst, a long one,

and I am awfully afraid that it will bore him, for unluckily I have n't the talent of Sam Weller to make my correspondent wish I had said more, which is the great secret of letter-writing.

McClellan and Lyon and Mansfield and McDowell and a host of others, all thoroughly educated soldiers with large experience, to say nothing of old Scott, whose very name is worth 50,000 men, are fully a match for Jeff and Beauregard, able men as they unquestionably are. Then as to troops, I wish those who talk about Northern mercenaries, all Irish and German, and so on, could take a look at the Rhode-Islanders, at the Green Mountain boys from Vermont, at the gigantic fellows from Maine, whose magnificent volunteers excite universal applause, at the Massachusetts fellows, who can turn their hands to anything, at the 50,000 men from the "Empire State," already marched forward and equipped like regulars, and so on to Ohio and Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, etc. I thought before I came home that there was some exaggeration in the accounts we received; but the state of things can't be exaggerated. I never felt so proud of my country as I do at this moment. It was thought a weak government because it was forbearing. I should like to know how many strong governments can stamp on the earth and produce 250,000—the officially stated number of fighting men—almost at a breath; and there was never in history a nobler cause or a more heroic spectacle than this unanimous uprising of a great people to defend the benignant government of their choice against a wanton pro-slavery rebellion which had thought the country cowardly because she had been forbearing and gentle. A whole people, 22,000,000, lay-

ing aside all party feeling, stand shoulder to shoulder to protect this western continent, the home of freemen, from anarchy, perpetual warfare, and the universal spread of African slavery. But for this levy of bucklers the great Republic would have been Mexico and Alabama combined. Now slavery as a political power is dethroned, it can never spread an inch on this continent, and the Republic will come out of this conflict stronger and more respected than it ever was before.

Yesterday was a painfully interesting day. The Gordon regiment—the Massachusetts Second, of which I have spoken to you so often—took its departure for the seat of war. They have been in camp at Brook Farm for several weeks, and I have visited them often and have learned to have a high regard for Gordon. He was an excellent scholar at West Point, and served with distinction in the Mexican War. Afterward, becoming tired of quarters in Oregon and such wildernesses in the piping times of peace, he left the profession and studied and commenced the practice of law in Boston. But on the breaking out of the great mutiny he at once applied for leave to raise a regiment. His lieutenant-colonel, Andrews, is also a West Point man, having graduated first in his class. Wilder Dwight, whom you knew in Florence, is major, and a most efficient, energetic, intelligent fellow he is. . . .

Well, a telegram came on Saturday evening last, signed "Winfield Scott," ordering the Second to move forward at once to help reinforce General Patterson in Martinsburg, Virginia. Patterson is expecting daily an engagement with Johnston, one of the best of the rebel generals, who commands some 20,000 men within

a few miles of Martinsburg, so that the Second Regiment is going straight to glory or the grave. It was this that made the sight so interesting. It is no child's play, no holiday soldiering, which lies before them, but probably, unless all the rebel talk is mere fustian, as savage an encounter as men ever marched to meet. Within four days they will be on the sacred soil of Virginia, face to face with the enemy. The regiment came in by the Providence Railroad at eleven o'clock. It had been intended that they should march through many streets, as this was the first opportunity for the citizens of Boston to see the corps; but the day was intensely hot, a cloudless sky and 95° of Fahrenheit in the shade, so they only marched along Boylston, Tremont, up Beacon streets, to the Common, very wisely changing the program. They made a noble appearance: the uniform is blue, and they wore the army regulation hat, which I think—although Mr. Russell does not—very becoming with its black ostrich plumes, and I am assured that it is very convenient and comfortable in all weathers, being both light, supple, and shady. The streets were thronged to cheer them and give them God-speed. There was a light collation spread on tables in the Beacon Street Mall, and I walked about within the lines, with many other friends, to give the officers one more parting shake of the hand. There were many partings such as press the life from out the heart.

I was glad that M—— and the girls were not there; but I saw Mr. and Mrs. D——, Mrs. Quincy, and many other wives and mothers. You may judge of the general depth of feeling when even Tom D—— would n't come to see the regiment off for fear of making a fool

of himself. People seemed generally to be troubled with Lear's *hysterica passio*, so that the cheers, although well intentioned, somehow stuck in their throats. The regiment got to the cars at three o'clock, and were to go via Stonington to New York, and soon via Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to Williamsport, Maryland, and Martinsburg. We shall hear of them by telegram, and I hope occasionally to get a line from Gordon. Oh, how I wish that I had played at soldiers when I was young; would n't I have applied for and got a volunteer regiment now! But alas! at forty-seven it is too late to learn the first elements, and of course I could not be a subaltern among young men of twenty-two. William Greene—lucky fellow!—is raising a regiment; he was educated at West Point, you know, and served in the Florida war; and Raymond Lee, also a West Point man, is raising another of the additional ten regiments offered by Massachusetts. Young Wendell Holmes—who, by the way, is a poet and almost as much a man of genius as his father, besides being one of the best scholars of his time—has a lieutenant's commission in Lee's regiment, and so on. Are you answered as to the Irish and German nature of our mercenaries?

Nothing decisive has yet occurred. The skirmishes —outpost affairs, and which have furnished food for telegrams and pictures for the illustrated newspapers —are all of no consequence as to the general result. Don't be cast down, either, if you hear of a few reverses at first. I don't expect them; but, whether we experience them or not, nothing can prevent our ultimate triumph and a complete restoration of the Union. Of this I feel very confident. I don't like to prophesy,

—a man always makes an ass of himself by affecting to read the future,—yet I will venture one prediction: that before eighteen months have passed away the uprising of a great Union party in the South will take the world so much by surprise as did so recently the unanimous rising of the North. For example, only a very few months ago, the Confederate flag was to wave over Washington before May 1, and over Faneuil Hall before the end of this year; there was to be a secession party in every Northern State, and blood was to flow from internecine combats in every Northern town. Now Washington is as safe as London; the North is a unit, every Northern town is as quiet and good-natured, although sending forth regiment after regiment to a contest far away from home, as it was five years ago; while Virginia is the scene of civil war—one Virginia sending senators and representatives to Washington, while another Virginia sends its deputies to Jeff Davis's wandering capital, and the great battle-field of North and South will be on the "sacred soil." I feel truly sorry for such men as C——; there could not be a man more amiable or thorough gentleman than he seemed to be on our brief acquaintance. But rely upon it that Abraham is a straightforward, ingenuous, courageous backwoodsman, who will play his part manfully and wisely in this great drama.

The other day I dined with Mr. Palfrey. It was a very pleasant little dinner, and besides Frank and the daughters there were Holmes, Lowell, and John Adams. Frank Palfrey is lieutenant-colonel in William Greene's regiment; Mr. Palfrey's other son, John, is a lieutenant in the regular army, and I am truly sorry to hear today that he has just come home from Fortress Monroe

with typhoid fever. I am just going down to inquire after him. Lowell and Holmes were as delightful as ever. I liked John Adams very much indeed; he seemed to me very manly, intelligent, and cultivated, and very good-looking. He was kind enough to ask me to come down to Quincy to dine and pass the night, and I certainly shall do so, for besides wishing to see the ancient abode of the Adamses, I must go and see the venerable Mr. Quincy, who has kindly sent for me once or twice. By the way, remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Adams whenever you see them. I hear that they speak of you in all their letters in the most friendly and agreeable manner. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Nahant,
July 11, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I write you this line only to tell you of a most dreadful and heartrending calamity which has thrown this community into mourning. Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death the day before yesterday. She was making seals for the amusement of her younger children in her house at Cambridge, when the upper part of her thin muslin dress caught fire, and in an instant she was all in flames. Longfellow was in the next room. Hearing the shrieks of the children, he flew to her assistance, and seizing a rug, held it around her, and although she broke away from him, attempting

to run from the danger,—as persons in such cases seem invariably to do,—he succeeded at last in extinguishing the fire, but not until she was fatally injured. She lingered through the night, attended by several physicians, and expired yesterday forenoon about half-past ten, July 10. I understand that, through the influence of ether, her sufferings were not very intense after the immediate catastrophe, and that she was unconscious for a good while before she died. Longfellow was severely burned in the hands, but not dangerously; but he, too, has been kept under the effects of ether, and is spoken of as in almost a raving condition.

I have not had the heart to make any inquiries, but think that on Saturday I will try to see Mrs. Appleton. It is not more than five or six days since I was calling upon Mr. Appleton, who has so long been dying by inches, and who will look less like death than he does now when he shall have breathed his last. F—— was there, and greeted me most affectionately, making the kindest inquiries after you; she never looked more beautiful, or seemed happier, and Longfellow was, as he always is, genial and kind and gentle. I should have stayed with them probably during commencement week at Cambridge, and was looking forward with great pleasure to being with them for a little while. There is something almost too terrible to reflect upon in this utterly trivial way in which this noble, magnificent woman has been put to a hideous death. When you hear of a shipwreck, or a stroke of lightning, or even a railway accident, the mind does not shrink appalled from the contemplation of the tragedy so utterly as it now does, from finding all this misery re-

sulting from such an almost invisible cause—a drop of sealing-wax on a muslin dress. Deaths in battle are telegraphed to us hourly, and hosts of our young men are marching forth to mortal combat day by day, but these are in the natural course of events. Fate, acting on its large scale, has decreed that a great war shall rage, and we are prepared for tragedies, and we know that those who fall have been discharging the highest of duties. But what compensation or consolation is there for such a calamity as this?

I was with Holmes at the Parker House when the news was brought to us. We had gone to see the Greenes (William), with whom we were speaking in the hall. Holmes wanted a commission in Greene's regiment for his son Wendell in case he finds Lee's list completed. We both burst into tears, and did nothing more that morning about military matters; Holmes is, however, going out to see Lee to-morrow morning at his camp at Readville, and will doubtless obtain a lieutenancy under him for his son. Wendell is a very fine fellow, graduating this commencement, but he can't be kept in college any longer. He will get his degree, and is one of the first scholars in his class, but, like nearly all the young men, he has been drilling for months long in one of the various preparatory home battalions, and is quite competent for the post he wishes; but there are so many applicants for these commissions that even such a conspicuous youth as he is not sure of getting one immediately.

God bless you, dearest Mary, and my dear children. In great haste,

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Nahant,
July 14, 1861.

My dearest Mary: This is the first rainy day since I landed in the country, now nearly five weeks ago. It has been most wondrously bright weather day after day, sometimes very hot, but as it can never be too hot for me, I have been well satisfied. I was so glad to hear of Lady Dufferin's safe return, and I do hope sincerely that the Syrian sun has not visited her too roughly, but that the gentle atmosphere of an English summer will entirely restore her. What a comfort it must be to dear Mrs. Norton to have them safe back again!

Alas! during all my pleasure at reading your letters I could not throw off for a moment the dull, deadly horror of the calamity of which I wrote to you in my last. Yesterday I went out to Longfellow's house, by especial message from Tom Appleton, to attend the funeral. It was not thus that I expected for the first time after so long an absence to cross that threshold. The very morning after my arrival from England I found Longfellow's card, in my absence, with a penciled request to come out and sup with them, Tom, Mackintosh, and the rest. I could not go, but have been several times begged to come since that day, yet this is the first time I have been there. I am glad I had seen F——, however. I think I told you that I saw her a few days ago, at the chair of her dying father; she was radiant with health and beauty, and was so cordial and affectionate in her welcome to me. I did not mean to look at her in her coffin, for I wished to preserve that last image of her face undimmed. But after

the ceremony at the house the cortège went to Mount Auburn, and there was a brief prayer by Dr. Gannett at the grave, and it so happened that I was placed, by chance, close to the coffin, and I could not help looking upon her face; it was turned a little on one side, was not in the slightest degree injured, and was almost as beautiful as in life—"but for that sad, shrouded eye," and you remember how beautiful were her eyes. Longfellow has as yet been seen by no one except his sisters. He has suffered considerable injury in the hands, but nothing which will not soon be remedied. He has been in an almost frenzied condition, at times, from his grief, but, I hear, is now comparatively composed; but his life is crushed, I should think. His whole character, which was so bright and genial and sunny, will suffer a sad change.

. . . We were expecting the Longfellows down here every day. Tom and he own together the old Wetmore cottage, and they were just opening it when the tragedy occurred. I still think it probable that they will come, for he certainly cannot remain in his own house now. My mother is decidedly gaining strength and is very cheerful. I don't find Mr. Cabot much changed, except that he is more lame than he was. They have invited me to Newport, and so have Mr. Sears and Bancroft, but I have no idea of going. I have hardly time to see as much of my friends and relations in Boston and its neighborhood as I wish.

I had better go back, I think, and try to do a year's hard work in the diggings, as I can be of no use here, and it is absolutely necessary for me to go on with my work.

. . . Although it seems so very difficult for the

English mind, as manifested in the newspapers, to understand the objects of the war, they seem to twenty millions of us very plain—first, to prohibit forever the extension of negro slavery, and to crush forever the doctrine that slavery is the national, common law of America, instead of being an exceptional, local institution confined within express limits; secondly, to maintain the authority of the national government, as our only guaranty for life, liberty, and civilization. It is not a matter of opinion, but of profound, inmost conviction, that if we lose the Union, all is lost; anarchy and Mexicanism will be substituted for the temperate reign of constitutional, representative government and the English common law. Certainly these objects are respectable ones, and it is my belief that they will be attained. If, however, the war assumes larger proportions, I know not what results may follow; but this I do know, that slavery will never gain another triumph on this continent.

This great mutiny was founded entirely on two great postulates or hopes. First, the conspirators doubted not of the assistance, in every free State, of the whole Democratic party, who they thought would aid them in their onslaught against the Constitution, just as they had stood by them at the polls in a constitutional election. Miserable mistake! The humiliation of the national flag at Sumter threw the whole Democratic party into a frenzy of rage. They had sustained the South for the sake of the Union, for the love of the great Republic. When the South turned against the national empire and fired against the flag, there was an end of party differences at that instant throughout the free States. Secondly, they reckoned confidently on the

immediate recognition and alliance of England. Another mistake! And so, where is now the support of the mutiny? Instead of a disunited North, there is a distracted South, with the free States a unit. There is no doubt whatever that the conspirators expected confidently to establish their new constitution over the whole country except New England.

I find the numbers of United States troops given thus: General Patterson's command, 25,000; General McClellan, 45,000; General McDowell, 45,000; General Butler, 20,000; total, 135,000. Certainly, if we should deduct ten per cent. from this estimate, and call them 120,000, we should not be far wrong. McDowell commands opposite Washington, along Arlington, at Alexandria, etc.; McClellan is at this moment at Beverly, and Grafton in West Virginia; Butler is at and near Fortress Monroe; Patterson is at Martinsburg. I take it for granted that you have a good map of Virginia, and that you study it.

Now for the commanders. McClellan is a first-class man, thirty-seven years of age, of superior West Point education, and has distinguished himself in Mexico. The country seems to regard him as the probable successor to Scott in its affections when he shall be taken from us. McDowell is a good, practical, professional soldier, fully equal to his work, about forty years of age. Patterson is an Irishman by birth, age sixty-nine, but educated here, and has been in the army much of his life, having served both in the War of 1812 and in Mexico, and he commands against an able rebel, Johnston, who is, or was, at Winchester and its neighborhood. Butler is the militia general who commanded at Annapolis, for a time, in the first outbreak, and has

since been made major-general in the army. The Gordon regiment, whose departure from Boston I mentioned in my last, are now at Martinsburg, and will be in the front ranks under Patterson, who has been perpetually menaced by Johnston with a general attack. The prevailing impression is, however, that Johnston will fall back, as the rebels have constantly been doing; all the dash, impetuosity, and irrepressible chivalry on their part have hitherto only manifested themselves on paper.

Don't be affected by any sneers or insinuations of slowness against Scott; I believe him to be a magnificent soldier, thoroughly equal to his work, and I trust that the country and the world will one day acknowledge that he has played a noble and winning game with consummate skill. He can afford to neglect newspaper criticism at present, whether cis- or transatlantic. One victory at least he has achieved: he has at last reduced the lying telegram manufacturers to submission. Henceforth you may read our newspaper accounts with tolerable confidence. Now look at the map of Virginia, and you will see his plan so far as developed. You read the American newspapers, of course, which I ordered for you. Yesterday and to-day bring accounts from McClellan, in which he officially informs government that he has routed and annihilated the rebels in West Virginia. Their general is killed, their army broken to pieces. One colonel (Pegram) has surrendered himself and his whole regiment. McClellan has at least 1000 prisoners. He has lost very few men, the rebels perhaps 200, but the result is a large one. I am sure no one wishes to hear a long list of killed and wounded on either side. What Scott

wishes is to demoralize and disorganize this senseless and wanton rebellion, and to crush its leaders. Now, these 10,000 just routed by McClellan compose the main force by which the counter-revolution of West Virginia was to be prevented. There is another force in the southwest, on the Kanawha, under the redoubtable Wise, whose retreat you will soon hear of. You will also, I think, soon find that Johnston has fallen back from Winchester. Thus the rebels will soon be squeezed down toward Richmond. There, I suppose, they must make a stand, and there will, perhaps, be a great battle. Hitherto, however, they have shown no avidity for such a result. Virginia is the battle-ground for the summer.

Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Motley

George Street,
July 16, 1861.

I have just finished Mr. Motley's very interesting letter, and feel most grateful for his endeavors to soothe the irritation existing in the Northern States toward this country. I hope when you write you will remember me kindly to him. Accept my best thanks for the communication, from which I have derived a much better account of the state of affairs on the other side of the water than from all the channels of information to which I have from time to time had access.

I remain, my dear Mrs. Motley,
Most faithfully yours,
LYNDHURST.

To his Wife

Woodland Hill,
Sunday, July 21, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I have not the time nor the matter for anything but a hasty line. I am obliged to write two days before the packet day, as I must go to Nahant to-morrow, Monday, and the next day I have promised to dine with old Mr. Quincy, at Quincy. I came up yesterday to dine with Mr. George Curtis and his wife, Ticknor, Everett, and Felton. You will see in the "Daily Advertiser" the proceedings of one or two public bodies by whom respectful tribute has been paid to Mr. Appleton's character. His mind was singularly calm and lucid to the last. On Wednesday I went to Cambridge, by invitation, to hear the exercises of commencement and to be present at the dinner. The performances were very creditable indeed, and I found at the dinner, at which there were some three hundred of the alumni present, several members of my class, and passed a very pleasant hour, the more so as Felton had faithfully promised me that I should not be called out for a speech. As I had received an LL. D. at the previous commencement in my absence, I could hardly refuse the invitation to the dinner. But two degrees of LL. D. were conferred on this occasion —one on Governor Andrew, and the other on General Scott. The announcement, which was made on the platform in the church, after the conclusion of the college exercises, of the governor's name was very well received, and there was much well-deserved cheering, for he has been most efficient and intelligent in his exertions ever since this damnable mutiny broke out, and

it is much owing to his energy that Massachusetts has taken the noble stand which she now occupies in defense of the Constitution and the country.

But when the name of Winfield Scott was announced, there arose a tempest of cheers such as I am sure was never heard before at any academic celebration in Cambridge. I thought the church would have split to pieces like a bombshell, so irrepressible was the explosion of enthusiasm. 'T is a pity the old man could n't have heard it with his own ears. He is used to huzzas from soldiers and politicians; but here were grave professors and clergymen, judges, young undergraduates and octogenarians, all hallooing like lunatics. And the same thing was repeated at the dinner when his health was drunk. You will see an account of the proceedings in the "Daily Advertiser" of the 18th of July. . . . You will also observe that I was startled from my repose at the table, not by Felton, but by Everett, who made a most complimentary allusion to me, far beyond my deserts, in his after-dinner speech. They insisted on my getting up and saying a few words of acknowledgment; but I was too much moved to make a speech, and they received my thanks with much cordiality.

Nothing can be better than Everett's speech at New York,—one of the most powerful commentaries on this rebellion that has ever been spoken or written,—and he has made several other addresses equally strong in tone. We are now in an era of good feeling throughout the North, and we no longer ask what position any man may have occupied, but where he stands now, and I am glad that we shall henceforth have the benefit of Everett's genius and eloquence on the right side.

Since I wrote last nothing very important has occurred; but now important events are fast approaching. I don't use this expression in the stereotype phraseology of the newspapers, because you must have perceived from all my letters that I did not in the least share the impatience of many people here.

The skirmish of the 18th was by detachments, only 800 men in all, of Tyler's brigade, commanded by him in person, and they are said to have behaved with great skill and gallantry. It is your old friend Daniel Tyler of Norwich, who, you know, was for a considerable part of his life in the army and was educated at West Point. He is now a brigadier-general, and, as you see, commands under McDowell, whom I described to you in my last. Montgomery Ritchie, by the way, is aide to a Colonel Blenker, who has a regiment in Tyler's brigade, and James Wadsworth is aide to McDowell. The affair at Bull Run is of no special importance; of course we don't know what losses the rebels sustained, nor is it material. These skirmishes must occur daily, until it appears whether the enemy mean to risk a pitched battle now, or whether they mean to continue to retire, as they have hitherto been steadily doing, before the advance of the Union forces. The question now is, Will they make a stand at Manassas, or will they retreat to Richmond? Beauregard, who commands at Manassas, is supposed to have at least 60,000 men, and Johnston, who was until two days ago at Winchester, is thought to be falling back to join him. On the other hand, while McDowell is advancing toward Manassas, Patterson, with 35,000 men (with whom is Gordon's regiment, Massachusetts Second), has moved from Martinsburg to Charlestown, and, as

I thought, will soon make a junction with him, and McClellan is expected daily out of West Virginia. Thus some 120,000 Union troops are converging at Manassas, and if the rebels have sufficient appetite, there will soon be a great stand-up fight.

If they retreat, however, there will be more delays and more impatience, for it is obvious that the Union troops can gain no great victory until the rebels face them in the field. This has not yet been the case, but they have fired from behind batteries occasionally while our men were in the open. Hitherto nothing of importance has occurred except the slow advance of the Union and the slow retreat of the rebellion. Perhaps before this letter is posted, two days hence, something definite may have occurred in the neighborhood of Manassas. Day before yesterday I saw the Webster regiment reviewed on the Common. On the previous afternoon Governor Andrew had invited me to come to his room at the State House. I did so at the time appointed, and found no one there but the governor, his aides, Colonel Harrison Ritchie, Wetherell and Harry Lee, and Mr. Everett, who was to make a speech on presenting the colors to the regiment. I saw them march along Beacon Street in front of the State House, and thought they had a very knowing, soldierly look. They had been drilling for months down at Fort Independence, and are off for the seat of war to-morrow.

When the regiment had arrived on the Common and was drawn up in the Lower Mall, we proceeded to review them. Governor Andrew, in his cocked hat and general's uniform, took possession of Mr. Everett, and the two were flanked by four aides-de-camp, effulgent in what the newspapers call the "gorgeous panoply of

war," while I was collared by the adjutant-general and the stray colonel, and made to march solemnly between them. What the populace thought of me, I don't know, but I believe that I was generally supposed to be a captured secessionist, brought along to grace the triumph of the governor. Well, we marched on, followed by a battalion of escort guards and preceded by a band of music, to the Mall, and then the Webster regiment went through its manœuvers for our benefit, and that of some thousands of enthusiastic spectators besides.

Of course I am no judge of military matters, but they seemed to be admirably drilled, and one or two army officers with whom I spoke were of the same opinion,—one of these, by the way, was a Virginian, Marshall by name, a stanch Union man and nephew of the General Lee of Arlington, who so recently abandoned the side of General Scott for a high post in the rebel army,—but I am at least a judge of men's appearance, and it would be difficult to find a thousand better-looking men with more determined and resolute faces. They wear the uniform of the regular army, and their officers are nearly all young, vigorous men, of good education and social position. I had a little talk with Fletcher Webster, who seemed delighted to see me. Everett made a magnificent little speech on presenting the standard, and Webster a very manly and simple reply. The standard bears for inscription the motto from Webster's (the father's) famous speech, "Not a single stripe polluted, not a single star effaced," together with the motto of Massachusetts, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem," *i. e.*, "With the sword she seeks tranquillity under the protection of

liberty.'' This has been the device of the Massachusetts seal for more than a century, I believe; but it is originally a plagiarism from Algernon Sydney.

I am delighted with all that you tell me of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and their warm and friendly sympathy; of Lord Granville; of Lord de Grey; of Milnes and Forster and Stirling. I have n't time to mention all the names of those whom you speak of as being stanch in our cause—the great cause of humanity and civilization. To check and circumscribe African slavery, and at the same time to uphold free constitutional government, is a noble task. If the great Republic perishes in the effort, it dies in a good cause. But it is n't dying yet; never had so much blood in it. *Qui vivra verra.*

You say that I have not mentioned Sumner in my letters. I thought that I had. I saw him two or three times before I went to Washington. He is very well in health and unchanged in opinions or expectations, except that, like all of us, he has been made far more sanguine than ever before as to the issue of the struggle. He came to Washington before I left it, but we did not go together. He has of course remained there for the session. I have heard from him twice or thrice; but as I now write from America, I never quote any one's opinions, but send you my own for what they are worth. In this letter there is little of consequence.

I am delighted with what you say about the sea-coast arrangement with the Hugheses, and trust sincerely that it may be made. You cannot but be happy with such charming, sincere, and noble characters, and I envy you the privilege of their society. Pray thank Hughes for that most sympathetic dedication to Lowell.

I am glad that the book is finished, that I may now read it with the same delight which the first one gave me. I saw Lowell commencement day, and promised to go out and dine with him some day next week. He is going to send for Hawthorne. Alas! he meant to have had Longfellow. We shall have Holmes, Agassiz, and others, and shall drink Hughes's health. I forgot to say that I saw at Felton's house young Brownell of the Ellsworth Zouaves. He, you may remember, was at Ellsworth's side as he came down-stairs at the Marshall House, Alexandria, and was shot dead by Jackson. Brownell, who was a corporal in the regiment, immediately shot Jackson through the head. He has since been made a lieutenant in the army, and is here on recruiting service. He is a very quiet, good-looking youth of about twenty-two. The deed has no especial claim to distinction, except its promptness. You remember that it was at the very first occupation of Alexandria, and Jackson supposed, when he came out of a dark closet and fired at Ellsworth, that secession was still triumphant in the town. Brownell took out of his pocket a fragment of the secession flagstaff which Ellsworth had just taken from the housetop, and gave me a bit of it as a relic. The reason why Ellsworth was so anxious to pull down the flag was that it was visible at the White House of Washington, and therefore an eyesore to the President.

Monday, July 22. The battle was renewed yesterday at Bull Run, and, as I anticipated when I began this letter, the rebel batteries have been carried one after another, and the enemy beaten back to Manassas. A general engagement must now follow at once, unless they retreat toward Richmond. There is no need of my

saying anything more, because the papers will give you, by telegraph to Halifax, later intelligence than I can possibly send. Perhaps the success which I now chronicle may not prove to be authentic. Yesterday Mr. William Dwight came over to Woodland Hill, and read us a couple of spirited letters from his son Wilder, major in the Massachusetts Second. It appears, as you will see in the papers, that Patterson has been superseded by Banks. This I hardly understand. Banks has great talent, and has generally succeeded in everything he has undertaken; but he is not an army man, and has had no experience in actual service. We are still in the dark here as to the important fact whether Johnston has retired from Winchester and effected his junction with Beauregard at Manassas, or whether he may still be cut off by the Patterson division moving from Charlestown. Of course you will get this information by Thursday's (25th) telegram to Halifax.

To their great disappointment, no doubt, Gordon's regiment has been detailed from the column to which it belonged, and has been sent from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry. It is a responsible and important duty, and the discipline and energy of this regiment were relied upon to quell all secession at so important a point in the rear, when the great advance was making into the heart of Virginia. But it is a great sell for Gordon and his comrades, for it keeps them for a time at a distance from the great scene of action. Wilder Dwight, in his letter, mentions cases in which the inhabitants of Martinsburg and its vicinity had been maltreated by the rebel army. After the occupation of the place by the Union troops, one evening, a farmer of the vicinity invited Gordon and his officers to supper. He

said the rebels took from him and from all his neighbors everything they wanted, and paid nothing for them except receipts in the name of the Confederacy —and "there ain't any Confederacy," he said. At Harper's Ferry he makes the same report. Women come in and tell of their husbands and sons having been impressed. Men complain of being driven from their homes, and of other maltreatment. And, in short, you have here, from an unimpeachable witness, evidence that, even in Eastern Virginia, the very hotbed of secession, the rebellion is not over-popular, and that the Stars and Stripes are hailed, by some of the inhabitants at least, as the symbols of deliverance from a reign of terror. I shall leave my letter open, in order to add a P. S. to-morrow.

P. S., July 23, 11:30 A. M.

Read this sheet first.

I have had half a dozen minds about sending you the foregoing pages. Since they were written the terrible defeat of Sunday evening has occurred. We are for the moment overwhelmed with gloom. I pity you and my children inexpressibly, to be alone there. On the whole, I have decided to send my letter as it stands. There is no doubt that our troops behaved admirably during the whole of Sunday; that they charged and carried battery after battery of rifled cannon; that the colonels of regiments led on their men on foot, rifle in hand, loading and firing like privates; that our men repeatedly crossed bayonets with the enemy and drove them off the field. This went on for nine hours. In the evening it appears that Johnston effected his junction with Beauregard, and then a panic, commenced by teamsters, together with reporters, members of Con-

gress, and outsiders generally, who had no business on the field at all, was communicated to the troops, who fled in disorder. The accounts are very conflicting as to the behavior of our men after seven o'clock P. M. of Sunday.

There is no doubt that we have sustained a great defeat. The measure of our *dishonor*, which I thought last night so great as to make me hang my head forever, I cannot now thoroughly estimate. We must wait for the official reports, both as to the number of killed and wounded (which vary for our side from 4000 to 200!), and for the more important matter of deciding whether we have been utterly disgraced as well as defeated. In a brief note which I wrote early this morning I told you that I should send for you to come home immediately. I sympathize most deeply with your position. You have many kind friends—none can be kinder; but the situation admits of no consolation. Do not, however, believe the sensational reports which have harrowed us here yesterday. We were very much outnumbered; that is certain. We fought well the whole of the day, but we were outgeneraled and defeated aftr nine hours' hard fighting. Whether we have lost everything, even honor, cannot be decided for a few days. I shall try to write by the intermediate steamer, but certainly by the next Cunarder, this day week, and I will then let you know what I think you had best do. I don't feel now as if I could come into England again. Don't show this letter to any one. I hope you are not in London, and that you are with the Hugheses.

God bless you and my dear children.

Ever your affectionate

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Nahant,
July 28, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I have not written to Forster, because I have taken it for granted that he sees my letters to you, and I could only write the same facts and the same conclusions to other correspondents. Nevertheless, I wish very much to write a line to him and to Milnes, and especially to Lord de Grey, and shall certainly do so within a very short time. I was delighted to hear of young Ridley's triumphs, and sincerely sympathize in the joy of Lord and Lady Wensleydale, to whom pray give my kindest remembrance and congratulations. I am very much obliged to Lord John Russell for his kindness in sending me a copy of his note to Mr. Everett. I have thought very often of writing myself to Lord John, and have abstained because I knew that his time was so thoroughly occupied as to leave him little leisure for unofficial correspondence, and because I knew also that his despatches from Washington and his conversations with Mr. Adams must place him entirely in possession of all the facts of this great argument, and I have not the vanity to suppose that any commentary which I could make would alter the conclusion of a mind so powerful and experienced as his.

"If on the 4th of March," he says to Mr. Everett, "you had allowed the Confederate States to go out from among you, you could have prevented the extension of slavery and confined it to the slave-holding States." But, unfortunately, had this permission been given, there would have been no "you" left. The ex-

istence of this government consists in its unity. Once admit the principle of secession, and it has ceased to be; there is no authority then left either to prevent the extension of slavery, or to protect the life or property of a single individual on our share of the continent. Permit the destruction of the great law which has been supreme ever since we were a nation, and any other law may be violated at will. We have no government but this one, since we were dependent and then insurgent colonies. Take away that, and you take away our all. This is not merely the most logical of theories, but the most unquestionable of facts. This great struggle is one between law and anarchy. The slaveholders mutiny against all government on this continent, because it has been irrevocably decided no further to extend slavery. Peaceful acquiescence in the withdrawal of the seven cotton States would have been followed by the secession of the remaining eight slave States, and probably by the border free States. Pennsylvania would have set up for itself. There would probably have been an attempt at a Western Confederacy, and the city of New York had already announced its intention of organizing itself into a free town, and was studying the constitutions of Frankfort and Hamburg.

In short, we had our choice to submit at once to dismemberment and national extinction at the command of the slavery oligarchy which has governed us for forty years, or to fight for our life. The war forced upon us by the slaveholders has at last been accepted, and it is amazing to me that its inevitable character and the absolute justice of our cause do not carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. Those, of course, who believe with the Confederates that slav-

ery is a blessing, and the most fitting corner-stone of a political edifice, will sympathize with their cause. But those who believe it to be a curse should, I think, sympathize with us, who, while circumscribing its limits and dethroning it as a political power, are endeavoring to maintain the empire of the American Constitution and the English common law over this great continent. This movement in which we now engage, and which Jefferson Davis thinks so ridiculous, is to me one of the most noble spectacles which I remember in history. Twenty millions of people have turned out as a great *posse comitatus* to enforce the laws over a mob of two or three millions,—not more,—led on by two or three dozen accomplished, daring, and reckless desperados. This is the way history will record this transaction, be the issue what it may; and if we had been so base as to consent to our national death without striking a blow, our epitaph would have been more inglorious than I hope it may prove to be.

Don't be too much cast down about Bull Run. In a military point of view it is of no very great significance. We have lost, perhaps, at the utmost, 1000 men, 2000 muskets, and a dozen cannon or so. There was a panic, it is true, and we feel ashamed, awfully mortified; but our men had fought four or five hours without flinching, against concealed batteries, at the cannon's mouth, under a blazing July Virginia sun, taking battery after battery, till they were exhausted with thirst, and their tongues were hanging out of their mouths. It was physically impossible for these advanced troops to fight longer, and *the reserves were never brought up.* So far I only say what is undisputed. The blame for the transaction cannot be fairly

assigned till we get official accounts. As for the affair itself, the defeat was a foregone conclusion. If you read again the earlier part of my last letter, you will see that I anticipated, as did we all, that the grand attack on Manassas was to be made with McClellan's column, Patterson's and McDowell's combined. This would have given about 125,000 men. Instead of this, McDowell's advance with some 50,000 men, not one-third part of which were engaged, while the rebels had 100,000 within immediate reach of the scene of action. You will also see by the revelations made in Congress and in the New York "Times" that this has been purely a politician's battle. It is in a political point of view, not a military, that the recent disaster is most deplorable. The rebellion has of course gained credit by this repulse of our troops.

As for the Civil War, nothing could have averted it. It is the result of the forty years' aggression of the slavery power. Lincoln's election was a vote by a majority of every free State that slavery should go no further, and then the South dissolved the Union. Suppose we had acknowledged the Confederacy, there would have been war all the same. Whether we are called two confederacies or one, the question of slavery in the Territories has got to be settled by war, and so has the possession of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Even on the impossible theory that the United States continued to exist as a government after submitting without a struggle to dismemberment, still it would be obliged to fight for the rights of its four or five million of tonnage to navigate American waters.

In brief, the period has arrived for us, as it has often arrived for other commonwealths in history, when we

must fight for national existence, or agree to be extinguished peaceably. I am not very desponding, although the present is gloomy. Perhaps the day will come ere long when we shall all of us, not absolutely incapacitated by age or sickness, be obliged to shoulder our rifles as privates in the ranks. At present there seems no lack of men. The reverse of last Sunday has excited the enthusiasm afresh, and the government receives new regiments faster than it can provide for them. As I am not fit to be an officer, being utterly without military talent or training, and as it is now decided that such responsible offices shall not be conferred except upon those who can bear an examination by competent military authorities, I am obliged to regret my want of early education in the only pursuit which is now useful. As to going abroad and immersing myself again in the sixteenth century, it is simply an impossibility. I can think of nothing but American affairs, and should be almost ashamed if it were otherwise.

A grim winter is before us. Gather your rosebuds while you may, is my advice to you, and engage your passages not before October. But having said this, I give you carte blanche, and let me know your decision when made. The war is to be a long one. We have no idea of giving in, and no doubt of ultimate triumph. Our disaster is nothing; our disgrace is great, and it must be long before it can be retrieved, because General Scott will now be free to pursue the deliberate plan which he had marked out when he was compelled by outside pressure to precipitate his raw levies against an overwhelming superiority of rebels in a fortified position.

A few days ago I went over to Quincy by appointment to dine with old Mr. Quincy. The dinner was very pleasant. Edmund was there, and very agreeable, with Professor Gould, and Mr. Waterston, and the ladies. The old gentleman, now in his ninetieth year, is straight as an arrow, with thirty-two beautiful teeth, every one his own, and was as genial and cordial as possible. He talked most agreeably on all the topics of the day, and after dinner discussed the political question in all its bearings with much acumen and with plenty of interesting historical reminiscences. He was much pleased with the messages I delivered to him from Lord Lyndhurst, and desired in return that I should transmit his most cordial and respectful regards. Please add mine to his, as well as to Lady Lyndhurst, when you have the privilege of seeing them. I was very sorry not to be able to accept young Mr. Adams's offered hospitality, but I had made arrangements to return to Nahant that night. Pray give my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Last Saturday I went to Cambridge and visited Longfellow. He was in bed, with both hands tied up; but his burns are recovering, and his face will not be scarred, and he will not lose the use of either hand. He was serene and resigned, but dreaded going down-stairs into the desolate house. His children were going in and out of the room. He spoke of his wife, and narrated the whole tragedy very gently, and without any paroxysms of grief, although it was obvious that he felt himself a changed man. Holmes came in. We talked of general matters, and Longfellow was interested to listen to and speak of the news of the day and of the all-absorbing topic of the war.

The weather has been almost cloudless for the seven weeks that I have been at home—one blaze of sunshine. But the drought is getting to be alarming. It has hardly rained a drop since the first week in June. Fortunately, the charm seems now broken, and to-day there have been some refreshing showers, with a prospect of more. I dined on Saturday with Holmes. He is as charming, witty, and sympathetic as ever. I wish I could send you something better than this, but unless I should go to Washington again I don't see what I can write now that is worth reading. To-morrow I dine here with Wharton, who is unchanged, and desires his remembrances to you; and next day I dine with Lowell at Cambridge, where I hope to find Hawthorne, Holmes, and others. . . .

P. S. Tell Tom Brown, with my kindest regards, that every one is reading him here with delight, and the dedication is especially grateful to our feelings. The Boston edition (I wish he had the copyright) has an uncommonly good likeness of him.

As for Wadsworth, I heard from several sources of his energy and pluck. Wharton has been in my room since I began this note. He had a letter from his sister, in which she says John Vennes, a servant (an Englishman) of theirs, who enlisted in the Sixty-ninth New York, had written to say that his master was the bravest of the brave, and that he was very proud of him as he saw him without his hat, and revolver in hand, riding about and encouraging the troops at the last moment to make a stand. I had a letter from Colonel Gordon the other day. He is at Harper's Ferry, and not at all discouraged by the results of the battle, in

which of course he had no part. He says: "Our late check, it seems to me, is almost a victory. From seven to four did our brave troops face that deadly fire of artillery and infantry delivered from breastworks and hidden embrasures. Over and over again did they roll back the greatly outnumbering columns of the enemy, until at last, when a foolish panic seized them, they left the enemy in such a condition that he could not pursue them more than a mile and a half; so that one entire battery, which they might have had for the taking, was left all night on the field and finally returned to us again. Many such victories would depopulate the South, and from the victors there is no sound of joy. In Charleston, Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, and at Martinsburg they mourn the loss of many of their sons. Fewer in numbers, we were more than their match, and will meet them again."

In estimating the importance of this affair as to its bearings on the future, it should, I think, be never forgotten that the panic, whatever was its mysterious cause, was not the result of any overpowering onset of the enemy. It did not begin with the troops engaged.

Here we are not discouraged. The three months' men are nearly all of them going back again. Congress has voted 500,000 men and 5,000,000 of dollars; has put on an income tax of three per cent., besides raising twenty or thirty millions extra on tea, coffee, sugar, and other hitherto untaxed articles; and government securities are now as high in the market as they were before the late battle. . . .

J. L. M.

To his Wife

New York,
August 12, 1861.

My dearest Mary: I have but an instant to write a single line. It is nearly twelve at night, and I leave for Washington to-morrow morning very early. I have just been notified of my appointment as minister to Austria. . . . I am afraid Lily and Mary will be awfully disappointed, particularly as I wrote so recently that you had better return to America. But I think sincerely that they would both be made rather melancholy by the present aspect of society here. . . . There is no great change in the political situation, and I have no time to go into the depths of affairs. We expect daily to hear of a battle in Missouri, and of course feel anxious. I have not seen Plon-Plon, and he has left Washington. Sumner dined with me and Sam Hooper to-day here at the Brevoort House, just from Washington. He had been dining with Plon-Plon once or twice, and we are very much amazed, annoyed, and amused at our allowing him to make a formal visit to the rebels, escorted to their lines by a company of Union cavalry. Sumner was very energetic and steadfast in urging my appointment, to which there was much opposition owing to the old cause—too much for Massachusetts; and there were some urgent and formidable candidates.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. L. M.

From the Duke of Argyll to Mrs. Motley

Inveraray,
August 20, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Motley: Many thanks for the inclosed. You need not apologize for sending me letters containing details. All that I have seen in your husband's letters tends to increase our warm esteem and regard for him. I was sure he would feel the Manassas affair very keenly, and we feel much for him. It seems certain that the defeat was made far worse by the exaggeration of the press, though Russell's account in the "Times" is so far confirmatory of the papers. But Russell never reached *the real front* of the Federal line, and consequently saw nothing of the troops that behaved well.

I think your husband's argument against Lord Russell's advice (at least as that advice is quoted) is excellent. It does seem probable that to have allowed secession without a fight would have led to the complete disintegration of the Northern States.

I fear you have now before you *a long war*. It is clear that a regular trained army must be formed before the subjugation of the South can be rendered possible, and I confess I am not so hopeful of the result as I once was.

You may set Mr. Motley's mind at rest, I think, as regards any possibility of our interfering—provided, of course, the contest is carried on with a due regard to the law of nations and the rights of neutrals. But we have been in some alarm lest the government were about to adopt measures which that law

does not recognize. I hope that danger also has passed away.

May I ask you to direct the inclosed letter to your husband?

I am, my dear Mrs. Motley,
Yours very sincerely,
ARGYLL.

CHAPTER XV

VIENNA

Voyage to Liverpool—Fryston Hall—Mr. W. E. Forster—Lord J. Russell—Abergeldie—The cotton famine—The English press—Balmoral—Interview with the queen—Paris—M. Thouvenel—The English government and the press—Life in Vienna—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—News of the battle of Ball's Bluff—Anxiety and suspense—Attitude of the European powers—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—His son's remarkable escape at Ball's Bluff—The *Trent* affair—Imminent risk of war with England—Action of the "Times"—An anxious crisis—Awaiting the President's message.

To his Mother

Wharfside, Yorkshire,
September 5, 1861.

My dearest Mother: I have but time to write you a brief note. When I get to Vienna I mean to be a good correspondent. Until that time I shall be very much hurried. My voyage was a singularly pleasant one—no bad weather, smooth seas, and fair winds, the whole way. We reached Liverpool in exactly eleven days. I was obliged to stop all Sunday in that not very fascinating city. I parted from Mackintosh that evening, who went to Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and from Mr. Blake, who was to stop a few days in Liverpool. I found by telegram that Mary and Lily were staying

with Mr. Monckton Milnes in Yorkshire, so I went there, after passing one day in London. I afterward dined with the Adamses.

I do not think there is any present intention here of interfering with our blockade, or any wish, which is the same thing, of going to war in order to establish the Southern Confederacy and get their cotton crop. I think they will try to rub on through next year, unless the cotton famine should be very great, and the consequent disturbances very alarming.

I passed one day at Fryston Hall, Milnes's beautiful place in Yorkshire, where I had a delightful meeting with Mary and Lily. I have not yet seen dear little Susie, who is at Cromer with her governess, and you may be sure that I missed the dear face of my precious Mary. I hope she is enjoying herself, and that you will be as fond of her as you used to be. It was too bad that we should have missed each other by a single day.

We have been spending two or three days since leaving Fryston with Mr. Forster, M. P. for Bradford, a gentleman whom you have often heard me speak of as the warmest and most intelligent friend that America possesses in England. It is very agreeable for me to combine business with pleasure in my visit to him. He was to answer Gregory, the champion of the South, and will do so when the question of Southern recognition comes up, and my conversations with him have been very satisfactory. He disbelieves in any attempt to break the blockade, provided it is efficient.

We go to-morrow to our friends the De Greys for a week's visit. Lord de Grey is a warm friend of the North. During that week I expect to run up to Scot-

land for a day's visit to Lord John Russell. We shall then go to London.

I shall write another little note very soon. God bless you and preserve your health, my dearest mother. Give my love to my father and to my little Mary, and to all the family great and small.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

East Sheen,
September 22, 1861.

My dearest Mother: I am writing you a little note again. I can do no more until such time as we shall be settled at Vienna. We came down here last evening to spend Sunday with your old friends Mr. and Mrs. Bates. He is the same excellent, kindly old gentleman he always was, and is as stanch an American and as firm a believer in the ultimate success of our cause as if he had never left Boston.

. . . I have lost no time since I have been in England, for almost every day I have had interesting conversations with men connected with the government or engaged in public affairs.

There will be no foreign interference, certainly none from England, unless we be utterly defeated in our present struggle. We spent a few days with our friends the De Greys in Yorkshire. During my visit I went up to the north of Scotland to pass a couple of days with Lord John Russell at Abergeldie. It is an old Scotch castle, which formerly belonged to a family of Gordon of Abergeldie. The country is wild

and pretty about it, with mountains clothed in purple heather all round, the Dee winding its way through a pleasant valley, and the misty heights of Lochnagar, sung by Byron in his younger days, crowning the scene whenever the clouds permit that famous summit to be visible.

I was received with the greatest kindness. There were no visitors at the house, for both Lord and Lady Russell are the most domestic people in the world, and are glad to escape from the great whirl of London society as much as they can. In the afternoons we went with the children out in the woods, making fires, boiling a kettle, and making tea *al fresco* with water from the Dee, which, by the way, is rather coffee-colored, and ascending hills to get peeps of the prospects.

Most of my time, however, was spent in long and full conversations tête-à-tête with Lord John (it is impossible to call him by his new title of Earl Russell).

The cotton-manufacturers are straining every nerve to supply themselves with cotton from India and other sources. But it seems rather a desperate attempt to break up the Southern monopoly, however galling it is to them.

I can only repeat, everything depends upon ourselves, upon what we do. There are a few papers, like the "Daily News," the "Star," and the "Spectator," which sustain our cause with cordiality, vigor, and talent.

The real secret of the exultation which manifests itself in the "Times" and other organs over our troubles and disasters is their hatred not to America so much as to democracy in England. We shall be let alone long enough for us to put down this mutiny if we

are ever going to do it. And I firmly believe it will be done in a reasonable time, and I tell everybody here that the great Republic will rise from the conflict stronger than ever, and will live to plague them many a long year.

. . . We shall probably remain another week in London, for I have not yet seen Lord Palmerston, whom I am most anxious to have some talk with, and he is expected to-morrow in London. While I was stopping with Lord John, the queen sent to intimate that she would be pleased if I would make a visit at Balmoral, which is their Highland home, about one and a half miles from Abergeldie. Accordingly, Lord John went over with me in his carriage. We were received entirely without ceremony by the Prince Consort (we were all dressed in the plainest morning costumes), who conversed very pleasantly with us, and I must say there was never more got out of the weather than we managed to extract from it on this occasion. After we had been talking some twenty minutes the door opened, and her Majesty, in a plain black gown, walked quietly into the room, and I was presented with the least possible ceremony by the Prince Consort. I had never seen her before, but the little photographs in every shop-window of Boston or London give you an exact representation of her.

They are so faithful that I do not feel that I know her appearance now better than I did before. Her voice is very agreeable and her smile pleasant. She received me very politely, said something friendly about my works, and then alluded with interest to the great pleasure which the Prince of Wales had experienced in his visit to America.

The Prince Consort spoke with great animation on the same subject. There is not much more to be said in regard to the interview. I thought that the sending for me was intended as a compliment to the United States, and a mark of respect to one of its representatives.

Most affectionately your son,
J. L. M.

To his Mother

Paris,
October 18, 1861.

My dearest Mother: . . . I have not had an opportunity of seeing the emperor, as he is at Compiègne. I saw the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Thouvenel, the other day, and had a long talk. So far as words go, he is satisfactory enough.

You are annoyed with the English press, nevertheless it is right to discriminate. The press is not the government, and the present English government has thus far given us no just cause of offense. Moreover, although we have many bitter haters in England, we have many warm friends. I sent you by the last steamer a speech of my friend Mr. Forster to his constituents. No man in England more thoroughly understands American politics than he does. There are few like him. . . .

Good-by, and God bless you, my dear mother.

Ever your affectionate son,
J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Paris,
October 25, 1861.

My dearest little Mary: Your letter of 5th of October arrived a few days ago, and we are glad to find that you are growing fat and hearty, although we hardly expected that result from the hot sun of your native land at this epoch. I am very grateful to all the kind friends who are so good to you. I hope your dear grandmama will continue to improve in health and strength, although I fear that Boston will hardly be so strengthening to her as Nahant. Give us as many details as you can of what you see and hear, in all affairs of public interest, military and political. You have no idea how we hunger and thirst for such details, and how entirely we depend upon you. I wish that you would keep a journal of what you see and hear that you think will interest us, and so when you write to your mother and me, you will merely have to refer to and copy from your diary. This will be a more satisfactory as well as an easier way of corresponding than it is to sit down at the last minute and write a hurried note.

Nothing makes letters more interesting than personal and private details of important events. You are living at this moment in a country on which the eyes of the whole world are fixed, and in the midst of one of the most momentous epochs of the world's history. Try to describe to us simply but fully whatever you see or hear that you think may be interesting to us. It will be a good mental occupation to yourself, and the results will be very welcome to us. Do not be

appalled at what I propose to you. I do not expect my dear little Mary to write me great political letters, and I shall not print them in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," but if you take pains you may make them a great comfort to us. So soon as I get to Vienna, I mean to write to a few of my friends who promised me letters, and shall hope at least for a reply. The object has been from the beginning, and is still, not to secede permanently from the Union, but to conquer the whole United States and make it all one slave State. Here are foes against whom it is legitimate to feel some resentment. But one would think it impossible for those engaged in a common resistance to this mutiny not to sink, for the period of the war at least, every petty feeling of dislike to each other. I am sure that I have none but the kindest feelings now to every man of whatever party in the free States—hunker, Democrat, Belleverettian, Republican, or abolitionist—provided they are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder to save the country from extinction.

Your affectionate
PAPA.

To his Mother

Vienna,
November 11, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: This is your birthday, and I cannot help writing a line to wish you joy and many happy and healthy returns of it. I am delighted to hear such good accounts of you and A——. I suppose by this time that you are established in town. I re-

ceived your letter, conjointly with the governor's, of October 12. We are far from comfortable yet. We are at the hotel called the Archduke Charles, where we are pretty well off, but the difficulty of finding apartments is something beyond expression. We have finally decided upon a rather small one, just vacated by the secretary of legation, Mr. Lippitt—a very intelligent man, a classmate of Lowell and Story. He has been here eight years, and is married to a lady of the place, daughter of a banker. He is very useful to me, and is quite sympathetic with my political views. I have had two interviews with Count Rechberg, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He received me with great cordiality, and informed me that my appointment had given very great pleasure to the emperor and the government, and that I was very well known to them by reputation. I am to have my formal audience of the emperor day after to-morrow; but I am already accredited by delivering an official copy of my letter of credence to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I have made the acquaintance of several of my colleagues. We dine with the English ambassador, Lord Bloomfield, to-morrow. He was secretary of embassy at St. Petersburg twenty years ago, when I was secretary of legation, and he received me like an old acquaintance. Lady Bloomfield is very amiable and friendly, and very kind and helpful to Mary in her puzzling commencements in official life. There is always much bother and boredom at setting off. When we have once shaken down into the ruts we shall go on well enough, no doubt. But our thoughts are ever at home. I never knew how intensely anxious I was till now that I am so far away. I get the telegrams in advance of the

press through my bankers, and Mary always begins to weep and wail before I open them. I do wish we could receive one good piece of news. But I am not disheartened. I feel perfect confidence that the great result cannot be but good and noble. As I am not an optimist by nature, and far from being constitutionally hopeful, there is no harm in my expressing myself thus. We are going through a fiery furnace, but we shall come forth purified. God bless you, my dearest mother. My love to the governor and all, great and small.

Your affectionate son,
J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Vienna,
November 14, 1861.

My dear Holmes: Your letter of October 8 awaited me here. I need not tell you with what delight I read it, and with what gratitude I found you so faithful to the promises which we exchanged on board the *Europa*. Your poem,[1] read at the Napoleon dinner, I had already read several times in various papers, and admired it very much, but I thank you for having the kindness to inclose it. As soon as I read your letter I sat down to reply, but I had scarcely written two lines when I received the first telegram of the Ball's Bluff affair. I instantly remembered what you had told me—that Wendell "was on the right of the ad-

[1] "Vive la France." A sentiment offered at the dinner to H. I. H. Prince Napoleon at the Revere House, September 25, 1861.

vance on the Upper Potomac, the post of honor and danger," and it was of course impossible for me to write to you till I had learned more, and you may easily conceive our intense anxiety. The bare, brutal telegram announcing a disaster arrives always four days before any details can possibly be brought. Well, after the four days came my London paper: but, as ill luck would have it, my American ones had not begun to arrive. At last, day before yesterday, I got a New York "Evening Post," which contained Frank Palfrey's telegram. Then our hearts were saddened enough by reading: "Willie Putnam, killed; Lee, Revere, and George Perry, captured"; but they were relieved of an immense anxiety by the words, "O. W. Holmes, Jr., slightly wounded."

Poor Mrs. Putnam! I wish you would tell Lowell (for to the mother or father I do not dare to write) to express the deep sympathy which I feel for their bereavement, that there were many tears shed in our little household in this distant place for the fate of his gallant, gentle-hearted, brave-spirited nephew. I did not know him much—not at all as grown man; but the name of Willie Putnam was a familiar sound to us six years ago on the banks of the Arno, for we had the pleasure of passing a winter in Florence at the same time with the Putnams, and I knew that that studious youth promised to be all which his name and his blood and the influences under which he was growing up entitled him to become. We often talked of American politics,—I mean his father and mother and ourselves,—and I believe that we thoroughly sympathized in our views and hopes. Alas! they could not then foresee that that fair-haired boy was after so short

a time destined to lay down his young life on the Potomac, in one of the opening struggles for freedom and law with the accursed institution of slavery. Well, it is a beautiful death—the most beautiful that man can die. Young as he was, he had gained name and fame, and his image can never be associated in the memory of the hearts which mourn for him except with ideas of honor, duty, and purity of manhood.

After we had read the New York newspaper, the next day came a batch of Boston dailies and a letter from my dear little Mary. I seized it with avidity and began to read it aloud, and before I had finished the first page it dropped from my hand, and we all three burst into floods of tears. Mary wrote that Harry Higginson, of the Second, had visited the camp of the Twentieth, and that Wendell Holmes was shot through the lungs and not likely to recover. It seemed too cruel, just as we had been informed that he was but slightly wounded. After the paroxysm was over, I picked up the letter and read a rather important concluding phrase of Mary's statement, viz., "But this, thank God, has proved to be a mistake." I think if you could have been clairvoyant, and looked in upon our dark little sitting-room of the Archduke Charles Hotel, fourth story, at that moment, you could have had proof enough, if you needed any fresh ones, of the strong hold that you and yours have on all our affections. There are very many youths in that army of freedom whose career we watch with intense interest; but Wendell Holmes is ever in our thoughts side by side with those of our own name and blood. I renounce all attempt to paint my anxiety about our affairs. I do not

regret that Wendell is with the army. It is a noble and healthy symptom that brilliant, intellectual, poetical spirits like his spring to arms when a noble cause like ours inspires them. The race of Philip Sydneys is not yet extinct, and I honestly believe that as much genuine chivalry exists in our free States at this moment as there is or ever was in any part of the world, from the crusaders down. I did not say a word when I was at home to Lewis Stackpole about his plans, but I was very glad when he wrote to me that he had accepted a captaincy in Stevenson's regiment. I suppose by this time they are in the field.

There, you see how truly I spoke when I said that I could write nothing to you worth hearing, while I, on the contrary, should be ever hungering and thirsting to hear from you. Our thoughts are always in America, but I am obliged to rely upon you for letters. Sam Hooper promised to write (I am delighted to see, by the way, that he has been nominated, as I hoped would be the case, for Congress), and William Amory promised; but you are the only one thus far who has kept promises. I depend on your generosity to send me very often a short note. No matter how short, it will be a living, fresh impression from the mint of your mind—a bit of pure gold worth all the copper counterfeits which circulate here in Europe. Nobody on this side the Atlantic has the faintest conception of our affairs. Let me hear from time to time, as often as you can, how you are impressed by the current events, and give me details of such things as immediately interest you. Tell me all about Wendell. How does your wife stand her trials? Give my love to her

and beg her to keep up a brave heart. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* And how will those youths who stay at home "account themselves accursed they were not there," when the great work has been done, as done it will be! Of that I am as sure as that there is a God in heaven.

What can I say to you of cisatlantic things? I am almost ashamed to be away from home. You know that I decided to remain, and had sent for my family to come to America, when my present appointment altered my plans. I do what good I can. I think I made some impression on Lord John Russell, with whom I spent two days soon after my arrival in England; and I talked very frankly, and as strongly as I could, to Lord Palmerston; and I had long conversations and correspondences with other leading men in England. I also had an hour's talk with Thouvenel [1] in Paris, and hammered the Northern view into him as soundly as I could. For this year there will be no foreign interference with us, and I do not anticipate it at any time, unless we bring it on ourselves by bad management, which I do not expect. Our fate is in our own hands, and Europe is looking on to see which side is the strongest. When it has made the discovery, it will back it as also the best and the most moral. Yesterday I had my audience with the emperor. He received me with much cordiality, and seemed interested in a long account which I gave him of our affairs. You may suppose I inculcated the Northern view. We spoke in his vernacular, and he asked me afterward if I was a German. I mention this not from vanity, but because he asked it with earnestness and as if it had

[1] Minister of Foreign Affairs.

a political significance. Of course I undeceived him. His appearance interested me, and his manner is very pleasing.

Good-by; all our loves to all.

Ever your sincere friend,

J. L. M.

Remember me most kindly to the club, one and all. I have room for their names in my heart, but not in this page.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
November 29, 1861.

My dear Motley: I know you will let me begin with my personal story, for you have heard before this time about Ball's Bluff and its disasters, and among them that my boy came in for his honorable wounds. Wendell's experience was pretty well for a youngster of twenty. He was standing in front of his men when a spent ball struck him in the stomach and knocked him flat, taking his wind out of him at the same time. He made shift to crawl off a little, the colonel, at whose side he was standing, telling him to go to the rear. Presently he began to come right, and found he was not seriously injured. By the help of a sergeant he got up, and went to the front again. He had hardly been there two or three minutes when he was struck by a second ball, knocked down, and carried off. His shirt was torn from him, and he was found to be shot through the heart—it was supposed through the

lungs. The ball had entered exactly over the heart on the left side and come out on the right side, where it was found—a Minie ball. The surgeon thought he was mortally wounded, and he supposed so, too. Next day better; next after that, wrote me a letter. Had no bad symptoms, and it became evident that the ball had passed outside the cavities containing the heart and lungs. He got on to Philadelphia, where he stayed a week, and a fortnight ago yesterday I brought him to Boston on a bed in the cars. He is now thriving well, able to walk, but has a considerable open wound, which, if the bone has to exfoliate, will keep him from camp for many weeks at the least. A most narrow escape from instant death! Wendell is a great pet in his character of young hero with wounds in the heart, and receives visits *en grand seigneur*. I envy my white Othello, with a semicircle of young Desdemonas about him listening to the often-told story which they will have over again.

You know how well all our boys behaved. In fact, the defeat at Ball's Bluff, disgraceful as it was to the planners of the stupid sacrifice, is one as much to be remembered and to be proud of as that of Bunker Hill. They did all that men could be expected to do, and the courage and energy of some of the young captains saved a large number of men by getting them across the river a few at a time, at the imminent risk on their own part of being captured or shot while crossing.

I can tell you nothing, I fear, of public matters that you do not know already. How often I thought of your account of the great Armada when our own naval expedition was off, and we were hearing news from all along the coast of the greatest gale which had blown

for years! It seemed a fatality, and the fears we felt were unutterable. Imagine what delight it was when we heard that the expedition had weathered the gale and met with entire success in its most important object.

To his Mother

Vienna,
December, 1, 1861.

My dearest Mother: Your letter of November 5 reached us a few days ago. It is always a great delight to me to receive a note, however short, from your hand, and this time it was a nice, long, and very interesting letter. God knows how long we shall be able to correspond at all, for what I have been dreading more than anything else since our Civil War began seems now, alas! inevitable. Before this reaches you the Southerners have obtained an advantage which all their generals and diplomatists would not have procured for them in twenty years—the alliance of England and the assistance of her fleets and armies. As a technical point, I shall ever remain of opinion that a merchant ship like the *Trent* is no portion of neutral soil, and that therefore it is no asylum for any individual against a ship of war exercising its belligerent rights on the high seas. The jurisdiction of English merchant vessels is municipal and extends only to their own subjects. It cannot legally protect the enemies of the United States against the United States government. The law of nations prevails on the ocean, and the law of war is a part of that code. The law of war

allows you to deal with your enemy where you can find him, and to intercept an ambassador on his passage to a neutral country, provided you can do it without violating neutral soil. A ship of war is deemed a portion of its sovereign's soil; a merchantman is not; so that if the *Trent* was not a ship of war, and was not within three miles of a neutral coast, I should say that the arrest of Mason and Slidell was legal according to public laws and to the decisions of English admiralty, and according to the uniform practice of the English cruisers throughout the early part of this century. We know too well how many of our sailors were taken from our merchant vessels and compelled to serve against nations at peace with us. But all this signifies nothing.

The English crown lawyers have decided that the arrest was illegal, and it is certainly not in accordance with the principles which we formerly sustained, although it is with the English practice. So England has at last the opportunity which a very large portion of its inhabitants (although not the whole, nor perhaps even a majority) have been panting for, and they step into the field with the largest fleet which the world has ever seen as champions and allies of the Southern Confederacy. If the commander of the *Jacinto* acted according to his instructions, I hardly see how we are to extricate ourselves from this dilemma, and it remains nevertheless true that Mason and Slidell have done us more damage now than they ever could have done as diplomatists. I am sorry to have taken up the whole of my letter with this theme. Our thoughts are of nothing else, and our life is in telegrams. I never expect another happy hour, and am almost broken-

hearted. My whole soul was in the cause of the United States government against this pro-slavery mutiny, and I never doubted our ultimate triumph; but if the South has now secured the alliance of England, a restoration of the Union becomes hopeless.

We are on very good terms with the English ambassador here and Lady Bloomfield, and they, as well as most of the members of the embassy, have always expressed themselves in the most frank and sympathetic language in regard to our government and our cause, and even now that this incident has occurred, Lord Bloomfield, in discussing the matter with me last night, expressed the deepest regret, together with the most earnest hope that the affair might be arranged, although neither he nor I can imagine how such a result is to be reached. We are, as you may suppose, very unhappy, and have really nothing to say about our life here. If Vienna were paradise it would be gloomy under such circumstances. Mary and Lily are both well, and join me in much love to you and my father and all the family.

I shall write by the next steamer, if only a single page like this. Perhaps the communications will be stopped before your answer can arrive.

God bless you. And believe me

Your ever-affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
December 1, 1861.

My darling little Mary: I am only writing you a note to say that we three are all well, but, as you may

suppose, most unhappy. The prospect that our ports are to be blockaded by the English fleets, and no communications possible perhaps for years, fills us with gloom. . . . We have just received intelligence that the English crown lawyers have decided that the arrest of Mason and Slidell was illegal and an insult to England, and that the government has decided to demand their liberation, together with an apology to them and compensation. This intelligence is only telegraphic, and may be exaggerated. If it prove genuine it is simply a declaration of war. From America our latest dates are a telegram, dated November 15, announcing the arrival of Mason and Slidell at Fortress Monroe. If that, too, be correct, it shows that the government had no intention of releasing them, and of course cannot do so when summoned by England. Our next letters and newspapers should arrive to-morrow or next day, with dates to the 20th.

With regard to the war, we have only the rumored, but not authentic, intelligence that 15,000 men had been landed by the fleet at Beaufort. Now I must thank you for your nice, long, interesting letter of November 9–11. I cannot tell you how much we all depend upon your letters. You are our only regular correspondent and mainstay. You cannot write too much, or give us too many details. Everything you tell us about persons is deeply interesting.

Your affectionate

PAPAGEI.[1]

[1] "Parrot," a familiar signature to his daughters.

To his Second Daughter

December 10, 1861.

My dearest little Mary: The cotton brokers and spinners have been making a great row about the blockade, and the "Times," half official organ of government, has thrown off all disguise and comes out openly as the supporter of the Southern Confederacy through thick and thin, and clamors for war with America and cheap cotton and free trade with Charleston and New Orleans. Just now, nobody but Bright has the manliness to lift up his voice in the midst of the storm. You will see and read his magnificent speech; but he is hated and feared by the governing classes in England. I run on this way because I can think of nothing else. Perhaps this horrible danger may blow over. Since, I have had a letter from Mr. Adams, and feel a little calmer; but I fear the voice of the mob in New York. I repeat, we can avoid the war without dishonor by holding fast to the principles always maintained by us.[1] As to the expediency of such a course, provided it be honorable, nobody out of a lunatic asylum can doubt. God bless you, dear child. Write often and long letters; we depend on our little "special correspondent." Give our loves to grandpapa and grandmama, all our dear ones at home, great and small.

Your affectionate

Papa.

[1] This was the course taken by the government of the United States.

To his Mother

Vienna,
December 16, 1861.

My dearest Mother: It is painful to me to write under such circumstances, but I suppose it is better to send a line. While I write, we have not yet received a telegram of the steamer *Asia*, to leave December 4, and to bring the President's message. Perhaps before this note is posted this afternoon it will arrive. The telegrams are always sent to me in manuscript by my bankers here very soon after they arrive, and I cannot tell you the sickening feeling of anxiety with which we look at the little bit of folded paper brought in by a servant on a salver, which I always take up between my thumb and finger with loathing, as if it were a deadly asp about to sting us. If the President does not commit the government in his message I shall breathe again. I do not enter into the law or the history. I simply feel that if a war is to take place *now* between England and America I shall be in danger of losing my reason. To receive at this distance those awful telegrams day by day announcing, in briefest terms, bombardment of Boston, destruction of the Federal fleet, occupation of Washington and New York by the Confederates and their English allies, and all these thousand such horrors, while I am forced to sit so far away, will be too much to bear.

It is mere brag and fustian to talk about fighting England and the South at once, and I have a strong hope that Mr. Chase, who has to find the money, and General McClellan, who knows whether he has not already got enough on his own shoulders, will prevent

this consummation of our ruin. If we are capable of taking a noble stand now, if we hold on to our traditional principle, the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the seas, instead of copying the ancient practice of England, we shall achieve the greatest possible triumph. We shall have peace by announcing to the world a high and noble policy, instead of desperate warfare by adopting an abominable one. The English government has fortunately given us a chance by resting its case on the impropriety of allowing a naval officer to act as judge of admiralty.[1] When I first wrote to you on this subject I had only a word or two of information by telegraph, and that was exaggerated. The English demand seemed a declaration of war. It appears that it is not so, and I have still a faint hope. I will say no more on the subject. We are beginning to get accustomed to Vienna. It is a somber place at first, and our feelings about home just now would serve as a pall for the mansions of the blessed. The diplomatic corps are all friendly and cordial, and we are beginning to see something of the Viennese. But I have no heart for anything.

God bless you, my dear mother. Heaven grant that there may be some better news coming!

Your ever-affectionate son,

J. L. M.

P. S. I have just got a telegram that the President does not mention the *Trent* affair. This is a blessed sign.

[1] This point was treated fully in Mr. Seward's letter to the British minister, announcing the release of Messrs. Slidell and Mason.

CHAPTER XVI

VIENNA, 1862 *(Continued)*

Mr. Bright's letter on the *Trent* affair negotiations and on the blockade—Settlement of the *Trent* affair—The war and slavery party in England—Society in Vienna compared with that in London—Austrian sympathy with the North—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—The South and slavery—Mr. Conway—Letter from Lord Wensleydale on international questions and law—Vienna theaters—The privilege of prophesying—"Songs in Many Keys"—Feeling in England toward the North—Democracy in England and America—The prospect in America—Slavery must be abolished—A policy of "Thorough"—Lowell's "Yankee Idyl"—The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Mr. Quincy—Enthusiasm on capture of Fort Donelson—The court in Vienna—"Compromise was killed at Sumter"—Achievements of the North—The canal—The *Monitor*—General Burnside—What is to come after the war?—Reflections on the war—The Union must survive—Eulogium of Lincoln—The sovereignty of the People—Louis Napoleon's endeavor to induce England to join in the war—General McClellan—The Richmond battles—Abraham Hayward—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Forecasts—Rumors from the front—Enthusiasm at Boston—Letter to Baron von Bismarck—The cardinal principle of American diplomacy—Reflections on the war—General McClellan—Concentration of troops on the Rappahannock—Cedar Mountain battle—Letter from Mr. J. S. Mill on the war—Mr. Dicey's "Notes of a Journey in America"—Laws and rights of war—A letter from Mr. J. S. Mill—Lincoln's antislavery proclamation—English and French sympathy with the North—Action of the English government—Incidents of the war—Elections in America—French policy—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—The mischief of "mercantile materialism"—The Crown Princess of Prussia—Mr. Froude's and Thomas Carlyle's histories—General Wadsworth—Death of Mrs. d'Hauteville—Results of elections.

From Mr. John Bright

Rochdale,
January 9, 1862.

I RECEIVED your letter with great pleasure, and I should have written to you sooner save for the sore anxiety which has pressed upon me of late in dread of the calamity from which escape seemed so unlikely. The news received here last night, if correct, gives us reason to believe that the immediate danger is over, and that your government, looking only to the great interests of the Union, has had the wisdom and the *courage* to yield, in the face of menaces calculated to excite the utmost passion, and such as it would not have been subjected to had the internal tranquillity of the Union been undisturbed. What has happened will leave a great grievance in the minds of your people, and may bear evil fruit hereafter; for there has been shown them no generosity such as became a friendly nation, and no sympathy with them in their great calamity. I must ask you, however, to understand that all Englishmen are not involved in this charge. Our ruling class, by a natural instinct, hates democratic and republican institutions, and it dreads the example of the United States upon its own permanency here. You have a sufficient proof of this in the violence with which I have been assailed because I pointed to the superior condition of your people, and to the economy of your government, and to the absence of "foreign politics" in your policy, saving you from the necessity of great armaments and wars and debt. The people who form what is called "society" at the "West End" of London, whom you know well enough, are as

a class wishful that your democratic institutions should break down, and that your country should be divided and enfeebled. I am not guessing at this; I know it to be true; and it will require great care on the part of all who love peace to prevent further complications and dangers.

The immediate effect of the discussions of the last month and of the moderation and courage of your government has been favorable to the North, and men have looked with amazement and horror at the project of enlisting England on the side of slavedom; and I am willing to hope that, as your government shows strength to cope with the insurrection, opinion here will go still more in the right direction. The only danger I can see is in the blockade and in the interruption of the supply of cotton. The governments of England and France may imagine that it would relieve the industry of the two countries to raise the blockade; but this can only be done by negotiation with your government or by making war upon it. I don't see how your government can at present consent to do it, and if it has some early success, the idea of war may be abandoned if it has already been entertained.

Charleston harbor is now a thing of the past; if New Orleans and Mobile were in possession of the government, then the blockade might be raised without difficulty, for Savannah might, I suppose, easily be occupied. Trade might be interdicted at all other Southern ports and opened at New Orleans, Mobile, and Savannah under the authority of the government. Thus duties would begin to be received, and cotton would begin to come down, if there be any men in the interior who are disposed to peace and

who prefer the Union and safety to secession and ruin.

I hope all may go well. The whole human race has a deep interest in your success. The restoration of your Union and the freedom of the negro, or the complete control of what slavery may yet remain, are objects for which I hope with an anxiety not exceeded by that of any man born on American soil, and my faith is strong that I shall see them accomplished.

I sent your message to Mr. Cobden; he is anxious on the blockade question, but I hope his fears may not be realized.

When you come back to England I shall expect to see you, and I trust by that time the sky may be clearer.

I am very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
January 13, 1862.

DEAREST LITTLE MARY: The cloud has blown over for the present, at least, and the war with England has been averted by the firmness, tact, prudence, and sense of right displayed by our government. I have been thinking, talking, writing so much of this *Trent* affair that I am determined not to fill my letters with it any longer, now that it is settled. I will, however, make one observation in regard to England. We must not confound the efforts of the war faction in that country with the whole nation. By so doing we commit a great injustice, and do ourselves an immense injury. There is a strong pro-slavery party in England, which has almost thrown off all disguise in their fury in regard

to the *Trent* affair. This party seized upon the first plausible pretext that had been offered to them since our Civil War began, and used it with all their energy to bring about the instant recognition of the Southern Confederacy, the raising of the blockade, and a destructive war against us. There has been a daily manifestation of pro-slavery sympathy in the Tory party in England, shared to a considerable extent by a certain portion of the Whigs. The course of the government of England has been courteous and proper, and we make a mistake in attributing too much importance to the manifestations of the press. As a member of the English cabinet says to me in a letter written so soon as the news of peace came, in order to express his joy and sympathize with mine: "What mischief the press of both countries has been doing! Your people quote our 'Times,' we quote the New York 'Herald,' and mutual exasperation is natural enough." This is the Duke of Argyll, as sincere and warm a friend to America and to everything good in it as any one of our own countrymen. I had a letter from Layard, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, written in the same spirit.

There is no doubt that there is a large and strong party, probably a majority, that hates the idea of a war with America, and is much relieved by the pacific termination to this quarrel. On the other hand, no doubt, the pro-slavery faction is very active and noisy, and we shall have no end of efforts in the coming session of Parliament to procure the recognition of the slave Confederacy. One thing is perfectly certain: if we continue to daily with the subject of emancipation much longer, and continue our efforts to suppress the rebellion without daring to lay a finger on its cause, we

shall have the slave Confederacy recognized by all the governments of Europe before midsummer. The pro-slavery party in England dare not *avow* itself in favor of slavery, for that institution is so odious to the great mass of the English nation as to consign any party *openly* supporting it to destruction; but it contents itself with persuading the public that slavery has nothing to do with secession, that the North is no more anti-slavery than the South, and that therefore all the sympathies of liberal Englishmen ought to be given to the weaker of the two sections, which is striving by a war of self-defense to relieve itself from a tyrannical oppression, and so on. An answer to this insidious reasoning will, I hope, be soon furnished by the action of Congress.

My dear child, I have been writing to you as if you were Mr. Seward or Abraham Lincoln, and I have half a mind to scratch your name from the top of the letter and substitute that of one of these worthies. However, you have become such a furious politician that I dare say you will excuse such a long political letter. Your last letter, of December 23, gave us much pleasure, as do all your letters. You cannot give us too many details, or write too much or too often. We think of nothing but America now.

I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Yesterday your mother and I went to a great diplomatic dinner at Prince Liechtenstein's. About thirty people, mostly dips. The prince is kind-hearted, genial, with charming manners; the princess very much the same. In the absence of the court, on account of the illness of the empress, they do a little entertaining in a kind of vice-regal way. Last week we all turned out in cocked hats

and laced coats to make an evening call, in order to express New Year's wishes and ask after the health of the emperor and empress. We had an extremely pleasant dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, and we dine occasionally with our colleagues of the diplomatic corps, many of whom are very agreeable. To-morrow night is the first ball of the season. It is the first of a set called picnics, the Vienna Almack's subscription balls for the *crème de la crème*. Lily will give you an account of it when she writes next week. The winter is not likely to be gay, but I feel already a little better disposed to look for blue sky, now that our government, and especially our much-abused Secretary of State, have manifested so much magnanimity and real statesmanship. I never felt so much confidence as I do now in the Washington authorities.

I do not yet begin to enjoy society. Much English society, I regret almost to say, is very spoiling for any other kind. Yet there is a great charm of manner about the Austrians. The great distinction between Vienna and London company is that here the fine world is composed exclusively of folks of rank and title; *there*, every illustration from the world of science, art, letters, politics, and finance mingles in full proportion with the patricians, and on equal terms. Society so constituted *must* be entertaining and instructive.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
January 22, 1862.

Dearest little Mary: There is much sympathy for us in Austria, more, I should say, than in any country

in Europe. The most widely circulated journal of Vienna, "Die Presse," has a leading article almost every day on the subject, as warm, as strong, as sympathetic, and as well informed even to the minutest details as if it were written in Washington or Boston. This moment I have been interrupted by a visit from a field-marshal, whom I did not know, but who introduced himself to ask my advice about a young military friend who wished to serve in our army. Another gentleman called yesterday in behalf of a young man, son of one of the ministers of the grand duchy of Baden. I receive letters daily from officers in all parts of Austria, and two or three warriors were here this morning before I was up. I could have furnished half a dozen regiments since I have been here, but of course I can only say that I have nothing to do with the War Department, and that any one who wishes to try his chance must betake himself to Washington.

Lily has been to two or three balls, and enjoyed herself. The picnic balls, something like Almack's, are once a fortnight. The first took place last week, and Lily danced till three. She went with her mother, and I was allowed to stay at home, as it is not very amusing for an elderly party like me to look on at the mazy dance.

Ever your affectionate

PAPAGEI.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
February 3, 1862.

. . . We are the conquerors of nature, they [1] of nature's weaker children. We thrive on reverses and

[1] The Confederates.

disappointments. I have never believed they could endure them. Like Prince Rupert's drop, the unannealed fabric of rebellion shuts an explosive element in its resisting shell that will rend it in pieces as soon as its tail, not its head, is fairly broken off. That is what I think—I, safe prophet of a private correspondence, free to be convinced of my own ignorance and presumption by events as they happen, and to prophesy again; for what else do we live for but to guess the future, in small things or great, that we may help to shape it or ourselves to it? Your last letter was so full of interest by the expression of your own thoughts and the transcripts of those of your English friends, especially the words of John Bright,—one of the two foreigners that I want to see and thank, the other being Count Gasparin,—that I feel entirely inadequate to make any fitting return for it. I meet a few wise persons, who for the most part know little; some who know a good deal, but are not wise. I was at a dinner at Parker's the other day, where Governor Andrew and Emerson and various unknown dingy-linened friends met to hear Mr. Conway, the not unfamous Unitarian minister of Washington, Virginia-born, with seventeen secesh cousins, fathers, and other relatives, tell of his late experiences at the seat of government. He had talked awhile with Father Abraham, who, as he thinks, is honest enough. He himself is an out-and-out immediate emancipationist, believes that is the only way to break the strength of the South, that the black man is the life of the South, that the Southerners dread work above all things, and cling to the slave as a drudge that makes life tolerable to them. He believes that the blacks know all that is said and done with reference to them in the North; that their

longing for freedom is unutterable; that once assured of it under Northern protection, the institution would be doomed. I don't know whether you remember Conway's famous "One Path" sermon of six or eight years ago. It brought him immediately into notice. I think it was Judge Curtis (Ben) who commended it to my attention. He talked with a good deal of spirit. I know you would have gone with him in his leading ideas. Speaking of the communication of knowledge among the slaves, he said if he were on the Upper Mississippi and proclaimed emancipation, it would be told in New Orleans before the telegraph could carry the news there.

I am busy with my lectures at the college, and don't see much of the world, but I will tell you what I see and hear from time to time, if you like to have me. I gave your message to the club, who always listen with enthusiasm when your name is mentioned. My boy is here still, detailed on recruiting duty, quite well. I hope you are all well, and free from all endemic irritations such as Sir Thomas Browne refers to when he says that "colical persons will find little comfort in Austria or Vienna."

With kindest remembrances to you all,

Yours always,

O. W. H.

From Lord Wensleydale

Ampthill,
February 7, 1862.

My dear Motley: My dear wife and myself have had for weeks past a great longing to hear something

about you and your belongings. As I do not know how to gain information on that not uninteresting subject from any other quarter, I must ask you myself how you are all going on. I did hear, some month or two ago, that Mrs. Motley and your daughters were going to spend a part of the winter at Pau; two or three weeks since I was told this was inaccurate, and that you are now all at Vienna together, which is much more satisfactory, no doubt, to you and your friends.

I hope you all found it as agreeable as we did on two different occasions when we spent some days there in 1835 and 1853. To be sure, you do not live among a free people, as you and I have been accustomed to do, but you live, as I have found, among a people full of bonhomie and kindness, well disposed and quiet, with a fair admixture of intelligence, brave and loyal; and it sometimes happens that our freedom prevents our being so agreeable. We found abundant civility from Esterhazy, whom I dare say you know. I was in great anxiety at the time of the unfortunate affair of the *Trent*. How I should have hated to be at war with your free and great country! How unfeignedly I rejoiced to hear the almost unexpected news that the dispute was settled, and how sincerely I hope that no other event will occur to prevent us remaining at peace with each other forever! Your immediate fellow-countrymen, the Northerners, have much too strong a feeling that we do not wish them well. The "Times" and other papers have dealt so much and so long in abuse and insolent remarks, and are in such circulation here, that your fellow-countrymen assume they express the public feeling, which I think is far from being the case. No doubt we were provoked by the proceeding

of Captain Wilkes. The sentiment was unanimous and intense, but as the act has been disavowed (and it could not possibly have been justified), the feeling is rapidly dying away, and I hope we shall continue good friends, and I am sure we shall endeavor to act with perfect neutrality between the belligerents: for such they must be considered to be, though you were, in my opinion, perfectly right in those two letters you published in the early part of the summer, when you proved the Southerners then to be *rebels*. We lawyers feel rather inclined to be surprised that so much bad international law should be laid down by such authorities as Messrs. Everett, Seward, G. and C. Sumner. There is but one opinion on that subject among us. Most of them relied upon a dictum of Lord Stowell, not fully explained in our treatises on international law, viz., that ambassadors were seizable whilst proceeding from a belligerent to a neutral country. All that was meant was that an ambassador was seizable in passing through the country of a belligerent—that his diplomatic character would not protect him there.

The last despatches of Earl Russell, stating the legal argument, are very good—all the legal parts the Solicitor-General's, Roundell Palmer. This was mentioned last night in the House of Lords.

I hope what the noble earl and also Lord Granville said as to future conduct on our part may not be unacceptable in America.

My lady is a great sufferer from gout, having been since Saturday in bed. I began the New Year with a week of bed from the same cause. I am now well.

She desires her kindest remembrances to your ladies

and yourself, and sincere good wishes for your prosperity. I agree most truly.

Believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WENSLEYDALE.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
February 16, 1862.

MY DARLING MARY: You complain of not getting letters often enough, and you think I might write more than I do. But, my dear child, you must remember how little of interest we have to speak to you about, and how many correspondents. I have this moment counted the letters lying unanswered on my table. There are seventeen. And yet I write letters all day long. I do not complain, for I am so greedy to receive letters from America that I am very willing to do my part in the correspondence. You are where all our interests and all our thoughts are. Here, when I have told you that your mama and Lily and I are well, and that Susie was jolly by the last accounts, I have said all. Our life is very humdrum. Once in a while we dine out, not very often, and the dinner is not an institution as in London. The hour is generally five, and it is all over by seven, for that is the hour at which the theater begins, and everybody thinks it necessary to go, or to make believe to go, either to the opera or the theater. Both these houses are very small for a large town, and all the boxes are taken by the season, so that it is only when some of our friends send us a

box that we can go. In self-defense, when the season for hiring arrives, we must take one.

The opera-house is tolerably good, the singing so-so. The theater, the Burg Theater, as it is called, because it makes part of the imperial castle or palace, is the funniest, shabbiest ramshackle old place you can imagine. The chandelier would hardly give sufficient light for an ordinary saloon. There are two little rows of about a dozen oil-lamps in it, and one with a few more. You can hardly see across the house, although it is very narrow and as straight as an omnibus. All your friends and acquaintances are in the boxes, and you can just discern their noble features glimmering through the darkness. *En revanche*, the acting is excellent. Every part is well sustained in comedy and farce, and there are one or two rather remarkable actors. I have not yet seen a tragedy: we are sufficiently dismal in the world without weeping over fictitious woes. On the whole, there is something to my mind rather aristocratic and imperial in this very shabby, dingy little theater, with its admirable acting, with its boxes filled with archdukes and princes and ambassadors. You can have gorgeously gilt, brand-new theaters anywhere in Paris or Buffalo, but you would find it difficult to find so select a set of actors and spectators.

Lily has been to a few balls, all that have been given; the picnics, five of them—subscription assemblies, like Almack's or Papanti's. The last one, the most brilliant of the season, at Marquis Pallavicini's, she lost, because it was on a Sunday. To-morrow night we go to one at Prince Schwarzenberg's, which will be very fine, I doubt not, and, as they say, the last of the season. You see we do not lead very dissipated lives. We take

the deepest interest in American affairs. In truth, we never think or talk of anything else.

Your loving

PAPA.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Legation of the United States of America, Vienna,
February 26, 1862.

MY DEAR HOLMES: You are the most generous and delightful of correspondents and friends. I have two long and most interesting letters of yours to acknowledge, the first of 7th January, the second of 3d February. They are exactly the kind of letters which I most value. I want running commentaries on men and events produced on such a mind as yours by the rapidly developing history of our country at its most momentous crisis. I take great pleasure in reading your prophecies, and intend to be just as free in hazarding my own, for, as you so well say, our mortal life is but a string of guesses at the future, and no one but an idiot would be discouraged at finding himself sometimes far out in his calculations. If I find you signally right in any of your predictions, be sure that I will congratulate and applaud. If you make mistakes, you shall never hear of them again, and I promise to forget them. Let me ask the same indulgence from you in return. This is what makes letter-writing a comfort and journalism dangerous. For this reason, especially as I am now in an official position, I have the greatest horror lest any of my crudities should get into print. I have also to acknowledge the receipt

of a few lines to Wendell. They gave me very great pleasure. I am delighted to hear of his entire recovery, and I suppose you do not object, so much as he does, to his being detained for a time from camp by recruiting service. I shall watch his career with deep interest. Just now we are intensely anxious about the Burnside expedition, of which, as you know, my nephew Lewis Stackpole is one. He is almost like my son. I feel very proud of his fine intellectual and manly qualities, and although it is a sore trial to his mother to part with him, yet I am sure that she would in future days have regretted his enrolment in the "stay-at-home rangers."

That put me in mind to acknowledge the receipt of "Songs in Many Keys." It lies on our drawing-room table, and is constantly in our hands. I cannot tell you how much pleasure I derived from it. Many of the newer pieces I already know by heart, and admire them as much as you know I have always done their predecessors. The "Ballad" is in a new vein for you, and is, I think, most successful. If I might venture to mention the separate poems by name which most please me, I should certainly begin with "Iris, her Book," "Under the Violets," "The Voiceless," which are full of tenderness and music. Then the clarion ring of the verses for the centennial celebration of Burns has an immense charm for me, and so the trumpet tones of "The Voice of the Loyal North"; but I should go on a long time if I tried to express my honest and hearty admiration for the volume as fully as it deserves. I thank you most sincerely for it, and I assure you that you increase in fullness and power and artistic finish without losing any of your youthful freshness of imagi-

nation. I am glad that the emperor had the sense to appreciate your "Vive la France." I agree with him that it is *plein d'inspiration* and exceedingly happy. I admire it the more because for the moment it communicated to me the illusion under the spell of which you wrote it. For of course France hates us as much as England does, and Louis Napoleon is capable of playing us a trick at any moment.

I am obliged to reason like a cosmopolite. The English have a right to hate America if they instinctively feel that the existence of a great, powerful, prosperous, democratic republic is a standing menace to the tenure of their own privileges. I think the instinct false, however, to a certain extent. Physical, historical, and geographical conditions make our democratic commonwealth a possibility, while they are nearly all wanting in England. I do not think the power or glory or prosperity of the English monarchy any menace to our institutions. I think it an unlucky and unreasoning perverseness which has led the English aristocracy to fear our advance in national importance. I do not mean that, on the whole, the government has behaved ill to us. Especially international dealings with us have been courteous and conciliatory. I like personally English ways, English character, Englishmen and Englishwomen. It is a great empire in arts and arms, and their hospitalities are very pleasant. Nevertheless, I love my own country never so much as at this moment. Never did I feel so strong a faith in her destiny as now. Of John Bright we have already spoken, and of the daily and noble battle waged for us by the "Daily News" (which I hope you read); and now how must we all rejoice at the magnificent essay in "Fra-

ser's Magazine'' by the acknowledged chief of English thinkers, John Stuart Mill!

It is awful to reflect that the crisis of our fate is so rapidly approaching. The ides of March will be upon us before this letter reaches you. We have got to squash the rebellion soon, or be squashed forever as a nation—*aut fer, aut feri.* I do not pretend to judge military plans or the capacity of generals: but, as you suggest, perhaps I can take a more just view of the whole picture of this eventful struggle at this great distance than do those absolutely acting and suffering in the scene. Nor can I resist the desire to prophesy any more than you do, knowing that I may prove utterly mistaken. I say, then, our great danger comes from foreign interference. What will prevent that? Our utterly defeating the Confederates in some *great* and *conclusive* battle, or our possession of the cotton ports and opening them to European trade, or a most *unequivocal policy* of slave-emancipation. Any one of these three conditions would stave off recognition by foreign powers until we had ourselves abandoned the attempt to reduce the South to obedience.

The last measure is to my mind the most important. The South has, by going to war with the United States government, *thrust into our hands against our will* the invincible weapon which constitutional reasons have hitherto forbidden us to employ. At the same time, it has given us the power to remedy a great wrong to four millions of the human race, in which we have hitherto been obliged to acquiesce. We are threatened with national annihilation, and defied to use the only means of national preservation. The question is distinctly proposed to us, Shall slavery die, or the great

Republic? It is most astounding to me that there can be two opinions in the free States as to the answer. If we do fall, we deserve our fate. At the beginning of the contest, constitutional scruples might be respectable. But now we are fighting to subjugate the South, that is, slavery. We are fighting for the Union. Who wishes to destroy the Union? The slaveholders. Nobody else. Are we to spend $1,200,000,000 and raise 600,000 soldiers in order to *protect* slavery?

It really does seem to me too simple for argument. I am anxiously waiting for the coming Columbus who will set this egg of ours on end by smashing in the slavery end. We shall be rolling about in every direction until that is done. I do not know that it is to be done by proclamation—rather, perhaps, by facts. Well, I console myself by thinking that the people, the American people at least, is about as wise collectively as less numerous collections of individuals, and that the people has really decreed emancipation and is only puzzling how to carry it into effect. After all, it seems to be a law of Providence that progress should be by a spiral movement, so that when we seem most tortuous we may perhaps be going ahead. I am firm in the faith that slavery is now wriggling itself to death. With slavery in its primitive vigor I should think the restored Union neither possible nor desirable. Do not understand me as not taking fully into account all the strategical considerations against premature governmental utterances on this great subject.

But are there any trustworthy friends of the Union among the slaveholders? Should we lose many Kentuckians and Virginians who are now with us if we boldly confiscated the slaves of all rebels? And a con-

fiscation of property which has legs and so confiscates itself at command is not only a legal, but would prove a very practical, measure in time of war. In brief, the time is fast approaching, I think, when "Thorough" should be written on all our banners. Slavery will never accept a subordinate position. The great Republic and slavery cannot both survive. We have been defied to mortal combat, and yet we hesitate to strike. These are my poor thoughts on this great subject. Perhaps you will think them crude.

I was much struck with what you quote from Mr. Conway, that if emancipation was proclaimed on the Upper Mississippi it would be known to the negroes of Louisiana in advance of the telegraph. And if once the blacks had leave to run, how many whites would have to stay at home to guard their dissolving property?

You have had enough of my maunderings. But before I conclude them, may I ask you to give all our kindest regards to Lowell, and to express our admiration for the "Yankee Idyl"? I am afraid of using too extravagant language if I say all I think about it. Was there ever anything more stinging, more concentrated, more vigorous, more just? He has condensed into those few pages the essence of a hundred diplomatic papers and historical disquisitions and Fourth of July orations. I have very pleasant relations with all the "J. B.'s"[1] here. They are all friendly and well disposed to the North. I speak of the embassy, which, with the ambassador and ambassadress, numbers eight or ten souls, some of them very intellectual ones.

Shall I say anything of Austria? What can I say

[1] Cf. "Jonathan to John," in "The Biglow Papers."

that would interest you? That is the reason why I hate to write. All my thoughts are in America. Do you care to know about the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian (if L. N.[1] has his way)? He is next brother to the emperor; but although I have had the honor of private audience of many archdukes here, this one is a resident of Triest. He is about thirty; has an adventurous disposition, some imagination, a turn for poetry; has voyaged a good deal about the world in the Austrian ship of war, for in one respect he much resembles that unfortunate but anonymous ancestor of his, the King of Bohemia, with the seven castles, who, according to Corporal Trim, had such a passion for navigation and sea affairs, "with never a seaport in all his dominions." But now the present King of Bohemia has got the sway of Triest, and Ferdinand Maximilian has been resident there, and is Lord High Admiral and chief of the Marine Department. He has been much in Spain and also in South America. I have read some travels—"Reise Skizzen"—of his, printed, not published. They are not without talent, and he ever and anon relieves his prose jog-trot by breaking into a canter of poetry. He adores bull-fights, rather regrets the Inquisition, and considers the Duke of Alva everything noble and chivalrous and the most abused of men. It would do your heart good to hear his invocations to that deeply injured shade, his denunciations of the ignorant and vulgar Protestants who have defamed him. "Du armer Alva! weil du dem Willen deines Herren unerschütterlich treu warst, weil die fest bestimmten Grundsätze der Regierung," etc., etc., etc. You can imagine the rest. (N. B. Let

[1] Louis Napoleon.

me observe that the D. R. was not published until long after the "Reise Skizzen" were written.)

Dear me, I wish I could get back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries! If once we had the "rebels licked, Jeff Davis hanged, and all," I might shunt myself back to my old rails. But alas! the events of the nineteenth century are too engrossing. If Lowell cares to read this letter, will you allow me to make it over to him jointly, as Captain Cuttle says? I wished to write to him, but I am afraid only you would tolerate my writing so much when I have nothing to say. If he would ever send me a line I should be infinitely obliged, and would quickly respond. We read "The Washers of the Shroud" with fervent admiration. Always remember me most sincerely to the club, one and all. It touches me nearly when you assure me that I am not forgotten by them. To-morrow is *Saturday*, and *last of the month*.[1] We are going to dine with our Spanish colleague.[2] But the first bumper of the don's champagne I shall drain to the health of the Parker House friends. Mary and Lily join me in kindest regards to you and all yours; and I am, as always,

Sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
March 8, 1862.

My dear Motley: I have been debating with myself whether to wait for further news from Nashville, the

[1] The club dinner took place on that day.

[2] M. de la Torre Ayllon.

Burnside expedition, Savannah, or somewhere, before writing you, and came to the conclusion that I will begin this February 24, and keep my letter along a few days, adding whatever may turn up, with a reflection thereupon. Your last letter, as I told you, was of great interest in itself, and for the extracts it contained from the letters of your correspondents. I lent it to your father and your brother Edward, and a few days ago to William Amory, at his particular request. Calling on old Mr. Quincy two days ago, we talked of you. He desired me most expressly and repeatedly to send his regards and respects. I think I am pretty near the words, but they were very cordial and distinguishing ones, certainly. He takes the greatest interest in your prosperity and fame, and you know that the greatest of men have not many nonagenarian admirers. It is nine weeks, I think, since Mr. Quincy fell and fractured the neck of the thigh-bone, and he has been on his back ever since. But he is cheerful, ready to live or die; considers his later years as an appendix to the *opus* of his life, that he has had more than he bargained for when he accepted life.

As you might suppose it would be at ninety, though he greatly rejoices at our extraordinary successes of late, he does not think we are "out of the woods," as he has it, yet. A defeat, he thinks, would take down our spirits as rapidly as they were raised. "But I am an old man," he says, "and, to be sure, an old man cannot help seeing the uncertainties and difficulties which the excitable public overlooks in its exaltation."

Never was such ecstasy, such delirium of excitement, as last Monday, a week ago to-day, when we got the news from Fort Donelson. Why,—to give you an in-

stance from my own experience,—when I, a grave college professor, went into my lecture-room, the class, which had first got the news a little before, began clapping and clapping louder and louder, then cheering, until I had to give in myself, and flourishing my wand in the air, joined with the boys in their rousing hurrahs, after which I went on with my lecture as usual. The almost universal feeling is that the rebellion is knocked on the head; that it may kick hard, even rise and stagger a few paces, but that its *os frontis* is beaten in.

The last new thing is the President's message, looking to gradual compensated emancipation. I don't know how it will be received here, but the effect will be good abroad. John Stuart Mill's article in "Fraser" has delighted people here more than anything for a good while. I suppose his readers to be the best class of Englishmen.

Yours always,
O. W. H.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
March 16, 1862.

Darling little Woggins: Lily has told you something, I dare say, about this society. The young ladies are a power here. They are called "Comtessen," for of course no one is supposed to have a lower rank. They have been very civil to Lily, and this is thought a great wonder, for it is not the rule, but the exception. But there is not much advance beyond the circumference of society. There is no court this winter.

When the empress's health permits her to be in Vienna, there is *one* court ball *in the year*, to which diplomats are asked, and two a week, to which they are not asked. The society, by which, of course, I mean the *crème de la crème*, is very small in number and much intermarried. The parties are almost like family parties; but you must confine yourself to this society, for they never mix with what is called second society. So far as manner goes, nothing can be more natural or high-bred than that of the Viennese aristocracy. And there is no such thing as literary or artistic circles. In short, you must be intimate with the Pharaohs or stay at home. Now I have painted the picture, I think, truthfully. Lily came out in England, and has never been out in America. She longs to be there, and will go, if we can manage it, before next winter. If you should decide to come, however, she would stay, for you would get on much better with her assistance, as she already knows familiarly all the Comtessen. As for ourselves, we do not care much for society. The pleasantest things we have here are our occasional dinners. Most of our colleagues have invited us. I have not been able to pay my debts this year, as my apartments are not fit to give diplomatic dinners in. Next winter I hope to clear off the score.

I think we have dined three times at Viennese houses —once at Prince Esterhazy's, once at Prince Liechtenstein's, and once at Baron Rothschild's. I must except our bankers, who ask us very often, and give very pleasant dinners. Everybody goes to the Burg Theater every evening. The opera is not very good, but the house is better. Moreover, the Viennese are under the impression that they are going to have a new opera-

house. The foundation is dug. Yesterday we invited our American *monde* to dine, to celebrate our victories, of which you may suppose our heads and hearts are full. The Americans are very few in number here. Besides Mr. Lippitt, secretary of legation, and Mr. Delaplaine, there were three young medical students, Ropes of Boston, Walcot of Salem, and Caswell of Providence, and the consul, Mr. Canisius, and Mr. Thayer, who has lived here a good while, a studious hermit kind of life, engaged in writing the life of Beethoven. We like him very much. We are intensely anxious for American news, and the steamers in this stormy season make long passages.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

To his Mother

Vienna,
March 16, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Before this reaches you it is probable that the great tragedy will have approached its fifth act, for the grapple with the Confederates on the Potomac can scarcely be deferred much longer. I feel awfully anxious when I think that this great struggle is perhaps even now taking place, although I have full confidence as to the issue. This secession was always a rotten, rickety concern, based entirely or mainly on the confident hope of assistance from England and France. The blunder of Captain Wilkes came very near giving them this advantage; but since this alarming matter was satisfactorily adjusted there has

been no hope for the rebellion in Europe. France and England have made their minds up to await the issue of the present campaign.

But I am much more anxious as to the possible policy of the government. I live in daily dread of hearing that hideous word "compromise" trumpeted to the world. Slavery is bad enough as an enemy, but the Lord deliver us from it as a friend! If we do not smash the accursed institution now that we have the means, we shall have the rebellion back again before we have been six months at peace, and we shall deserve our fate. However, I comfort myself with the reflection that revolutions of this kind do not go backward very often. The majority which elected Lincoln in 1860 is larger now than it was then, and I believe the 600,000 volunteers who have turned out from their peaceful homes to fight slavery and nothing else will all come home determined abolitionists. Slavery has trampled upon the Constitution, aimed its murderous blows against the very heart of our nation, turned a prosperous and happy land into a hell, plunged us over head and ears in debt, and for all these favors I do not think that we shall be for giving it anything but the *coup de grâce* under its fifth rib. It is rather late in the day for it to talk about constitutional guaranties. Last March was the time for that. Compromise was killed at Sumter.

The carnival being ended, there is an end to balls. There are now evening receptions, several in the week, and Lily rather enjoys them. She would like to make a visit to America, too, and will do so if it can be managed, although it is hard to isolate ourselves from our children for so long. Vienna is like another planet.

One of Lily's partners asked her if Boston was near the river Amazon. This was rather a geographical achievement for Vienna, as, after all, the Amazon is in America.

Ever your affectionate son,
J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
April 27, 1862.

My dear Motley: I saw Lowell day before yesterday, and asked him if he had written as you requested and as I begged him to do. He told me he had, and I congratulated you on having a new correspondent to bring you into intelligent relations with American matters, as seen through a keen pair of Boston eyes, and a new channel through which your intense sympathies can be reached. I trust that between us you can be kept pretty well supplied with that particular kind of knowledge which all exiles want, and which the newspapers do not give—knowledge of things, persons, affairs public and private, localized, individualized, idiosyncratized, from those whose ways of looking at matters you know well, and from all whose statements and guesses you know just what to discount to make their "personal equation" square with your own. The general conviction now, as shown in the talk one hears, in the tone of the papers, in the sales of government stocks, is that of fast-growing confidence in the speedy discomfiture of the rebels at all points. This very morning we have two rebel stories that New Orleans

has surrendered, its forts having been taken after some thirty hours' attack. At the same time comes the story that the rebels are falling back from Corinth.

Both seem altogether probable, but whether true or not the feeling is very general now that we are going straight to our aims, not, perhaps, without serious checks from time to time, but irresistibly and rapidly. The great interior communications of the rebels are being broken up. General Mitchell has broken the vertebral column of the Memphis and Charlestown Railroad, and while McClellan, with 130,000 men or more, is creeping up to Yorktown with his mounds and batteries, we see McDowell and Banks and Burnside drawing in gradually and sweeping the rebels in one vast battue before them. On the Mississippi, again, and its tributaries, our successes have made us confident. We do not now ask whether, but when. That truly magnificent capture of "No. 10" has given us all a feeling that we are moving to our ends as fate moves, and that nothing will stop us. I think the cutting of that canal through the swamps and forests ranks with the miracles of this war, with the *Monitor* achievement, and with the Burnside exploit, which last was so heroically carried out in the face of storms such as broke up the Spanish Armada. As for the canal, no doubt we see things in exaggerated proportions on this side, but to me the feat is like that of Cyrus, when he drew off the waters of the Euphrates and marched his army through the bed of the river. So of the *Monitor* —"*Minotaur*," old Mr. Quincy said to me, "it should have been"—its appearance in front of the great megalosaurus or dinotherium, which came out in its scaly armor that no one could pierce, breathing fire and

smoke from its nostrils; is it not the age of fables and of heroes and demigods over again?

And all this makes me think of our "boys," as we used to call our men, who are doing the real work of the time—your nephews, my son, and our many friends. We have not heard so much of the cavalry, to which I believe Lawrence is attached. But Burnside! how you must have followed him in the midst of storm, of shipwreck, of trial by thirst, if not by famine, of stormy landings on naked beaches, through Roanoke, through Newbern, until at last we find him knocking at the back door that leads to Norfolk, and read this very day that the city is trembling all over in fear of an attack from him, while Fort Macon is making ready at the other end of his field of labor to follow Pulaski. I have heard of Lewis Stackpole; at one time they said his knee troubled him, that he was not able to march as he would like; but you must know more about this than I do. Of course my eyes are on the field before Yorktown. The last note from my boy was on a three-cornered scrap of paper, and began, "In the woods, near the enemy." It was cheery and manly.

Wendell came home in good health, but for his wound, which was well in a few weeks; but the life he led here was a very hard one,—late hours, excitement all the time,—and I really thought that he would be better in camp than fretting at his absence from it and living in a round of incessant overstimulating society. I think he finds camp life agrees with him particularly well. Did you happen to know anything of Captain Bartlett, of the Twentieth? I suppose not. He was made a captain when a junior in our college; a remarkable military taste, talent, and air. He lost his leg

the other day, when setting pickets before Yorktown. His chief regret was not being able to follow the fortunes of the army any longer. I meant to have told you that my boy was made a captain the other day. He does not care to take the place, being first lieutenant under his most intimate friend Hallowell. The two want to go into battle together, like Nisus and Euryalus. How our little unit out of the six or seven hundred thousand grows in dimensions as we talk or write about it!

I wish I could give you an idea of the momentary phase of the public mind as I see its manifestations here, which are probably not unlike those elsewhere. I will tell you one thing which strikes me. People talk less about what is going on, and more quietly. There is, as I said, a feeling that the curtain is like to drop pretty soon on the first act of the drama, that the military part of the play will be mainly over in a few months. Not extermination, nor pacification, perhaps, but extinction of the hopes of the rebels as to anything they can do with great armies in the field, and the consequent essential break-up of the rebellion. But *après?* That, of course, is exercising those who have done croaking about the war. I dined at —— last week, with the Friday Club, and sat next ——. He was as lugubrious on what was to come after the war as he was a year ago with respect to its immediate danger. Then he could hardly bear to think that so accomplished an officer as General Lee was to be opposed to our Northern leaders. Yet who troubles himself very particularly about General Lee nowadays? He thinks there are to be such hatreds between North and South as have not been since the times of the Greek

Republic. I suppose seventy years must be at the bottom of all this despondency. Not that everybody does not see terrible difficulties; but let us fight this quarrel fairly out, not patch it up, and it will go hard but we will find some way of living together in a continent that has so much room as this. Of the precise mode no man knoweth. . . .

Yours always,
O. W. H.

To his Mother

Vienna,
June 9, 1862.

My dearest Mother: I am pretty busy now with my "History," and work on regularly enough, but of course I am disturbed by perpetual thoughts about our own country. I am convinced, however, that it is a mistake in us all to have been expecting a premature result. It is not a war; it is not exactly a revolution; it is the sanguinary development of great political and social problems, which it was the will of the Great Ruler of the Universe should be reserved as the work of the generation now on the stage and their immediate successors. The more I reflect upon this Civil War, and try to regard it as a series of historical phenomena, disengaging myself for the moment from all personal feelings or interests, the more I am convinced that the conflict is the result of antagonisms the violent collision of which could no longer be deferred, and that its duration must necessarily be longer than most of us anticipated. In truth, it is almost always idle to measure a sequence of great historical events by the mere

lapse of time, which does very well to mark the ordinary succession of commonplace human affairs. The worst of it is, so far as we are all individually concerned, that men are short-lived, while man is immortal even on the earth, for aught that we know to the contrary. It will take half a century, perhaps, before the necessary conclusion to the great strife in which we are all individually concerned has been reached, and there are few of us now living destined to see the vast result. But it is of little consequence, I suppose, to the Supreme Disposer whether Brown, Jones, and Robinson understand now or are likely to live long enough to learn what he means by the general scheme according to which he governs the universe in which we play for a time our little parts. If we do our best to find out, try to conform ourselves to the inevitable, and walk as straight as we can by such light as we honestly can get for ourselves, even though it be but a tallow candle, we shall escape tumbling over our noses more than half a dozen times daily.

I look at the mass of the United States, and it seems impossible for me to imagine for physical and geographical and ethnographical reasons that its territory can be permanently cut up into two or more independent governments. A thousand years ago this happened to Europe, and the result was the parceling out of two or three hundred millions of human creatures into fifty or five hundred (it matters not how many) different nations, who thus came to have different languages, religions, manners, customs, and histories. As I am not writing a historical lecture, and as I am a wonderful son who can always astonish his mother with his wisdom, it will be sufficient for my present audience

to say that not one of the causes which ten centuries ago disintegrated and decomposed the European world, with a territory about the size of the United States, and with essentially the same population, is present at this moment in America. The tendency of the age everywhere, and the strongest instinct of the American people, is to consolidation, unification. It is the tendency of all the great scientific discoveries and improvements which make the age of utilitarianism at which we have arrived. I do not believe the American people (of course I mean a large majority) will ever make such asses of themselves as to go to work in the middle of the nineteenth century and establish a Chinese wall of custom-houses and forts across the widest part of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and keep an army of 300,000 men perpetually on foot, with a navy of corresponding proportion, in order to watch the nation on the south side of the said Chinese wall, and fight it every half-dozen years or so, together with its European allies. The present war, sanguinary and expensive as it is, even if it lasts ten years longer, is cheaper both in blood and in money than the adoption of such a system; and I am so much of a democrat (far more now that I ever was in my life) as to feel confident that the great mass of the people will instinctively perceive that truth, and act in accordance with it. Therefore I have no fear that it will ever acknowledge a rival sovereignty to its own. The Union I do not believe can be severed. Therefore I believe the war must go on until this great popular force has beaten down and utterly annihilated the other force which has arranged itself in plump opposition to it. The world moves by forces.

The popular force, where land is half a dollar an acre and limitless in supply, for a century to come must prove irresistible. How long the conflict will last I know not, but slavery must go down and free labor prevail at last; but those of us whose blood is flowing or whose hearts are aching (like Mrs. W. D——'s, for instance, mother of heroes) may find it small consolation that the United States of 1900 will be a greater and happier power than ever existed in the world, thanks to the sacrifices of this generation. But we have only to accept the action of great moral and political forces even as we must instinctively those of physical nature. There, you see what I am reduced to in the utter lack of topics. Instead of writing a letter I preach a sermon. We are going on very quietly. There is nothing doing now. Vienna has decanted itself into the country, and we are left like "lees for the vault to brag of." The summer, after much preliminary sulking and blustering, seems willing to begin, and our garden is a great resource. There is small prospect of a war in Europe. The poor Poles will be put down at last. What is called moral influence will be bestowed upon them by England and France as generously as the same commodity has been bestowed upon our slaveholders, and it will do about as much good. Fine words have small effect on Cossacks or parsnips.

Give our love to the governor and to all the family far and near, and with a boundless quantity for yourself,

I am, my dearest mother,
Ever your most affectionate son,
J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Marien Villa, Vöslau bei Wien,
June 22, 1862.

Darling kleine Mary: Your letter of June 1 from Washington was most delightful. Every word of it was full of interest, and every sentiment expressed in it is very just and quite according to my heart. . . . The copy of your little note from the President touched me very much. I have the most profound respect for him, which increases every day. His wisdom, courage, devotion to duty, and simplicity of character seem to me to embody in a very striking way all that is most noble in the American character and American destiny. His administration is an epoch in the world's history, and I have no more doubt than I have of my existence that the regeneration of our Republic for a long period to come will date from his proclamation calling out the first 75,000 troops more than a year ago.

That proclamation was read "amid bursts of laughter by the rebel Congress"; but people do not laugh at Abraham Lincoln now in any part of the world, whatever else they may do or say.

Your affectionate
P.

To his Mother

Legation of the United States, Vienna,
June 30, 1862.

My dearest Mother: It is a long time since I wrote to you, and I am only writing a little note at this mo-

ment, for I would not let this steamer go without a word of affection and greeting. But the life here is so humdrum, while yours on that side of the ocean is so crowded with great events, that it is always with reluctance that I sit down to write to any one. Our life here (Vöslau) is very retired, and therefore very agreeable, for we can devote ourselves to our own pursuits, the principal part of which, as you may suppose, is reading the American journals. I try to work at my "History," and have really succeeded in getting my teeth into the subject; but the great events of our own day in our country are so much more absorbing that I find it difficult to make much progress. As for European politics, except in their bearing on our own affairs, they are pale and uninteresting to me, although so important for the Europeans themselves as to prevent their giving sufficient attention to the American war. The consequence is that public ignorance on that subject is amazing.

I do not mean that we had any right to expect that they would sympathize with the great movement now going on in America. The spectacle of a great people going forth in its majesty and its irresistible power to smite to the dust the rebellion of a privileged oligarchy is one so entirely contrary to all European notions that it is hopeless to attempt making it understood. All European ideas are turned upside down by the mere statement of the proposition which is at the bottom of our war. Hitherto the "sovereignty of the people" has been heard of in Europe, and smiled at as a fiction, very much as we smile on our side of the water at that other little fiction, the divine right of kings. But now here comes rebellion against our idea of sov-

ereignty, and fact on a large scale is illustrating our theoretic fiction. Privilege rebels, and the sovereign people orders an army of half a million to smash the revolt.

Here is the puzzle for the European mind. Whoever heard before in human history of a rebellion, except one made by the people *against* privilege? That the people rising from time to time, after years of intolerable oppression, against their natural masters, kings, nobles, priests, and the like, should be knocked back into their appropriate servitude by the strong hand of authority at any expense of treasure and blood, why, this is all correct. But when the privileged order of the New World—the 300,000 slaveholders leading on their 3,000,000 dupes—rise in revolt against the natural and legal and constitutional authority of the sovereign people, and when that authority, after pushing conciliation and concession in the face of armed treason to the verge of cowardice, at last draws the sword and defends the national existence against the rebels, why, then it is bloodshed, causeless civil war, and so on.

. . . One great fact has been demonstrated—the Americans, by a large majority, will spend any amount of treasure and blood rather than allow their Republic to be divided. Two years ago we did not know this fact. Two years hence, perhaps, we shall learn another fact—that the single possibility of division, that the single obstacle to peace and union, is slavery, and that so long as slavery exists, peace is impossible. Whenever the wise and courageous American people is thoroughly possessed of this truth, our trouble will be over. I think Mr. Lincoln embodies singularly well the

healthy American mind. He revolts at extreme measures, and moves in a steady way to the necessary end. He reads the signs of the times, and will never go faster than the people at his back. So his slowness seems sometimes like hesitation; but I have not a doubt that when the people wills it, he will declare that will, and with the disappearance of the only dissolvent the dissolution of the Union will be made impossible. I have got to the end of my paper, and so, with best love to my father and all the rest,

I am, dear mother, most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Marien Villa, Vöslau,
August 18, 1862.

My dearest Mother: It seems to me at times as if I could not sit out this war in exile. I console myself with reflecting that I could be of little use were I at home, and that I may occasionally be of some service abroad. The men whom I most envy are those who are thirty years of age and who were educated at West Point, or rather that portion of them who did not imbibe a love for the noble institution of slavery together with their other requirements at that college.

There is no doubt, I believe, that Louis Napoleon passes most of his time in urging the English government to unite with him in interfering on behalf of the slave-dealing, negro-breeding Confederacy, and that the agents of that concern have offered to go down and worship him in any way he likes, even to the promising

of some kind of bogus abolition scheme, to take effect this time next century, in case he will help them cut the throat of the United States government. Thus far the English government have resisted his importunities. But their resistance will not last long. The only thing that saves us as yet from a war with the slaveholders allied with both France and England is the antislavery feeling of a very considerable portion of the British public. Infinite pains are taken by the agents of the slaveholders to convince the world that the North is as much in favor of slavery as the South, but the anti-slavery acts of the present Congress have given the lie to these assertions. Nevertheless, I am entirely convinced, not as a matter of theory, but as fact, that nothing but a proclamation of emancipation to every negro in the country will save us from war with England and France combined.

I began this note determined not to say a single word on the subject of the war, as if it were possible to detach one's thoughts from it for a moment. I continue to believe in McClellan's military capacity as, on the whole, equal to that of any of his opponents. I do not think that this war has developed any very great military genius as yet. But it is not a military war, if such a contradiction can be used. It is a great political and moral revolution, and we are in the first stage of it. The coming man, whoever he may be, must have military genius united with intense faith in something. In the old civil wars of Holland, France, and England, the men who did the work were the men who either believed intensely in the Pope and the Inquisition, or who intensely hated those institutions; who either believed in the crown or in the people; who either

adored or detested civil and religious liberty. And in our war, supposing other nations let us fight it out, which they are not likely to do, the coming man is some tremendous negro-seller with vast military capacity, or some John Brown with ditto. I have an abiding faith in the American people, in its courage, love of duty, and determination to pursue the right when it has made up its mind. So I believe this conspiracy of the slaveholders will yet be squashed, but it will not be till the people has made a longer stride than it has yet made. Pardon me for this effusion. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. And these are times when every man not only has a right, but is urged by the most sacred duty, to speak his mind. We are very tranquil externally, speaking here in Vöslau, where we shall remain till the middle of October. God bless you, my dear mother. All send love to you and the governor, and I remain

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Legation of the United States, Vienna,
August 26, 1862.

My darling little Mary: I am writing to you a mere apology for a letter. I wrote a letter to your dear grandmama by the last steamer, and, I believe, to you, but I am not sure. I am writing at my office in town, where I have the newspapers up to the 12th of August, which your mother and Lily have not yet seen. Here I have just read in them the details of the late

fight in Virginia, in which the Massachusetts Second seems to have so much distinguished itself, and to have suffered so severely. I see with great regret that my old friend and classmate Dr. Shurtleff has lost a son in the fight. The details are still meager, but I have seen enough to feel sure that our men behaved brilliantly, and I can have no doubt of our ultimate success. I have just seen Hayward, whom I dare say you have seen in Hertford Street. He had had a long talk with M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, one of Louis Philippe's old ministers, which gentleman had just heard the whole story of the Richmond battles from the French princes. They described them exactly according to the accounts of the Northern newspapers, which they pronounced perfectly accurate, said that nothing could exceed the courage displayed on both sides, and that the movement to James River had been managed in such a very masterly manner by McClellan. All this I had no doubt of, but I like to hear what outsiders say to each other. Hayward also read me a note from Lord March, Governor-General of Canada, who says that English officers present at the late battles, and since returned to Canada, pronounce the accounts given in the Northern papers as perfectly accurate.

I have not a word to say of news. We dribble on in the even tenor of our Vöslau ways. Hayward is coming out to dine to-morrow,[1] and Saturday or Sunday we expect a visit of a few days from Mr. and Mrs. Hughes (Tom Brown) and Miss Stanley (Arthur Stanley's

[1] From Mr. Hayward's "Letters," ii. 82: "I also passed a day with the Motleys at their villa, and found him *more unreasonable* than ever, vowing that *the restoration of the Union in its entirety was as sure as the sun in heaven.*"

sister). We hope to have some comfort in talking with them, as Hughes is as stanch a friend to our cause as exists in Europe. Of course we never talk or think of anything else night or day.

Good-by, and God bless you, my darling. I promise to write again next week.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston, 21 Charles Street,
August 29, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I don't know how I can employ the evening of my birthday better than by sitting down and beginning a letter to you. I have heard of your receiving my last, and that you meant to reply to it soon. But this was not in the bond, and whether you write or not, I must let you hear from me from time to time. I know what you must endure with a non-conductor of a thousand leagues between you and this great battery, which is sending its thrill through us every night and morning. I know that every different handwriting on an envelop, if it comes from a friend, has its special interest, for it will give an impression in some way differing from that of all others. My own thoughts have been turned aside for a while from those lesser occurrences of the day which would occupy them at other times by a domestic sorrow, which, though coming in the course of nature, and at a period when it must have been very soon inevitable, has yet left sadness in mine and other households. My

mother died on the 19th of this month, at the age of ninety-three, keeping her lively sensibilities and sweet intelligence to the last. My brother John had long cared for her in the most tender way, and it almost broke his heart to part with her. She was a daughter to him, she said, and he had fondly thought that love and care could keep her frail life to the filling up of a century or beyond it. It was a pity to look on him in his first grief; but time, the great consoler, is busy with his anodyne, and he is coming back to himself. My mother remembered the Revolution well, and she was scared by the story of the redcoats coming along and killing everybody as they went, she having been carried from Boston to Newburyport. Why should I tell you this? Our hearts lie between two forces—the near ones of home and family, and those that belong to the rest of the universe. A little magnet holds its armature against the dragging of our own planet and all the spheres.

I had hoped that my mother might have lived through this second national convulsion. It was ordered otherwise, and with the present prospects I can hardly lament that she was spared the period of trial that remains. How long that is to be no one can predict with confidence. There is a class of men one meets with who seem to consider it due to their antecedents to make the worst of everything. I suppose —— —— may be one of these. I met him a day or two since, and lost ten minutes in talk with him on the sidewalk—lost them, because I do not wish to talk with any man who looks at this matter empirically as an unlucky accident, which a little prudence might have avoided, and not a theoretical necessity. However, he said to

me that the wisest man he knew—somebody whose name I did not know—said to him long ago that this war would outlast him, an old man, and his companion also, very probably. You meet another man, and he begins cursing the government as the most tyrannical one that ever existed. "That is not the question," I answer. "How much money have you given for this war? How many of your boys have gone to it? How much of your own body and soul have you given to it?" I think Mr. —— —— is the most forlorn of all the Jeremiahs I meet with. *Faith*, faith is the only thing that keeps a man up in times like these; and those persons who, by temperament or underfeeding of the soul, are in a state of spiritual anemia, are the persons I like least to meet, and try hardest not to talk with.

For myself, I do not profess to have any political wisdom. I read, I listen, I judge to the best of my ability. The best talk I have heard from any of our home politicians was that of Banks, more than a year and a half ago. In a conversation I had with him, he foreshadowed more clearly the plans and prospects and estimated more truly the resources of the South than any one else with whom I had met. But prophets in America and Europe have been at a very heavy discount of late. Count Gasparin seems to me to have the broadest and keenest understanding of the aims and ends of this armed controversy. If we could be sure of no intermeddling, I should have no anxiety except for individuals and for temporary interests. If we have grown unmanly and degenerate in the north wind, I am willing that the sirocco should sweep us off from the soil. If the course of nature must be reversed for us, and the Southern Goths must march to the "beg-

garly land of ice'' to overrun and recolonize us, I have nothing to object. But I have a most solid and robust faith in the sterling manhood of the North, in its endurance, its capacity for a military training, its plasticity for every need, in education, in political equality, in respect for man as man in peaceful development, which is our law, in distinction from aggressive colonization; in human qualities as against bestial and diabolical ones; in the Lord as against the devil. If I never see peace and freedom in this land, I shall have faith that my children will see it. If they do not live long enough to see it, I believe their children will. The revelations we have had from the Old World have shed a new light for us on feudal barbarism. We know now where we are not to look for sympathy. But oh, it would have done your heart good to see the processions of day before yesterday and to-day, the air all aflame with flags, the streets shaking with the tramp of long-stretched lines, and only one feeling showing itself, the passion of the first great uprising, only the full flower of which that was the opening bud.

There is a defense of blubber about the arctic creatures through which the harpoon must be driven before the vital parts are touched. Perhaps the Northern sensibility is protected by some such incasing shield. The harpoon is, I think, at last through the blubber. In the meanwhile I feel no doubt in my own mind that the spirit of hostility to slavery as the cause of this war is speedily and certainly increasing. They were talking in the cars to-day of Frémont's speech at the Tremont Temple last evening. His allusions to slavery —you know what they must have been—were received with an applause which they would never have gained

a little while ago. Nay, I think a miscellaneous Boston audience would be more like to cheer any denunciation of slavery now than almost any other sentiment.

Wednesday evening, September 3. I have waited long enough. We get the most confused and unsatisfactory, yet agitating, rumors. Pope seems to be falling back on the capital after having got the worst of it in a battle on the 30th. Since that there has been little fighting so far as we know, but this noon we get a story that Stonewall Jackson is marching by Leesburg on Baltimore, and yesterday we learned that Cincinnati is in imminent danger of a rebel invasion. How well I remember the confidence that you expressed in General Scott—a confidence which we all shared! The old general had to give up, and then it was nothing but McClellan. But do not think that the pluck or determination of the North has begun to yield. There never was such a universal enthusiasm for the defense of the Union and the trampling out of rebellion as at this perilous hour. I am willing to believe that many of the rumors we hear are mere fabrications. I won't say to you, be of good courage, because men of ideas are not put down by the accidents of a day or a year.

Yours always,

O. W. H.

To Baron von Bismarck

Legation of the United States of America, Vienna, August 29, 1862.

My dear Bismarck: I have been at this point now about eight months, and ever since I came here I have been most desirous of opening communications with

you. But for a long time you seemed to be so much on the move between Berlin, Petersburg, and Paris that even if I should succeed in getting a letter to you, it appears doubtful whether I should be lucky enough to receive a reply.

Perhaps I shall be more successful now, for the newspapers inform me that you are in some watering-place in the south of France. So I shall write but a very brief note, merely to express my great desire to hear from you again, and my hope that in an idle moment, if you ever have such, you will send me a line to tell me of yourself, your prosperity, and of your wife and children.

Pray give my sincerest regards to Madame de Bismarck, and allow me to add those of my wife, although personally still unknown to you both, alas!

I don't know whether you have observed in any newspapers that I was appointed about a year ago minister plenipotentiary, etc., to this court. I arrived here from America about the beginning of November. I much fear that this is the very last place in Europe where I shall ever have the good luck of seeing you. Nevertheless, whether you remain in Paris or go—as seems most likely from all I can gather from private and public sources—to Berlin this autumn to form a ministry, in either case there is some chance of our meeting some time or other, while there would have been none so long as you remained in St. Petersburg. Pray let me have a private line from you; you can't imagine how much pleasure it will give me. My meeting with you in Frankfort, and thus renewing the friendship of our youth, will remain one of the most agreeable and brightest chapters in my life. And it is painful

to think that already that renewed friendship is beginning to belong to the past, and that year after year is adding a fold to the curtain.

However, you *must* write to me, and tell me where we can all meet next summer, if no sooner. I wish you would let me know whether and how soon you are to make a cabinet in Berlin. Remember that when you write to me it is as if you wrote to some one in the planet Jupiter. *Personally*, I am always deeply interested in what concerns *you*. But, publicly, I am a mere spectator of European affairs, and wherever and whatever my sympathies in other times than these might be, I am too entirely engrossed with the portentous events now transacting in my own country to be likely to intermeddle or make mischief in the doings of this hemisphere, save in so far as they may have bearing on our own politics. You can say anything you like to me, then, as freely as when you were talking to me in your own house.

The cardinal principle of American diplomacy has always been to abstain from all intervention or participation in European affairs. This has always seemed to me the most enlightened view to take of our exceptional, and therefore fortunate, political and geographical position. I need not say how earnest we are in maintaining that principle at this moment, when we are all determined to resist to the death any interference on the part of Europe in our affairs.

I wish, by the way, you would let me know anything you can pick up in regard to the French emperor's intentions or intrigues in regard to our civil war.

Of course I don't suggest to you for an instant any violation of confidence, but many things might be said

with great openness to you that would not, from reserve or politeness or a hundred other reasons, be said to an American diplomatist.

I suppose there is no doubt whatever that L. N. has been perpetually, during the last six months, provoking, soliciting, and teasing the English cabinet to unite with him in some kind of intervention, and that the English ministers have steadily refused to participate in the contemplated crime. Of course they know and we know that intervention means war with the United States government and people on behalf of the rebel slaveholders; but I have very good reason to know that the English government refuse, and that Lord Palmerston even ridicules the idea as preposterous. Not that the English *love* us. On the contrary, they hate us, but they can't understand how it will help the condition of their starving populations in the manufacturing districts to put up the price of cotton five hundred per cent., which a war with America would do, and to cause an advance in corn in the same proportion. There is no doubt whatever that the harvest in England is a very bad one, and that they must buy some thirty million sterling worth of foreign corn. On the other hand, the harvest in America is the most fruitful ever known since that continent was discovered.

Unless lunatics were at the head of affairs in England, they would not seize the opportunity of going to war with the granary of corn and cotton without a cause.

But it may be different with France. She is fond of *la Gloire*. And she is sending out an expedition to Mexico, although she seems likely to have her hands full in Italy just now. Moreover, L. N. is the heaven-

appointed arbiter of all sublunary affairs, and he doubtless considers it his mission to "save civilization" in our continent, as he has so often been good enough to do in the rest of the world.

What do you think is his real design? How far do you believe he has gone in holding out definite encouragement to the secessionist agents in France? Do you think he has any secret plot with them to assist them against us in the Gulf of Mexico? Will he attempt anything of this kind without the knowledge and connivance of England? I say no more except to repeat that you may give me, perhaps, a useful hint or two, from time to time, of what you hear and know. It is unnecessary for me to say that I shall keep sacredly confidential anything you may say to me as such.

I shall not go into the subject of our war at all, save to say that it is to me an inconceivable idea that any man of average intellect or love of right can possibly justify this insurrection of the slaveholders. The attempt to destroy a prosperous, powerful, and happy commonwealth like ours, merely that on its ruin might be constructed a slave-breeding, slave-holding confederacy, is one of the greatest crimes that history has recorded. In regard to the issue of the war I don't entertain the slightest doubt, if foreign interference is kept off. If the slaveholders obtain the alliance of France, the war will of course be indefinitely protracted. If we are left to ourselves, I think with the *million of men* that we shall have in the field in the course of the month of October, and with a fleet of twelve or fifteen first-class iron-clad frigates, which will be ready by that time, that the insurrection cannot hold out a great while longer. However, of that I am not sure.

Time is nothing to God—nor to the devil either, as to that matter. We mortals, creatures of a day, are very impatient. The United States government is now fighting with the devil, for the spirit of this slave Confederacy is nothing less. How long it will take us to vanquish it I know not. But that it *will* be vanquished completely I entertain no doubt whatever. I don't expect you to accept my views, but I thought it as well to state them. I am more anxious about the next three months than about anything that can happen afterward. Let me, however, warn you—in case you take an interest in the progress of our affairs—not to believe in Reuter's telegrams as in the London "Times." Their lies are stupendous, and by them public opinion all over Europe is poisoned. This is nothing to me. Their lies can't alter the facts—I have other sources of information. But when I see how the telegraph and the European press have been constantly worked for the interest of the secessionists, it does not surprise me to see the difficulty which honest people have in arriving at the truth, either in fact or in theory. Do you know your colleague, Mr. Dayton, United States Minister in Paris? Let me recommend him to you as a most excellent and honorable man. Renewing all our kindest regards to you and yours, believe me, my dear Bismarck, always most sincerely your old friend.

J. L. Motley.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Vienna,
August 31, 1862.

My dear Holmes: Bare, bare, bare of news, events, objects of the slightest interest to you or any one else,

what need have I to apologize for silence? Naked, but not ashamed, I involve myself in my virtue, while you, if, like kind fortune, you will still wag your swift pen at me,—*si celerem quatis pennam*,—will find me ever grateful, or even trying to be resigned if you do not. I have not written for about four months. Even to my little Mary I am obliged now to write themes instead of letters. By this mail I send her one "on the advantages of silence." If you should happen to meet her, ask her to show it to you that you may see to what a depth of imbecility your old friend has descended. I have yours of the 27th of April and the 20th of June. I am deeply grateful for them. I have just been reading them both over, and you will be glad to know that now, after the lapse of fifty years, which is about the distance from the first date at the rate we are living at, there is no false coloring, no judgment turned inside out, no blundering prophecy, no elation or no despondency which subsequent events have come to rebuke.

Writing as you do to me out of the kindness of your heart and the fullness of your head, you willingly run the risk of making blunders for the sake of giving me, in your vivid and intense way, a rapid image of the passing moment. I strain my eyes across the Atlantic through the stereoscope you so kindly provide me, and for an instant or two I am with you. I think very often of your Wendell. He typifies so well to me the metamorphosis of young America from what it was in our days. *Consule Planco.* There, within less than a twelvemonth after leaving college, the young poet, philosopher, artist, has become a man, *robustus acri militia puer*, has gone through such scenes as Ball's Bluff, Fair Oaks, and the seven days before Richmond, and, even

while I write, is still engaged, perchance, in other portentous events, and it is scarcely a year since you and I went together to the State House to talk with the governor about his commission. These things would hardly be so startling if it was the mere case of a young man entering the army and joining a marching regiment. But when a whole community suddenly transmutes itself into an army, and the "stay-at-home rangers" are remembered on the fingers and pointed at with the same, what a change must be made in the national character!

> Pfui über den Buben
> Hinter den Ofen,
> Hinter den Stühlen,
> Hinter den Sophen,

as the chivalrous Koerner sang.

I had a very well-written letter the other day from a young cousin of mine, Julius Lothrop by name, now serving as sergeant in the Massachusetts Twenty-fourth. I need not say how I grieved to hear that Lowell had lost another nephew, and a near relative to your wife, too. You mentioned him in your very last letter as having gained health and strength by his campaigning. There is something most touching in the fact that those two youths, Putnam and Lowell, both scions of our most honored families, and both distinguished among their equals for talent, character, accomplishment, and virtue, for all that makes youth *venerable*, should have been among the earliest victims of this infernal conspiracy of slaveholders. I know not if such a thought is likely to comfort the mourners, but it is nevertheless most certain that when such *seed* is *sown* the harvest to be reaped by the country will be

almost priceless. Of this I entertain no doubt whatever. God knows I was never an optimist, but in the great result of this tremendous struggle I can foresee nothing but good. The courage and the determination of both sides being equal, the victory must be to the largest army and navy and the longest purse.

What has so long held back the imprisoned power of the North during all these dreary years of the slave domination of our Republic was, after all, a moral principle. It was pushed to excess till it became a vice, but it was still the feeling of patriotism and an exaggerated idea of public faith. There is even a lingering band or two to be broken yet before the great spirit of the North is completely disenthralled. But I hope I am not mistaken in thinking that they have become weaker than packthread.

To his Mother

Marien Villa, Vöslau,
September 8, 1862.

My dearest Mother: I wish it were possible for me to say anything that would interest you from this place. I should like to write you at least a note once a week to assure you of my affection; but when I have said that, it seems that there was nothing left to say. I do not care to be always talking of the one great subject which occupies all our thoughts, because, in the first place, my own feelings and opinions are so different from those which you are most in the habit of hearing that you must sometimes fail to sympathize with me; and, secondly, there is always such a differ-

ence in my position when writing from yours when reading. Our latest news leaves the Union army concentrating on the Rappahannock, with McClellan uniting his forces with Pope and Burnside. And so all the slaughter and fever and digging of ditches and building of corduroy roads on that fatal Peninsula has been for nothing, and McClellan's army, what is left of it, is about where it was six months ago.

Well, we are a patient and long-suffering people, and I admire the energy and courage and hopefulness of my countrymen more than I can express, and I have as stanch a faith as ever in the ultimate result, although it may be delayed for a generation. I wish I had as much faith in our generals-in-chief. I know nothing of parties or men as motives, but certainly the Peninsular campaign will never form a brilliant chapter in our history. I can only hope that the one opening on the Rappahannock may be more successful. But perhaps ere you read this a decisive battle may have been fought. At least I hope, when the next pull comes, we may not be on the retreat. Considering that McClellan took the field in the spring with those memorable words, "We have had our last retreat," one must allow that he has given the country enough of that bitter dose. Our men have certainly behaved nobly. You may suppose with what tearful interest we read of the Cedar Mountain battle, and saw the well-known and familiar names of the brave youths who have fallen. But it is such a pang to speak their names, and words of consolation to the mourners are such a mockery, that it is as well to leave them unsaid. My heart thrilled when I read of Gordon's brigade, and especially of the devoted and splendid Massachusetts Second, to whom I had the

honor of presenting the banner on that sunshiny afternoon about a year ago. Gordon seems to have behaved brilliantly. Poor Mr. Savage! I hope he bears the painful captivity of his son well. The Russells are expected here soon, I believe.

We are stagnant as usual here. I try to write, but it is hard work with one's thoughts so perpetually absorbed with our own war against tyrants more bloody than Philip or Alva, and an institution more accursed than the Spanish Inquisition. The ever-living present is so much more entrancing with its horrors than the past, which, thank God! is dead and buried with its iniquities. We remain here till the middle of October, and shall go to town with heavy hearts, for in the winter we must go into the world and see society, for which we have little inclination. We have had the Hugheses (Tom Brown) staying with us, and enjoyed the visit. He is as stanch an American as I am, and almost as much interested in the great struggle. Miss Stanley, sister of Canon Arthur Stanley, was with them. She was a nurse in the Crimea. They were on a rapid tour to Constantinople.

Good-by, my dear mother. Give my love to my father and my precious Mary and to all the family.

Believe me, your ever-affectionate

J. L. M.

From Mr. John Stuart Mill

Saint-Virain, Avignon,
September 17, 1862.

My dear Sir: I value the permission you gave me to correspond with you much too highly not to avail my-

self of it thus early, although I have very little to say that will be new, and at the same time interesting, to one whose thoughts are engrossed as yours must be. If you see "Macmillan's Magazine," which has from the beginning been steadily on the right side in American affairs, you must have remarked the "Notes of a Journey in America," which have been in the course of publication for some months, ending with a general summing up in the September number. This last paper especially appears to me excellent, and likely to do much good in England. The whole series has been reprinted in a volume, with the name of the writer, Mr. Edward Dicey, author of a recent book on Italy and Rome. You will probably see the "Westminster Review" of next month, which will contain an article of mine on the American question, apropos of Mr. Cairnes's book. It is hastily written, and slight, for such a subject, but "every little helps," as the nursery proverb says. I am not at all uneasy about public opinion here, if only the North is successful. The great number of well-meaning people and sincere enemies of slavery, who have been led into disapproving of your resistance to the South when carried to the length of war, have been chiefly influenced by thinking the reconquest of the South impossible. If you prove it to be possible, if you bring the slave States under your power, if you make use of that power to reconstitute Southern society on the basis of freedom, and if finally you wind up the financial results without breaking faith with any of the national creditors (among whom must be reckoned the holders of depreciated currency), you will have all our public with you, except the Tories, who will be mortified

that what they absurdly think an example of the failure of democracy should be exchanged for a splendid example of its success. If you come well and honorably through one of the severest trials which a nation has ever undergone, the whole futurity of mankind will assume a brighter aspect. If not, it will for some time to come be very much darkened.

I have read lately two writings of Northern Americans on the subject of England, which show a very liberal appreciation of the misdirection of English opinion and feeling respecting the contest. One is Mr. Thurlow Weed's letter, which was published in the newspapers, and in which those just and generous allowances are made for us which many of us have not made for you. The other is the Rev. Dr. Thompson's "England during our War," reprinted from the "New Englander," which is even over-indulgent to our people, but too severe on our government. I believe that our government has felt more rightly all through than a majority of the public.

We shall be at this address until the end of November; afterward at Blackheath Park, Kent. I need hardly say that if your occupations would allow of your writing to me it would not only give me great pleasure, but would make me better able to be of use to a cause which I have as much at heart as even yourself.

I am, my dear sir,
Very truly yours,
J. S. Mill.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
September 21, 1862.

Dearest little Mary: Your last letters, 1st and 2d September, reached us with promptness, and gave us the same mingled pain and pleasure that your letters always do. You are a dear darling to write to us so faithfully and conscientiously, and we look forward to our weekly budget from "our own correspondent" with great eagerness. You say in your last that Mrs. Lothrop's third son is going to the war. I cannot sufficiently admire their spirit and patriotism and her courage. I had such a nice, interesting, well-written letter from Julius at Newbern. I wish you would ask Mrs. Lothrop when she writes to thank him for it, and to say that I have not yet answered it simply because I have nothing agreeable or interesting to say from this part of the world. One of these days, when affairs are looking less gloomy, I shall take pleasure in sending an answer to his letter. Meanwhile I am delighted to hear of his promotion to a lieutenancy, and wish him every success.

The most amazing part of the whole matter is that people should now go about talking to each other of the "Constitution and the enforcement of the laws" exactly as if we were at peace. We are not in peace. We are in war. And the law of war is perfectly simple. It is to use all and every means necessary for overcoming the resistance of your enemy. Had government issued a proclamation of universal freedom to all men, in the exercise of its unequivocal and unquestioned rights as a belligerent, at about the time when

the "Young Napoleon" was burrowing in the Chickahominy swamps, it would have done more toward overcoming the resistance of the enemy by cutting off the great source of their supplies than the whole of that ignominious campaign in the Peninsula, which has brought us, in spite of the unparalleled heroism, endurance, patience, and unflinching courage of our soldiers, back to exactly the same point (to make the best of it) from which we started a year ago. Tell Dr. Holmes that I received his letter of the 4th September yesterday, and that it gave me inexpressible comfort.

I shall write him next week. I agree with every word he says, and it gives me great pleasure to hear him say that the antislavery feeling is on the increase in Boston. Of one thing I feel perfectly certain, although everything else seems obscure as midnight. If Jeff Davis gets half the country, he will get the whole. If we keep half, we shall keep the whole. I mean by "we" the antislavery party of the country.

As to arming the slaves and drilling them as soldiers, I do not care so much about that, except as a means of preventing servile insurrections. Black men, as well as white men, are susceptible of military discipline, and soldiers in the army of whatever color must be shot for massacre and murder. The very reason which always prevented me from being an abolitionist before the war, in spite of my antislavery sentiments and opinions, now forces me to be an emancipationist. I did not wish to see the government destroyed, which was the avowed purpose of the abolitionists. When this became the avowed purpose of the slaveholders, when they made war upon us, the whole case was turned upside down. The antislavery men became the

Unionists, the slaveholders the destructionists. This is so plain that no mathematical axiom is plainer. There is no way of contending now with the enemy at our gates but by emancipation.

Poor Fletcher Webster! I saw him on the Common at the head of his regiment; he looked like a man and has died like one. I am beginning to think that they who are dying for their country are happier than those of us who are left. Another old schoolfellow of mine was killed too, Phil Kearny (General Kearny)—the bravest of the brave. Good-by, darling. My love to grandmama and grandpapa and all the family.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

From Mr. John Stuart Mill

Saint-Virain, Avignon,
October 31, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you most warmly for your long and interesting letter, which, if it had been twice as long as it was, would only have pleased me more. There are few persons that I have only seen once with whom I so much desire to keep up a communication as with you; and the importance of what I learn from you respecting matters so full of momentous consequences to the world would make such communication most valuable to me, even if I did not wish for it on personal grounds. The state of affairs in America has materially improved since you wrote by the defeat of the enemy in Maryland and their expul-

sion from it, and still more by Mr. Lincoln's antislavery proclamation, which no American, I think, can have received with more exultation than I did. It is of the highest importance, and more so because the manifest reluctance with which the President made up his mind to that decided step indicates that the progress of opinion in the country had reached the point of seeing its necessity for the effectual prosecution of the war. The adhesion of so many governors of States, some of them originally Democrats, is a very favorable sign; and thus far the measure does not seem to have very materially weakened your hold upon the border slave States. The natural tendency will be, if the war goes on successfully, to reconcile those States to emancipating their own slaves, availing themselves of the pecuniary offers made by the Federal government. I still feel some anxiety as to the reception to be given to the measure by Congress when it meets, and I should much like to know what are your expectations on that point.

In England the proclamation has only increased the venom of those who, after taunting you so long with caring nothing for abolition, now reproach you for your abolitionism as the worst of your crimes. But you will find that whenever any name is attached to the wretched effusions, it is always that of some deeply dyed Tory—generally the kind of Tory to whom slavery is rather agreeable than not, or who so hate your democratic institutions that they would be sure to inveigh against you whatever you did, and are enraged at being no longer able to taunt you with being false to your own principles. It is from these also that we are now beginning to hear, what disgusts me

more than all the rest, the base doctrine that it is for the interest of England that the American Republic should be broken up. Think of us as ill as you may (and we have given you abundant cause), but do not, I entreat you, think that the general English public is so base as this. Our national faults are not now of that kind, and I firmly believe that the feeling of almost all English Liberals, even those whose language is most objectionable, is one of sincere regret for the disruption which they think inevitable. As long as there is a Tory party in England, it will rejoice at anything which injures or discredits American institutions; but the Liberal party—who are now, and are likely to remain, much the strongest—are naturally your friends and allies, and will return to that position when once they see that you are not engaged in a hopeless, and therefore, as they think, an irrational and unjustifiable, contest. There are writers enough here to keep up the fight and meet the malevolent comments on all your proceedings by right ones. Besides Cairnes and Dicey and Harriet Martineau and Ludlow and Hughes, besides the "Daily News" and "Macmillan" and the "Star," there are now the "Westminster" and the "London Review," to which several of the best writers have now gone over; there is Ellison of Liverpool, the author of "Slavery and Secession," and editor of a monthly economical journal, the "Exchange"; and there are other writers, less known, who, if events go on favorably, will rapidly multiply.

Here in France the state of opinion on the subject is most gratifying. All liberal Frenchmen seem to have been with you from the first. They did not know more about the subject than the English, but their instincts

were truer. By the way, what did you think of the narrative of the campaign on the Potomac in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of October 15, by the Comte de Paris? It looks veracious, and is certainly intelligent, and in general effect likely, I should think, to be very useful to the cause. I still think you take too severe a view of the conduct of our government. I grant that the extra-official dicta of some of the ministers have been very unfortunate. But as a government, I do not see that their conduct is objectionable. The port of Nassau may be all that you say it is, but the United States also have the power, and have used it largely, of supplying themselves with munitions of war from our ports. If the principle of neutrality is once accepted, our markets must be open to both sides alike, and the general opinion in England is (I do not say whether rightly or wrongly) that if the course adopted is favorable to either side, it is to the United States, since the Confederates, owing to the blockade of their ports, have so much less power to take advantage of the facilities extended equally to both. Then, again, if the *Tuscarora* was ordered away, the *Sumter* was so, too. What you mention about a seizure of arms by our government must, I feel confident, have taken place during the *Trent* difficulty, at which time alone, neither before nor after, has the export of arms to America been interdicted. It is very possible that too much may have been made of Butler's proclamation, and that he has more wrong in phraseology than substance. But with regard to the watchword said to have been given by Pakenham at New Orleans, I have always hitherto taken it for a mere legend, like the exactly parallel ones which grew up under our eyes in Paris, in 1848,

respecting the socialist insurrection of June. What authority there may be for it I do not know; but if it is true, nothing can mark more strongly the change which has taken place in the European standard of belligerent rights since the wars of the beginning of the century, for if any English commander at the present time were to do the like, he could never show his face in English society (even if he escaped being broken by a court martial); and I think we are entitled to blame in others what none of us, of the present generation at least, would be capable of perpetrating.

You are perhaps hardly aware how little the English of the present day feel of *solidarité* with past generations. We do not feel ourselves at all concerned to justify our predecessors. Foreigners reproved us with having been the great enemies of neutral rights so long as we were belligerents, and for turning round and stickling for them now when we are neutrals; but the real fact is, we are convinced, and have no hesitation in saying (what our Liberal party said even at the time), that our policy in that matter in the great Continental war was totally wrong. But while I am anxious that liberal and friendly Americans should not think worse of us than we really deserve, I am deeply conscious and profoundly grieved and mortified that we deserve so ill, and are making in consequence so pitiful a figure before the world, with which if we are not daily and insultingly taxed by all Europe, it is only because our enemies are glad to see us doing exactly what they expected, justifying their opinion of us and acting in a way which they think perfectly natural, because they think it perfectly selfish.

If you kindly favor me with another letter here, it

is desirable that it should arrive before the end of November. After that time my address will be Blackheath Park, Kent.

I am, my dear sir,
Very truly yours,
J. S. Mill.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Vienna,
November 2, 1862.

My dear Holmes: More and more does it become difficult for me to write to you. I am greedier than ever for your letters, but the necessary vapidity of anything I can send to you in return becomes more apparent to me every day. It seems to me that by the time one of my notes makes its way to you in Boston it must have faded into a blank bit of paper. Where there is absolutely nothing in one's surroundings that can interest a friend, the most eloquent thing would seem to be to hold one's tongue. At least, however, I can thank you most warmly for your last letter. You know full well how interested I am in everything you can write, whether of speculation or of narration. Especially am I anxious to hear all that you have to say of Wendell's career. Of course his name among the wounded in the battle of Antietam instantly caught our eyes, and though we felt alarmed and uncomfortable, yet fortunately it was stated in the first intelligence we received that the wound, although in the neck, was not a dangerous one. I could not write to you, however, until I felt assured that he was doing well. I suppose Wendell has gone back to his regiment be-

fore this, and God knows whether there has not already been another general engagement in the neighborhood of the Potomac. What a long life of adventure and experience that boy has had in the fifteen months which have elapsed since I saw him, with his Pylades, seated at the Autocrat's breakfast-table in Charles Street!

Mary told me of his meeting with Hallowell, wounded, being brought from the field at the same time with himself, and of both being put together in the same house. We are fortunate in having a very faithful little chronicler in Mary, and she tells us of many interesting and touching incidents that otherwise might never reach us. She has also given us the details of the noble Wilder Dwight's death. It is unnecessary to say how deeply we were moved. I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and I always appreciated his energy, his manliness, and his intelligent, cheerful heroism. I look back upon him now as a kind of heroic type of what a young New-Englander ought to be and was. After all, what was your Chevy Chase to stir blood with like a trumpet? What noble principle, what deathless interest, was there at stake? Nothing but a bloody fight between a set of noble gamekeepers on one side, and of noble poachers on the other! And because they fought well and hacked each other to pieces like devils, they have been heroes for centuries.

Of course you know of Cairnes's book, and of John Mill's article in the "Westminster Review" for October, and of the sustained pluck and intelligence of the two Liberal journals in England, the "Daily News" and the "Star." As for John Bright, I hope one day

to see a statue raised to him in Washington. We must accept our position frankly. We are mudsills beloved of the Radicals. The negro-breeders are aristocrats, and, like Mrs. Jarley, the pride of the nobility and gentry.

Tell me, when you write, something of our State politics. It cannot be that these factionists can do any harm. But it is most mortifying to me that Boston of all the towns in the world should be the last stronghold of the pro-slavery party. I was interested in the conversation which you report: "How many sons have you sent to the war? How much have you contributed? How much of your life have you put into it?" I hope there are not many who hold themselves quite aloof. For my own part, I am very distant in body, but in spirit I am never absent from the country. I never knew before what love of country meant. I have not been able to do much for the cause. I have no sons to give to the country. In money I have contributed my mite. I hope you will forgive me for mentioning this circumstance. I do so simply that you may know that I have not neglected a sacred duty. In these days in our country of almost fabulous generosity, I am well aware that what I am able to give is the veriest trifle; but as it is possible you might hear that I have done nothing, I take leave to mention this, knowing that you will not misunderstand me. I am not able to do as much as I ought. Your letters are intensely interesting. It is n't my fault if mine are stupid. Mary and Lily join me in sincerest regards to you and yours.

Ever your old friend,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna, 20 Favoriten Strasse, Wieden,
November 25, 1862.

DEAREST LITTLE MARY: We jog on here much as usual. We are fortunate in our pleasant house and garden, so that the external physical influences are not so gloomy as they were last winter; but in other respects we are rather dismal, being so far away from the center of all interest, our own beloved country. It is very probable that I shall not live to see the end of this great tragedy, which seems to have hardly passed its first act. But you may do so, and when you do, you will see a great commonwealth, the freest and the noblest that ever existed in history, purged of the foul disorder which has nearly eaten away its vitals. This war is a purifying process, but it seems that a whole generation of youths has to be sacrificed before we can even see the end.

When the news of the attempt of the French emperor to interfere in our affairs in favor of the slaveholders reaches America, I hope it may open the eyes of our people to the danger ever impending over them from abroad. You will see that this is distinctly intimated in the despatch of Drouyn de l'Huys. The party of peace is supposed to have triumphed, and of course peace to the Europeans means the dismemberment of the Republic and the establishment of the slaveholders' Confederacy. I consider the 25,000 majority in glorious Massachusetts after the proclamation as a greater monument of triumph in the onward march of civilization on our continent than anything

that has yet happened. I have somewhat recovered from the spleen and despondency into which I was thrown by the first accounts of the elections in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. After all, when one makes an arithmetical calculation we see that the popular vote in the great States is very nearly balanced, and when we reflect that it was really a vote upon the Emancipation Proclamation, the progress is enormous. Two years hence there will be a popular majority for emancipation as large as there was for non-extension in 1860. This is true progress. Moreover, our majority in Massachusetts is almost equal to the Democratic majority in New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania combined.

The President's proclamation was just in time. Had it been delayed it is possible that England would have accepted the invitation of France, and that invitation was in reality to recognize the slaveholders' Confederacy, and to make with it an alliance offensive and defensive. I am not exaggerating. The object is distinctly to unite all Europe against us, to impose peace, and to forcibly dismember our country. Nothing has saved us from this disaster thus far except the antislavery feeling in England, which throughout the country, although not so much in high places, is the predominant popular instinct in England which no statesman dares confront. Thank God, Sumner is reëlected, or is sure of it, I suppose, and Sam Hooper, too. The "people" of Massachusetts have succeeded in electing five senators out of forty, thirty representatives out of a few hundred, and half a congressman.[1] If Mc-

[1] These senators and representatives were elected to the Legislature of the State by opponents of the national administration.

Clellan had been an abolitionist together with his military talents, which are certainly very respectable, he would have been a great man. This is a great political and social revolution, and not an ordinary war. Good-by, my darling. Your letters give us great pleasure. Mr. Sumner is a high-minded, pure-minded patriot, and his rejection by Massachusetts would be a misfortune and a disgrace. Mr. Hooper, too, is eminently qualified for his post, and I beg you to give him my most sincere congratulations at his reëlection, which I at one time felt was rather doubtful.

Ever thine in storm and shine and brine,

PAPAGEI.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

December 15, 1862.

. . . Mrs. Holmes, who is a judge, I can tell you (being President of the Industrial Association), tells me that your Mary is a most excellent worker and a most agreeable young lady. "She never stops, she goes right ahead," are the precise words of Mrs. President, who always means exactly what she says. Also Mrs. H. tells me that Mary is looking particularly well.

As I am in the vein of saying things that ought to please you, let me say that my heart always swells with pride, and a glitter comes over my eyes, when I read or hear your denunciations of the enemies of liberty at home and abroad, and your noble pleas for the great system of self-government now on its trial in a certain sense—say, rather, now putting our people on trial to

see whether they are worthy of it. There were many reasons why you might have lost your passion for a republican government. The old civilizations welcome you as an ornament to their highest circles; at home you of course meet in the upper political spheres much that is not to your taste. But you remain an idealist, as all generous natures do and must. I sometimes think it is the only absolute line of division between men—that which separates the men who hug the actual from those who stretch their arms to embrace the possible. I reduce my points of contact with the first class to a minimum. When I meet them I let them talk for the most part, for there is no profit in discussing any living question with men who have no sentiments, and the non-idealists have none. We don't talk music to those who have no ear. Why talk of the great human interests to men who have lost all their moral sensibilities, or who never had any?

You know quite as well as I do that accursed undercurrent of mercantile materialism which is trying all the time to poison the fountains of the national conscience. You know better than I do the contortions of that detested horde of mercenary partizans who would in a moment accept Jeff Davis, the slave-trade, and a Southern garrison in Boston to get back their post-offices and their custom-houses, where the bread they had so long eaten was covered with slime, like that of their brother serpents, before it was swallowed. The mean sympathizers with the traitors are about in the streets in many aspects: you can generally tell the more doubtful ones by the circumstance that they have a great budget of complaints against the government, that their memory is exceedingly retentive of every re-

verse and misfortune, and that they turn the small end of their opera-glasses toward everything that looks encouraging. I do not think strange of this in old men —they wear their old opinions, like their old clothes, until they are threadbare, and we need them as standards of past thought which we may reckon our progress by, as the ship wants her stationary log to tell her headway. But to meet young men who have breathed this American air without taking the contagious fever of liberty, whose hands lie as cold and flabby in yours as the fin of a fish on the morning of a victory, this is the hardest thing to bear. Oh, if the bullets would only go to the hearts that have no warm human blood in them! But the most generous of our youth are the price that we must pay for the new heaven and the new earth which are to be born of this fiery upheaval. . . .

Let us keep up our courage for our country and ourselves. It is harder for you, I have no doubt, than for me at home, and getting the news two or three times daily. Many things that may sound ill do not worry me long, for I am a man of large faith, and though the devil is a personage of remarkable talents, I think the presiding Wisdom is sure to be too much for him in the end. We are nervous just now and easily put down; but if we are to have a second national birth, it must be purchased by throes and agonies, harder perhaps than we have yet endured. I think of you all very often; do remember me and my wife (who is giving *all* her time to good deeds) most kindly to your wife and daughters.

Yours always in faith and hope,

O. W. H.

To his Mother

Vienna,
December 22, 1862.

My dearest Mother: It is long since I have written, and, indeed, I have been far from well for some time—nothing serious or which can cause anxiety, but making me uncomfortable and almost incapable of writing. I cannot, however, let the Christmas-tide pass over without sending you my dearest and best greetings and wishes for health and happiness. Thank God, however, I entertain the hope of living to see the day when even in Boston there will be no pro-slavery party, because when there is no longer slavery there can no longer be a party to support it. . . .

The young Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England) was here for three days a little while ago. The morning after her arrival I received a note from my colleague the Prussian minister, in whose house she was staying, informing me she was very desirous of making my acquaintance, having been lately reading my works, etc., and requesting me to call that morning. This I accordingly did, and was received very kindly by the young princess and her husband, and spent a very agreeable half-hour with them quite alone. She is rather *petite*, has a fresh young face, with pretty features, fine teeth, and a frank and agreeable smile, and an interested, earnest, and intelligent manner. Nothing can be simpler or more natural than her style, which I should say was the perfection of good breeding. She was in close mourning. She said many complimentary things about my writings, and indeed I may say that I heard from others, Lord

Bloomfield and Baron Werther for instance, that she was one of my most enthusiastic readers. I say this because I think it will please *you*.

She had also been reading Froude, whom she much admired. I told her that he was a friend of mine, and that I, too, entertained the highest opinion of him as a historian, although he had by no means converted me to his faith in Henry VIII. The princess was evidently disposed to admire that polygamous party, and was also a great adorer of Queen Elizabeth. Whence I concluded that she had not read my last two volumes, as she would hardly have expected entire sympathy from me in this respect. I told her that although I had great respect for Queen Elizabeth's genius and accomplishments and energy, I was not one of her thick-and-thin admirers. She spoke of Carlyle's last work—I mean his "History of Frederick the Great." I said that Carlyle's other works seemed to me magnificent, wonderful monuments of poetry and imagination, profound research, and most original humor; but that I thought him a most immoral writer, from his exaggerated reverence for brute force, which he was so apt to confound with wisdom and genius. A world governed *à la* Carlyle would be a pandemonium. The young prince is tall, blond, soldierly, intelligent, with frank, agreeable manners. Baron Werther told me last night that I ought to feel myself complimented, as I was the only person outside of the imperial family whom the princess had seen in Vienna, except the English ambassador and Lady Bloomfield.

We have very pleasant, bright winter weather here, never much above or below the freezing-point. The Vienna climate is not unlike that of Boston, only very

much mitigated. It is dry, clear, with a respectable cold in winter and tolerable heat in summer. I am sorry to say it does not suit me very well. I mean that it has that electrifying, irritating effect of the Boston atmosphere upon me, which does not put me in good working trim. However, I am determined that the new year shall find me hard at work on Volume III. We all send love to you and my father and all at home.

Good-by. God bless you, my dearest mother, and all the blessings of the season attend you and all. Write when you can; your letters always give me great pleasure. I shall not let so long an interval elapse again without sending at least a note.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
December, 1862.

My dearest little Mary: Your last letter was very pleasant to us—I have so high a respect for General Wadsworth. I hardly know a man in the whole country by whose course I have been so electrified as I was by his. Nothing can be nobler or more heroic than his career ever since the breaking out of the war. Certainly these are times that prove the mettle men are made of, and not only does his character, but his intellect, shine forth most brightly since the great events in which he has been taking part have revealed what was in him. The few speeches which he made in the late canvass seemed to me of the highest order of eloquence.

It is some good fruit at least of these unhappy times that we learn to know our contemporaries. In piping times of peace I should not have thought of James Wadsworth other than the agreeable man of the world, the liberal man of fortune, the thriving landlord, and now he turns out a hero and a statesman.

We were inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear of the death of sweet, dear, and beautiful Mrs. d'Hauteville. How much of loveliness and grace and gentle, intelligent, virtuous womanhood is buried in that grave! What a loss to her family who adored her, to so many friends who admired her and loved her, to her son far away on the field of danger! Certainly we live in tragic days. *You* may live to see tranquil and happy ones, but it is not probable that we of this generation will do so. The great slave revolution will, I think, take almost the span of one generation to accomplish itself thoroughly. This partial pro-slavery reaction in the North has, I fear, protracted the contest. I say partial, because on taking a wide view of the field I find really that the antislavery party has made enormous progress this year. The States of Pennsylvania and Ohio were almost evenly balanced on a general election taken immediately after the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Massachusetts gave 20,000 majority to the antislavery party; and although the city of New York was pro-slavery, as it always has been, yet the State, the really American part of the four millions of the inhabitants, voted by a great majority for Wadsworth. Then, the result of the Missouri election outweighs all the pro-slavery triumphs in any other State. If I had been told five years ago that that great slave State would, in the year 1862, elect five

emancipationists out of the nine members of Congress, and that emancipation would have a strong majority in each house of the Missouri Legislature, I could not have believed in such a vision. . . . This is one of the revolutions that does not go backward. "Die Welt ist rund und muss sich drehen." I suppose the din about McClellan's removal goes on around you. I take little interest in the matter. It is in vain to try to make a hero of him. But there is so much that is noble and generous and magnanimous in his nature, so much dignity and forbearance, and he is really so good a soldier, that it seems a pity he could not have been a great man and a great commander.

We are humdrumming on as usual. Yesterday we dined at our colleague's, the Dutch minister, Baron Heeckeren. This is our only festivity for the present. I am glad the Hoopers have been so kind as to invite you to Washington again. It is a great privilege for you, and I am very grateful to them. Always remember me most kindly when you see them. I owe Mr. Hooper a letter, which I shall immediately answer.

Ever your most affectionate

PAPAGEI.

CHAPTER XVII

VIENNA, 1863 *(Continued)*

Letter to Lady William Russell—Exclusiveness of Viennese society—The throne of Greece—Baron Sina—"Varius"—Letter from Mr. J. S. Mill—The early settlers in New England and in Virginia—The *Alabama*—Northern successes—Professor Goldwin Smith and Dr. Whewell on the war—Growth of antislavery feeling in England—Meeting at Liverpool—Duke of Argyll's speech—The "Times" and its influence—Failings of the American body politic—Vienna salons compared with English society—European sympathy with the United States—Letter from Mr. Bright—English jealousy of America—Revulsion of public feeling—Rumors of French intervention—Baron Sina—Adelina Patti—Exclusiveness of the Austrian aristocracy—Letter from Baron von Bismarck on the vexations of a minister—The German people—Rumors of a European war—Letter to Lady William Russell—Dullness of Viennese society—The Polish question—Secret societies in Warsaw—The climate of Vienna—Hon. E. Twisleton—News of the surrender of Vicksburg and battle of Gettysburg—General Lee's position—Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—The recent victories—Dr. O. W. Holmes's oration—The drought in Vienna—Elections in America—Louis Napoleon's scheme of a Congress of Sovereigns—European complications—The lessons of war—General Grant.

To Lady William Russell

Vienna,
January 7, 1863.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: I was on the point of writing to you on the very morning on which I received your

kind note. Most fervently do I return your New Year's wishes, and I pray that there may be healing and strength for you in the coming year. How often do we think of you and talk of you! How ardently do I wish that I could transport myself to Audley Square, and take my humble corner among the troops of friends that cluster around your little cream-bottle! Alas for perfidious Albion, "Felix Austria" makes me no amends for her loss. I might live here for the rest of the century and never take root, while I am still bleeding from my eternal extirpation from your hostile but congenial soil. The Austrians are charming people, sing, play, and dance divinely, but they don't like strangers, I fancy. These may disport themselves on the periphery, but—so my colleagues say—rarely become naturalized in the interior. *You* they adore; but how could they help that? All delight to talk of you; and, indeed, my only art *pour me faire valoir* is to boast of your friendship. I am thinking of having an official card engraved thus:

Mons. M——,
Ami de Milady W. Russell,
No. 20 Favoriten Strasse.

I hope that you won't object to my putting this little halo around my head. I can't say that I have done my part, and have been thus far but the merest "looker-on in Vienna." My heart is always heavy within me.

Do you know the minister of the departed Otho the Great at this court—Baron Sina, the Vienna billionaire? Why does n't Lord Palmerston make him King of Greece? Best of references from his last place—

speaks Greek and German, belongs to the Greek Church, salary no object, etc., etc. The Alfred *coup* is much admired here. Whether the annexation of Greece to the Ionian Islands is much to the taste of this government may be doubted. Also the theory that kings may be discharged, like butlers, with a fortnight's notice, which Lord John has been so calmly laying down, does n't meet with favor. But then Austria is only beginning to be a constitutional country. I wonder if you know the house which we have taken. It is a pleasant one, *entre cour et jardin*, and the garden is a very large one. It is a separate house, too, which I like so much better, having no *profanum vulgus* under the same roof.

I wish I was n't so stupid. I am afraid that you will deprive me of my family name, Varius. Horace couples my epical ancestor with Virgil as his best friends:

> Varius Sinuessæ Virgiliusque
> Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
> Terra tulit.

By the way, Sinuessa, which seems to have been the seat of the Roman branch of my family, was in Campania, and famous for its wine. I hope this letter will have better luck than those I wrote from Rome, which seem to be *spurlos verschwunden*. Once more I pray the New Year to bring you its choicest blessings.

Most sincerely yours,
VARIUS MISERIMUS.[1]

[1] "Varius" was the name by which Mr. Motley was usually addressed by Lady William Russell as a translation of his name.

From Mr. John Stuart Mill

Blackheath Park, Kent,
January 26, 1863.

Dear Sir: You may imagine better than I can tell you how much your letter interested me. I am obliged to you for the information respecting the first settlers in New England. I did not know that there were so many people of family among them, though I knew there were some. And I was quite aware that the place which the refuse went to was Virginia—all the popular literature of the century following shows that colony to have been the one regarded as the Botany Bay of that time. But my argument did not turn upon this, nor was I thinking of race and blood, but of habits and principles. New England, as I understand it, was essentially a middle-class colony; the Puritans, in the higher classes, who took part in its foundation, were persons whose sympathies went in a different channel from that of class or rank. The Southern colonies, on the contrary, were founded upon aristocratic principles, several of them by aristocratic men as such, and we know that the greatest of them, Virginia, retained aristocratic institutions till Jefferson succeeded in abolishing them.

Concerning the *Alabama*, most people of sense in this country, I believe, are reserving their opinion until they hear what the government has to say for itself. My own first impression was that the government was not bound, nor even permitted, by international rules to prevent the equipment of such a vessel, provided it allows exactly similar liberty to the other combatant.

But it is plain that notion was wrong, since the government has shown by issuing an order, which arrived too late, that it considered itself bound to stop the *Alabama*. What explanation it can give of the delay will be shown when Parliament meets; and what it ought to do now in consequence of its previous default, a person must be better acquainted than I am with international law to be able to judge. But I expect to have a tolerably decided opinion on the subject after it has been discussed.

I write you in much better spirits than I have been in since I saw you. In the first place, things are now going in a more encouraging manner in the West. Murfreesboro is an important as well as a glorious achievement, and from the general aspect of things I feel great confidence that you will take Vicksburg and cut off Arkansas and Texas, which then, by your naval superiority, will soon be yours. Then I exult in (what from observation of the politics of that State I was quite prepared for, though not for the unanimity with which it has been done) the passing over of Missouri from slavery to freedom—a fact which ought to cover with shame, if they were capable of it, the wretched creatures who treated Mr. Lincoln's second proclamation as waste paper, and who described the son of John Quincy Adams as laughing in his sleeve when he professed to care for the freedom of the negro. But I am now also in very good heart about the progress of opinion here. When I returned I already found things better than I expected. Friends of mine, who are heartily with your cause, who are much in society, and who speak in the gloomiest terms of what the general feeling was a twelvemonth ago, already thought that a

change had commenced; and I heard every now and then that some person of intellect and influence, whom I did not know before to be with you, was with you very decidedly.

You must have read one of the most powerful and most thorough pieces of writing in your defense which has yet appeared, under the signature "Anglo-Saxon," in the "Daily News." That letter is by Goldwin Smith, and though it is not signed with his name, he is willing (as I am authorized to say) that it should be known. Again, Dr. Whewell, one from whom I should not have expected so much, feels, I am told, so strongly on your side that people complain of his being rude to them on the subject, and he will not suffer the "Times" to be in his house. These, you may say, are but individual cases. But a decided movement in your favor has begun among the public since it has been evident that your government is really in earnest about getting rid of slavery. I have always said that it was ignorance, not ill will, which made the majority of the English public go wrong about this great matter. Difficult as it may well be for you to comprehend it, the English public were so ignorant of all the antecedents of the quarrel that they really believed what they were told, that slavery was not the ground, scarcely even the pretext, of the war. But now, when the public acts of your government have shown that at last it aims at entire slave-emancipation, that your victory means this, and your failure means the extinction of all present hope of it, many feel very differently. When you entered decidedly into this course, your detractors abused you more violently for doing it than they had before for not doing it, and the "Times" and "Saturday Re-

view'' began favoring us with the very arguments, almost in the very language, which we used to hear from the West Indian slaveholders to prove slavery perfectly consistent with the Bible and with Christianity. This was too much—it overshot the mark.

The antislavery feeling is now thoroughly raising itself. Liverpool has led the way by a splendid meeting, of which the ''Times'' suppressed all mention. But you must have seen a report of this meeting; you must have seen how Spence did his utmost, and how he was met; and that the object was not merely a single demonstration, but the appointment of a committee to organize an action on the public mind. There are none like the Liverpool people for making an organization of that sort succeed, if once they put their hands to it. The day when I read this, I read in the same day's newspaper two speeches by cabinet ministers: one by Milner Gibson, as thoroughly and openly with you as was consistent with the position of a cabinet minister; the other by the Duke of Argyll, a simple antislavery speech, denouncing the pro-slavery declaration of the Southern bishops; but his delivery of such a speech at that time and place had but one meaning. I do not know if you have seen Cairnes's lecture, or whether you are aware that it has been taken up and largely circulated by religious societies and is in its fourth edition. A new and enlarged edition of his great book is on the point of publication, and will, I have no doubt, be very widely read and powerfully influential.

Foreigners ought not to regard the ''Times'' as representing the British nation. Of course a paper which is so largely read and bought and so much thought of

as the "Times" is must have a certain amount of suitability to the people that buy it. But the line it takes on any particular question is much more a matter of accident than is supposed. It is sometimes better than the public, and sometimes worse. It was better on the Competitive Examinations and on the Revised Educational Code, in each case owing to the accidental position of a particular man who happened to write in it —both which men I could name to you. I am just as fully persuaded as if I could name the man that the attitude it has long held respecting slavery, and now on the American question, is equally owing to the accidental interests or sympathies of some one person connected with the paper. The "Saturday Review," again, is understood to be the property of the bitterest Tory enemy America has—Beresford Hope.

Unfortunately, these papers, through the influence they obtain in other ways, and in the case of the "Times" very much in consequence of the prevailing notion that it speaks the opinions of all England, are able to exercise great power in perverting the opinions of England whenever the public is sufficiently ignorant of facts to be misled. That, whenever engaged in a wrong line, writers like those of the "Times" go from bad to worse, and at last stick at nothing in the way of perverse and even dishonest misrepresentation, is but natural to party writers everywhere; natural to those who go on day after day working themselves up to write strongly in a matter to which they have committed themselves and breathing an atmosphere inflamed by themselves; natural, moreover, to demagogism both here and in America, and natural, above all,

to anonymous demagogism, which, risking no personal infamy by any amount of tergiversation, never minds to what lengths it goes, because it can always creep out in time and turn round at the very moment when the tide turns.

Among the many lessons which have been impressed on me by what is now going on, one is a strong sense of the *solidarité* (to borrow a word for which our language has no short equivalent) of the whole of a nation with every one of its members, for it is painfully apparent that your country and mine habitually judge of one another from their worst specimens. You say that if England were like Cairnes and me there would be no alienation; and neither would there if Americans were like you. But I need not use soft words to you, who, I am sure, detest these things as much as I do. The low tricks and fulsome mob flattery of your public men and the bullying tone and pettifogging practice of your different cabinets (Southern men chiefly, I am aware) toward foreigners have deeply disgusted a number of our very best people, and all the more so because it is the likeness of what we may be coming to ourselves. You must admit, too, that the present crisis, while it has called forth a heroism and constancy in your people which cannot be too much admired, and to which even your enemies in this country do justice, has also exhibited on the same scale of magnitude all the defects of your state of society—the incompetency and mismanagement arising from the fatal belief of your public that anybody is fit for anything, and the gigantic pecuniary corruption which seems universally acknowledged to have taken place, and, indeed, without it one cannot conceive how you

can have got through the enormous sums you have spent.

All this, and what seems to most of us entire financial recklessness (though, for myself, I do not pretend to see how you could have done anything else in the way of finance), are telling against you here, you can hardly imagine how much. But all this may be, and I have great hopes that it will be, wiped out by the conduct which you have it in your power to adopt as a nation. If you persevere until you have subdued the South, or at all events all west of the Mississippi; if, having done this, you set free the slaves, with compensation to loyal owners, and (according to the advice of Mr. Paterson, in his admirable speech at Liverpool) settle the freed slaves as free proprietors on the unoccupied land; if you pay honestly the interest on your own national debt, and take measures for redeeming it, including the debt without interest which is constituted by your inconvertible paper currency—if you do these things, the United States will stand very far higher in the general opinion of England than they have stood at any time since the War of Independence. If, in addition to this, you have men among you of a caliber to use the high spirit which this struggle has raised, and the grave reflections to which it gives rise, as means of moving public opinion in favor of correcting what is bad and of strengthening what is weak in your institutions and modes of feeling and thought, the war will prove to have been a permanent blessing to your country such as we never dared hope for, and a source of inestimable improvement in the prospects of the human race in other ways besides the great one of extinguishing slavery.

If you are really going to do these things you need not mind being misunderstood—you can afford to wait.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
J. S. Mill.

To his Second Daughter

Vienna,
February 17, 1863.

My dearest little Mary: I hope that you will accept this note from me as the family contribution for to-day.

I assure you, when you know Vienna as well as we do, you will agree that to screw out a letter once a week is a *Kunststück* to be proud of. I can't very well write to you, as I write to the State Department, about the movements in Montenegro, the Polish insurrection, or the Prussian-French treaty of commerce, although I dare say these things would amuse you about as much as they do the people at Washington just now, where they have so much other fish to fry. To-day is the last day of the carnival, which we celebrate by remaining calmly within doors in the bosom of our respected family. The great ball at Prince Schwarzenberg's took place last *Sunday*, so that we were obliged respectfully but firmly to decline. Soon begins the season of "salons." Now, if there is one thing more distasteful to me than a ball, it is a salon. Of course I don't object to young people liking to dance, and the few balls in the great houses here are as magnificent festivals as

could be got up anywhere, and Lily had always plenty of partners and danced to her heart's content, notwithstanding that nearly all the nice youths of the French and English embassies have been transplanted to other realms. But I think that no reasonable being *ought* to like a salon. There are three topics—the Opera, the Prater, the Burg Theater; when these are exhausted, you are floored. Conversazioni where the one thing that does not exist is conversation are not the most cheerful of institutions.

The truth is that our hostile friends the English spoil me for other society. There is nothing like London or England in the social line on the Continent. The Duke of Argyll writes to me pretty constantly, and remains a believer in the justice of our cause, although rather desponding as to the issue; and Mr. John Stuart Mill, who corresponds with me regularly and is as enthusiastic as I am, tells me that the number of men who agree with him in wishing us success is daily increasing. Among others he mentioned our old friend the distinguished Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity (with whom we stayed three days at Cambridge when I received my degree there), who, he says, is positively rude to those who talk against the North. He won't allow the "Times" to come into the house. Well, I hope the recent and remarkable demonstrations in England will convince the true lovers of union and liberty in America where our true strength lies, and who our true lovers are.

We have given four diplomatic dinners. The last was five days ago. Sixteen guests, beginning with Count Rechberg and the Prince and Princess Callimaki (Turkish ambassador), and ending with a French and

Belgian attaché or two. The French and English ambassadors and secretaries dined with us the week before. I think we shall give no more at present, unless we have a smaller one, to which we shall invite the Rothschild of the period, as we have had several good dinners at his house. I am very glad that you are to dine with Mrs. Amory to meet General McClellan. We feel very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Amory and S—— for their kindness to you. Pray never forget to give all our loves to them. Did Mrs. Amory ever get a letter I wrote her? Its date was May 12. Pray remember us most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie. I am so glad that you have been seeing so much of them lately. It is impossible for you not to be fond of them when you know them. Give my love also to Miss "Pussie," and to my Nahant contemporary, who I hope continues on the rampage as delightfully as ever. You will tell us, of course, what impression General McClellan makes upon you. Personally there seems much that is agreeable, almost fascinating, about him. I only saw him for a single moment, but was much impressed by his manner. I wish it had been his destiny to lead our armies to victory, for I don't see that we have any better man. But no one man will ever end this war except he be an abolitionist heart and soul, and a man of military genius besides.

Things have gone a million miles beyond compromise. Pray tell me what you learn of Hooker.

We all join in kindest love to you, my darling, and to your grandmama and grandpapa, and all at home.

Your ever-affectionate

P. G.

To his Mother

Legation of the United States,
March 3, 1863.

My dearest Mother: As I have now made up my mind that our war is to be protracted indefinitely, I am trying to withdraw my attention from it, and to plunge into the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries again. While I am occupying myself with the events of a civil war which lasted eighty years and engaged and exhausted the energies of all the leading powers of Europe, perhaps I may grow less impatient with military operations extended over a much larger and less populated area, and which have not yet continued for two years. Attention in Europe, I am happy to say, is somewhat diverted from our affairs by the events which are taking place in Poland.

Meetings are held day by day all over England, in which the strongest sympathy is expressed for the United States government, and detestation for the slaveholders and their cause, by people belonging to the working and humbler classes, who, however, make up the mass of the nation, and whose sentiments no English ministry (Whig or Tory) dares to oppose. As for Poland, I suppose the insurrection will be crushed, although it will last for months. I don't believe in any intervention on the part of the Western powers. There will only be a great deal of remonstrating, and a great talk about liberty and free institutions on the part of that apostle of liberty and civilization, Louis Napoleon.

I feel very much grieved that our only well-wisher in Europe, the Russian government, and one which has

just carried out at great risks the noblest measure of the age, the emancipation of 25,000,000 slaves, should now be contending in arms with its own subjects, and that it is impossible for us to sympathize with our only friends. The government here keeps very quiet.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

From Mr. John Bright

Rochdale,
March 9, 1863.

My dear Mr. Motley: I should have written to you sooner, but I have been a week away from town and from home in consequence of the death of my father-in-law at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and for a week past I have been unable to sit down to write, owing to a violent cold, with cough and feverishness, which has made me incapable of any business or exertion.

Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I know not that there is anything in it on your great question that I do not agree with. I am glad to find that you have observed the change of feeling which has taken place in this country, and I hope it has not been without effect in the United States.

Coming down from the War of Independence and from the War of 1812, there has always been in this country a certain jealousy of yours. It has been felt by the ruling class that your escape from George III. and our aristocratic government has been followed by a success and a progress of which England could offer no example. The argument could not be avoided, If Eng-

lishmen west of the Atlantic can prosper without Crown, without Lords, without Church, without a great territorial class with feudal privileges, and without all this or these can become great and happy, how long will Englishmen in England continue to think these things necessary for them? Any argument in favor of freedom here, drawn from your example, was hateful to the ruling class; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that a great disaster happening to your country and to its Constitution should not be regarded as a great calamity by certain influential classes here. Again, the rich, made rich by commerce, are generally very corrupt: the fluctuations of politics suddenly influence their fortunes, and they are more likely to take the wrong side than the right one. Thus, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, on the Stock Exchange and the commercial exchanges, are found many friends of the South, from the stupid idea that, if the North would not resist, peace would of necessity be restored.

But, apart from these classes, the mind of the nation is sound, and universally among the working-classes there is not only a strong hatred of slavery, but also a strong affection for the Union and for the Republic. They know well how literally it has been the home of millions of their class, and their feelings are entirely in its favor. The meetings lately held have not generally been attended by speakers most likely to draw great audiences, and yet no building has been large enough to contain those who have assembled. The effect of these meetings is apparent in some of our newspapers, and on the tone of Parliament. In the House of Commons there is not a whisper about recog-

nition or mediation in any form, and so far I see no sign of any attempt to get up a discussion on the part of any friends of the South. I am not certain just now that the most cunning and earnest friends of the South are not of opinion that it is prudent to be quiet on another ground besides that of a public disinclination to their cause: they think the South has more to hope now from dissensions at the North than from European sympathy; and they believe that nothing would so rapidly heal dissensions at the North as any prospect of recognition or interference from France or England. I gather this from what I heard a short time ago from a leading, perhaps the leading, secessionist in the House of Commons.

So far as England is concerned, every idea of interference in any way seems to be quite abandoned. A real neutrality is the universally admitted creed and duty of this country, and I am convinced that there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the tardy action of the government by which the *Alabama* was allowed to get out to sea.

Two days before Parliament met I made a speech to a meeting mainly of working-men in this town. The object of the meeting was to vote thanks to the New York merchants and others for their contributions to our distressed operatives. I spoke to show them how hostile the pretensions of the South not only to negro freedom, but to all freedom, and, especially, to explain to them the new theory that all difficulties between capital and labor would be got rid of by making all labor into capital, that is, by putting my workmen into the position of absolute ownership now occupied by my horses! The people here understand all this.

Cheap newspapers have done much for them of late, and I have no fear of their going wrong.

But, seeing no danger here, what can be said for your own people? The democratic leaders in some of the States seem depraved and corrupt to a high degree. It seems incredible that now, after two years of war, there should be anybody in the North in favor of slavery, and ready rather to peril and to ruin the Union than to wound and destroy the great cause of all the evil; yet so it is, and doubtless the government is weakened by this exhibition of folly and treason. Military successes will cure all this—but can they be secured? Time has allowed the South to consolidate its military power and to meet your armies with apparently almost equal forces. To me it seems that too much has been attempted, and that, therefore, much has failed. At this moment much depends on Vicksburg; if the river be cleared out, then the conspiracy will be cut into two, and the reputation of the administration will be raised. If, again, Charleston be captured, the effect in Europe will be considerable, and it will cause much disheartenment through the South. But if neither can be done, I think the North will be sick of its government, if not of the war, and it will be difficult to raise new forces and to continue the war. Another year must, I think, break down the South, but something must be done and shown to make it possible for Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward to conduct this contest through another campaign.

I cannot believe in the notions of the New York "Times" as to French intervention. The Mexican mess is surely enough for the appetite of Louis Napoleon. Perhaps the story is got up to give more unity to the

Northern mind. I can trace it no further than this. Your cause is in your own hands. I hope Heaven may give you strength and virtue to win it. All mankind look on, for all mankind have a deep interest in the conflict. Thank you for all your kind words to myself. I shall always be glad to have a letter from you.

Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN BRIGHT.

To his Mother

Vienna,
March 28, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: . . . As to your making yourself out so very old, I can't admit that when I see, for example, Lord Palmerston, who is ever so many years older than you, in his eightieth year in fact, shouldering the whole British Empire, and making a joke of it. Our climate, too, so trying to the young, I believe to be exceedingly beneficial to those more advanced in years. Only do go to Nahant next summer; I am sure that the air and sight of that sea-beaten promontory is to you an elixir of youth.

I have little to say of our goings-on here. Lent, which has succeeded a dancing carnival, has been pretty well filled up every evening with soirées. Baron Sina, the minister of the defunct kingdom of Greece, an enormously wealthy man, has given a series of evening parties, in which there was always music by the Italian operatic artists now performing in Vienna. We had Patti last week, who sang delightfully. She has made quite a *furore* in this place. We have only heard her

at the theater once. She is not at the Imperial Opera, where we have a box, but at a smaller one, and the price is altogether too large, as one is obliged to subscribe for the whole engagement. I hope to get a box, however, for next Saturday night, when she is to play Lucia; and this will be sufficient for us. We dined with a large party three days ago at the same Baron Sina's expressly to meet Patti. We had previously dined with her at Baron Rothschild's. She is a dear little unsophisticated thing, very good, and very pretty and innocent. She considers herself as an American, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," after dinner the other day, because she said she was sure we should like to hear it, and she sang it most delightfully.

Last Wednesday night we gave a great squash of our own. It was our first attempt in the evening-party line, and we were a little nervous about it. You know you don't send out written invitations and receive answers. You merely send a couple of days before a verbal invitation through a servant, without any chance of a reply. At a quarter before ten there were not a dozen people in our rooms, and we began to feel a little fidgety, although we knew the regular habits of the people. But in ten minutes the house was crowded. It was considered a most successful squeeze. All the Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, Trauttmansdorffs, and the other great families of Vienna, together with nearly the whole diplomatic corps, were present, and seemed to amuse themselves as well as at other parties. Talking the same talk with the same people, drinking the same tea and lemonade, and eating the same ices as at other houses, there is no reason why they should not have amused themselves as well. The young ladies are

a power in Vienna. At every "rout," or evening reception, they always have one of the rooms to themselves, which is called the *Comtessen Zimmer* (no young lady in this society being supposed to be capable of a lower rank than countess), and where they chatter away with their beaus, and sometimes arrange their quadrilles and waltzes for the balls of a year ahead.

Nothing can be more charming than the manners of the Austrian aristocracy, both male and female. It is perfect nature combined with high breeding. A characteristic of it is the absence of that insolence on the one side and of snobbishness on the other which are to be found in nearly all other societies. This arises from the fact that the only passport to the upper society is *pedigree*, an unquestionable descent on both sides of the house from nobility of many generations. Without this passport a native might as well think of getting into the moon as getting into society. Therefore the society is very small, not more than three hundred or so, all very much intermarried and related; everybody knows everybody, so that pushing is impossible, and fending off unnecessary. The diplomatic corps move among it, of course, officially. They are civil to us, and invite us to their great parties, and come to our houses. As a spectacle of men and women, and how they play their parts, as Washington Irving used to say, I have no objection to spending my evenings thus for a small portion of the year. It does not interfere with my solid work during the daytime. English society is very interesting, because anybody who has done anything noteworthy may be seen in it. But if an Austrian should be Shakspere, Galileo, Nelson, and Raphael all in one, he could n't be admitted into

good society in Vienna unless he had the sixteen quarterings of nobility which birth alone could give him. Naturally it is not likely to excite one's vanity that one goes as a *minister* where as an individual he would find every door shut against him. But in the way of duty it is important to cultivate social relations where one is placed, and in these times I am desirous that the American legation should be in a line with other missions. Fortunately, evening entertainments only cost the wax candles and the lemonade.

There is not much in this letter, my dear mother, to interest you. But I thought it better to talk of things around me instead of sending my disquisitions about American affairs, in regard to which I am so unfortunate as to differ from those whom you are in the habit of talking with. Best love to my father and all at home.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

From Baron von Bismarck

Berlin,
April 17, 1863.

My dear Motley: Du hast mir eine grosse Freude gemacht durch deinen Brief vom 9., und ich werde Dir sehr dankbar sein, wenn Du Wort hälst to write oftener and longer. I hate politics, aber wie Du sehr richtig sagst, like the grocer hating figs, ich bin nicht desto weniger genöthigt, meine Gedanken unablässig mit jenen Figs zu befassen. Auch in diesem Augenblicke, während ich Dir schreibe, habe ich die Ohren

davon voll. Ich bin genöthigt ungewöhnlich abgeschmackte Reden aus dem Munde ungewöhnlich kindischer und aufgeregter Politiker anzuhören, und habe dadurch einen Augenblick unfreiwilliger Musse, die ich nicht besser benützen kann, als indem ich Dir von meinem Wohlbefinden Nachricht gebe. Ich habe niemals geglaubt, dass ich in meinen reifen Jahren genöthigt werden würde, ein so unwürdiges Gewerbe wie das eines parlementarischen Ministers zu betreiben. Als Gesandter hatte ich, ob schon Beamter, doch das Gefühl ein Gentleman zu sein. Als Minister ist man Helot. Ich bin heruntergekommen und weiss doch selber nicht wie.

April 18. So weit schrieb ich gestern, dann schloss die Sitzung; 5 Stunden Kammer bis 3 Uhr, dann 1 Stunde reiten, 1 Stunde Vertrag bei Sr. Majestät, 3 Stunden auf einen langweiligen Diner, old important Whigs, dann 2 Stunden Arbeit, schliesslich ein Souper bei einem Collegen, der es mir übel genommen hätte, wenn ich seinen Fisch verschmäht hätte.

Heute früh kaum gefrühstückt, da sass mir Karolyi schon gegenüber; ihn lösten ohne Unterbrechung Dänemark, England, Portugal, Russland, Frankreich ab, dessen Botschafter ich ein Uhr darauf aufmerksam machen musste, dass es für mich Zeit sei in das Haus der Phrasen zu gehn. In diesem sitze ich nun wieder, höre die Leute Unsinn reden, und beendige meinen Brief; die Leute sind Alle darüber einig, unsere Verträge with Belgien gut zu heissen, und doch sprechen 20 Redner, schelten einander mit der grössten Heftigkeit, als ob jeder den Andern umbringen wollte; sie sind über die *Motive* nicht einig, aus denen Sie übereinstimmen, darum der Zank; echt Deutsch, leider, Streit

um des Kaisers Bart, querelle d'Allemand. Etwas davon habt Ihr Anglo-Saxon Yankees auch. Wisst Ihr eigentlich aber genau, warum Ihr so wüthend Krieg mit einander führt? Alle wissen Es gewiss nicht; aber man schlägt sich con amore todt, das Geschäft bringt's halt so mit sich. Eure Gefechte sind blutig, unsere geschwätzig; diese Schwätzer können Preussen wirklich nicht regieren, ich muss den Widerstand leisten, sie haben zu wenig Witz und zu viel Behagen, dumm und dreist. Dumm in seiner Allgemeinheit ist nicht der richtige Ausdruck; die Leute sind, einzeln betrachtet, zum Theile recht gescheut, meist unterrichtet, regelrechte deutsche Universitätsbildung, aber von der Politik über die Kirchthurm-Interessen hinaus wissen sie so wenig wie wir als Studenten davon wussten, ja noch weniger; in auswärtiger Politik sind sie auch einzeln genommen Kinder; in allen übrigen Fragen aber werden sie kindisch, so bald sie in Corpore zusammen treten, massenweit dumm, einzeln verständig.

When over-reading my letter just before I go to meet in my bed "tired nature's sweet restorer," I find that under the noisy distractions of parliamentary bullying I have written down a *suite* of dull commonplaces, and I was about to burn it, but considering the difficulty in this dreary sort of life of finding out an undisturbed moment and a more sensible disposition of mind, I think, like Pontius Pilate, "Quod scripsi, scripsi." These drops of my own ink will show you at least that my thoughts, when left alone, readily turn to you. I never pass by old Logier's house, in the Friedrichstrasse, without looking up at the windows that used to be ornamented by a pair of red slippers sustained on the wall by the feet of a gentleman sitting in the Yan-

kee way, his head below and out of sight. I then gratify my memory with remembrance of "good old colony times when we were roguish chaps."[1] (Poor) Flesh is traveling with his daughter, I do not know where in this moment. My wife is much obliged for your kind remembrance, and also the children. The little one wrenched his foot in tumbling down a staircase, and my daughter in bed with a sore throat, but no harm in that. They are well, after all. Gott sei Dank. Nun leb' herzlich wohl. Ich kann so spät am Abend eine so unorthographische Sprache wie englisch nicht länger schreiben. Aber bitte versuche Du es bald wieder. Deine Hand sieht aus wie Krähenfüsse, ist aber sehr leserlich; meine auch?

Dein treuer alter Freund,
V. Bismarck.

Translation

From Baron von Bismarck

Berlin,
April 17, 1863.

My dear Motley: You have given me a great pleasure with your letter of the 9th, and I shall be very grateful to you if you keep your promise to write oftener and longer. I hate politics, but, as you say truly, like the grocer hating figs, I am none the less obliged to keep my thoughts increasingly occupied with those figs. Even at this moment, while I am writing

[1] In February, 1888, Prince Bismarck, in his great speech to the German Reichsrath, quoted this college song, adding at the same time that he had learned it from his "dear deceased friend John Motley."

to you, my ears are full of it. I am obliged to listen to particularly tasteless speeches out of the mouths of uncommonly childish and excited politicians, and I have therefore a moment of unwilling leisure, which I cannot use better than in giving you news of my welfare. I never thought that in my riper years I should be obliged to carry on such an unworthy trade as that of a parliamentary minister. As envoy, although an official, I still had the feeling of being a gentleman; as [parliamentary] minister one is a Helot. I have come down in the world, and hardly know how.

April 18. I wrote as far as this yesterday, then the sitting came to an end; five hours' Chamber until three o'clock; then one hour's riding; one hour's report to his Majesty; three hours at an incredibly dull dinner, old important Whigs; then two hours' work; finally, a supper with a colleague, who would have been hurt if I had slighted his fish.

This morning I had hardly breakfasted before Karolyi was sitting opposite to me; he was followed without interruption by Denmark, England, Portugal, Russia, France, whose ambassador I was obliged to remind at one o'clock that it was time for me to go to the House of Phrases. I am sitting again in the latter; hear people talk nonsense, and end my letter. All these people have agreed to approve our treaties with Belgium, in spite of which twenty speakers scold each other with the greatest vehemence, as if each wished to make an end of the other; they are not agreed about the *motives* which make them unanimous, hence, alas! a regular German squabble about the emperor's beard—*querelle d'Allemand*. You Anglo-Saxon Yankees have something of the same kind also. Do you all know ex-

actly why you are waging such furious war with each other? All certainly do not know, but they kill each other *con amore*—that 's the way the business comes to them. Your battles are bloody, ours wordy. These chatterers really cannot govern Prussia. I must bring some opposition to bear against them; they have too little wit and too much self-complacency—stupid and audacious. Stupid, in all its meanings, is not the right word; considered individually, these people are sometimes very clever, generally educated—the regulation German university culture; but of politics, beyond the interests of their own church tower, they know as little as we knew as students, and even less: as far as external politics go, they are also, taken separately, like children. In all other questions they become childish as soon as they stand together *in corpore*. In the mass stupid, individually intelligent.

[Letter continues in English until last sentence.]

Now, an affectionate farewell. I can't go on writing such an unorthographic language as English so late at night, but please try it yourself soon again. Your hand looks like cranes' feet, but is very legible. Is mine the same?

Your faithful old friend,
V. Bismarck.

To his Mother

Vienna,
May 12, 1863.

My dearest Mother: Since Easter brought an end to the Lenten entertainments which succeeded the car-

nival, there has been absolutely nothing going on in the social world. To-morrow there is a ceremony at the chapel of the imperial palace, the presentation of the cardinal's hat by the emperor to our colleague here, the internuncio, who has just been cardinalized by the Pope. I wish it had taken place yesterday, for then I might have a topic for my letter, besides having got through the bore of witnessing it.

There is much talk about war in Europe, but I can hardly believe it will come to blows. I don't exactly see how France or England is to get any benefit from the war. The Crimean War was different. Without it, it is probable that Russia would have got Constantinople, which England, of course, can never stand. France would like to fight Prussia and get the Rhine provinces, but England could n't stand that, nor Austria either, much as she hates Prussia. So it would seem difficult to get up a war. As for Austria's going into such a shindy, the idea is ridiculous. To go to war to gain a province is conceivable; to do so expressly to lose one is not the disinterested fashion of European potentates. As for the Poles, nothing will satisfy them but complete independence, and in this object I don't believe that France or England means to aid them. So there will be guerrilla fighting all summer. Blood will flow in Poland, and ink in all the European cabinets very profusely, and the result will be that Russia will end by reducing the Poles to submission. At least this is the way things look now; but "on the other hand," as Editor Clapp used to say, there is such a thing as drift, and kings and politicians don't govern the world, but move with the current, so that the war may really come before the summer is over, for the political ques-

tion (to use the diplomatic jargon) is quite insoluble, as the diplomatic correspondence has already proved. There, I have given you politics enough for this little letter, and now I have only to say how much love we all send to you and the governor. I hope this summer will bring warmth and comfort and health to you. Give my love to my little Mary. Our news from America is to April 29, and things look bright on the Mississippi. I hope to hear good accounts from Hooker, but Virginia seems a fatal place for us.

Good-by, my dearest mother.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To Lady William Russell

Vienna,
May 31, 1863.

Dear Lady William: If I have not written of late, it is simply and purely because I am so very stupid. I don't know whether you ever read a very favorite author of mine—Charles Lamb. He says somewhere, "I have lived to find myself a disreputable character." Now, I don't know (nor very much care) whether I am disreputable or not, but I am conscious of being a bore, both to myself and others. It has been growing steadily upon me. I always had a natural tendency that way, and the development in the Vienna atmosphere has been rapid. As I know you hate bores worse than anything else human (if they are human), I have been disposed to suppress myself. What can I say to you about Vienna? I don't wish to say anything against

people who have civilly entreated me, who are kindly in manner, and are certainly as well dressed, as well bred, as good-looking as could be desired. A Vienna salon, with its *Comtessen Zimmer* adjoining, full of young beauties, with their worshipers buzzing about them like great golden humblebees, is as good a specimen of the human tropical-conservatory sort of thing as exists. But I must look at it all objectively, not subjectively. The society is very small in number. As you know, one soon gets to know every one—gets a radiant smile from the fair women and a pressure of the hand from the brave men; exchanges a heartfelt word or two about the Prater, or the last piece at the Burg; groans aloud over the badness of the opera and the prevalence of the dust, *und damit Punktum.*

Your friend Prince Paul is better of late. But he has been shut up all the winter. A few nights ago we saw him at the Opera. You are at the headquarters of intelligence, so you know better than I do whether you are going to war about Poland. I take it for granted that no sharper instrument than the pen will be used by the two "great powers," and that they will shed nothing more precious than ink this year, which can be manufactured very cheap in all countries. At any rate, people talk very pacifically here, except in the newspapers. The Duc de Gramont has gone to Karlsbad to drink the waters for six weeks; the first secretary of his embassy is absent; Lord Bloomfield has gone into the country; Count Rechberg has been ailing for some weeks; and meantime we are informed this morning by telegraph that engineer officers in London and Paris have arranged the plan of the campaign. Finland is at once to be occupied, a great battle is to

be fought, in which the Allies are to be victorious, after which St. Petersburg is to be immediately captured—*simple comme bonjour*. The newspapers give you this telegram, all of them exactly as I state it. Ah, if campaigning in the field were only as easy and bloodless as in the newspapers! But the poor Poles are shedding something warmer than ink, and I can't say it seems very fair to encourage them to go on, if you are going to help them with nothing harder than fine phrases, which have small effect on Cossacks: for what is called in the jargon of the day "moral influence" (whatever it may be) is no doubt a very valuable dispensation, but gunpowder carries nearer to the mark.

There seems something very grand in this occult power, called the Committee of Public Safety, at Warsaw, a new vehmgericht. I am told that General Berg, on being asked the other day by Grand Duke Constantine if he had made any discoveries yet as to the people who composed the Committee, replied in the affirmative. "Who are they?" said the grand duke. "Let me first tell you who don't belong to it," said the general. "I don't, for one; your Imperial Highness does not, I think, for another; but for all the rest of Warsaw I can't say." A comfortable situation for a grand duke! This invisible Committee send as far as Vienna for recruits, and men start off without a murmur, go and get themselves shot, or come back again, as the case may be, and nobody knows who sent for them or how. I have heard of several instances of this occurring in high and well-known families. I am just now much interested in watching the set-to between crown and Parliament in Berlin. By the way, Bismarck-Schönhausen is one of my oldest and most intimate friends.

We lived together almost in the same rooms for two years,—some ages ago, when we were both *juvenes imberbes*,—and have renewed our friendship since. He is a man of great talent and most undaunted courage. We have got a little parliament here, which we call the *Reichsrath*, and are as proud as Punch of it. It has worked two years admirably well, only the opposition members, who make up two thirds of it, never come, which makes it easier for the administration. My wife and daughters join me in warmest regards and most fervent wishes for your happiness and restoration to health, and I remain

Most sincerely and devotedly yours,

VARIUS VARIORUM.

To his Mother

Vienna,
June 16, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Now that Mary is gone, you will not hear regularly through her once a week that we are all well and going on as usual. If her arrangements were carried out, she must now be six days out from Boston, and will be due in Liverpool in six days more, so that next week we shall be anxiously looking for the telegram announcing the steamer's arrival.

We have awful weather. A dry, cold, pitiless, howling whirlwind has been sweeping over Vienna for the last four or five days. To say that our June is a severe March would be to slander that blustering month unjustly. I never knew such hideous weather. If it would

rain, I should n't mind, but it rarely rains here. The Vienna climate has much resemblance to that of Boston, particularly in the matter of wind. The winter is not half as severe, but, *en revanche*, I never knew such glacial weather in mid-June at home. Five such days as we have passed through, with the prospects of five more, are more savage than six months of the worst east wind that ever swept up Boston Bay.

You see I am weak-minded enough to find nothing to talk about but the weather. We have just had the pleasure of having Mrs. Parkman and her children and Edward Twisleton here for a few days. They were with us to dinner or in the evening nearly every day, and it was a great satisfaction, so rarely do we have any old friends in this out-of-the-way place. She, you know, is a woman of remarkable intelligence and character, and her children are uncommonly well educated and well mannered. Poor Twisleton we had not seen since his wife's death, whom we saw much in England and liked exceedingly. He is saddened much, but not changed; it was very agreeable to talk with him about American matters, for he is as good an American as I am, and thoroughly understands the subject, besides being a man of talent and great attainments. They are gone now. He is on his way to England. She will join Mrs. Cleveland in Schwalbach, so that if Mary and Lily keep to their present plan of going to that place to meet Mary and bring her back, while Susie and I keep house at home, they will meet again in a few weeks. The Clevelands are expected in Schwalbach July 18.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,
July 7, 1863.

My dearest Mother: . . . Lily is my assistant secretary of legation, and does an immense deal for me, being able, by her thorough knowledge of languages, to accomplish more work than most young gentlemen of her age would be competent to. The daughter of the French ambassador is about Susie's age, and the two daughters of the Spanish minister are also her contemporaries, and the four are very intimate and see each other perpetually. Not a week passes but Susie passes the day with the Gramonts, or they come and play in our garden. The little D'Ayllons have now gone to Vöslau (where we were last year), but I think that Susie will soon make them a visit. Meantime they exchange letters, I should think, every day. What they find to put in them is difficult to imagine. . . . Everything is calm just now. Almost all Vienna has turned itself out of town, and we are left blooming alone.

To-day we all four go out to dine with the Bloomfields, who have a pleasant villa for the summer about an hour's drive from here. It is very pleasant for us, when the relations between our government and those of England and France are so threatening and disagreeable, that our personal intercourse with the English and French ambassadors and their families can be so agreeably maintained. Nothing can be more amiable and genial than both Lord Bloomfield and the Duc de Gramont, and nothing but kind words and offices have ever passed between us. Your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Wife[1]

Monday, July 20, 1863.

My dearest Mary: Hurray! I have just got the telegram. Vicksburg surrendered on the glorious Fourth. "Good," as Turner Sargent says. The details are, of course, wanting. We shall not receive the papers containing the Gettysburg battle history until Thursday. There can be no doubt, however, that Lee has been tremendously licked. Meade occupied his headquarters after the battle, and has since been pursuing him for sixty miles.

Meade seems to me to be a trump, the man we have been looking for ever since the war began. What a tremendous responsibility it was for him to be placed at the head of the army at the eleventh hour, in the very face of the chief rebel general and their best army! So far as we can yet judge, he has acted with immense nerve, rapidity, skill, and I think has achieved a very great success. To us who know the country the telegram says simply, "Lee, after losing 30,000 men [probably 15,000], is trying to get off into Virginia as fast as he can. He may offer battle if he can't get across the Potomac before Meade catches him. If not, not, and if not, why not?" I have never felt so sanguine about our affairs since the very beginning. To be sure, I never believed, as you know, in the fudge about Baltimore and Washington, but one could n't help the fidgets when all the world in Europe was sounding the rebel trumpets in such a stunning way.

[1] During a short absence to meet their second daughter on her return from America. See p. 344.

Now, if Lee is able to do us much damage, all I can say is that I shall be very much astonished. I suppose he will get back to Winchester, and so to the Rappahannock, with a good deal of bacon and other provender, and then claim a great victory. There is no meaning at all in that bit in the telegram about Buford and Kilpatrick's cavalry being repulsed. Obviously they were only reconnoitering in force to find out where the enemy was, and it could only have been an insignificant skirmish, such as happens daily. If there is any truth in the story about "Vice-President" Stephens wishing to come to Washington, it must have been something about negro troops. Now that we must have taken in Pennsylvania and Vicksburg at least 20,000 prisoners, I do hope the President will issue an unmistakable edict about that hanging officers of black troops. There could n't be a better time.

Devotedly and affectionately,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Vienna,
July 24, 1863.

Dearest Mary: I wrote yesterday and said that I would write again to-day, thinking you would like to listen to the words of wisdom after I had had time to digest a little of the magnificent news we have just received. But, after all, I have n't much to say. For the details are entirely wanting. The papers only reach to 8th from Boston and 7th from New York; the later is of

course by telegraph. We must wait a week to know exactly what has happened, and how large the success is. But is n't it one of the most striking and picturesque things imaginable that Lee's great invading army, after being thoroughly thrashed on the 2d and 3d July, should have moved off in rapid retreat on the 4th July, and that, on the same *famous anniversary*, Vicksburg, the great fortress and stronghold of the Mississippi, should have surrendered to the United States troops?

Suppose that Lee at the present moment has got 70,000 men at Hagerstown, where we know that he has fortified himself,—and that is the very utmost that one can even imagine him to have,—why, Meade by this time must have at least 150,000, after deducting all his losses in the battles. And the militia are streaming in by thousands a day. Government can send him (and I believe has sent him) every soldier they can dispose of from Washington, Baltimore, Fort Monroe, and the Peninsula. Our resources of food and ammunition are boundless, and I don't see how Meade can help cutting off the enemy's supplies. I pore over the map, and I don't see how Lee can help being in a trap. I will say no more, especially as about the time when you read this you will be getting the telegram to the 15th, which may prove that I have made an ass of myself. I send Sumner's letter, written apparently before hearing of any of these great victories. I also send Holmes's oration, which I have n't yet had time to read. No doubt it is magnificent, and I prefer to read it at leisure. I have another copy in the daily. He sent me this one. I also send a paper or two, which please preserve, as I file them. I went to the D'Ayl-

lons' yesterday and brought home Susie. Love to Mrs. Cleveland and Lillie and my chickens.

Ever lovingly yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,
September 22, 1863.

My dearest Mother: Here in this capital the great interest just now is about the new Mexican emperor. The Archduke Maximilian is next brother to the Emperor of Austria, and about thirty years of age. He has been a kind of Lord High Admiral, an office which, in the present condition of the imperial navy, may be supposed to be not a very onerous occupation. He was Governor-General of Lombardy until that kingdom was ceded to Victor Emmanuel, and he is considered a somewhat restless and ambitious youth. He has literary pretensions, too, and has printed, without publishing, several volumes of travels in various parts of the world. The matter is not yet decided. It is, I believe, unquestionable that the archduke is most desirous to go forth on the adventure. It is equally certain that the step is exceedingly unpopular in Austria. That a prince of the house of Hapsburg should become the satrap of the Bonaparte dynasty, and should sit on an American throne which could not exist a moment but for French bayonets and French ships, is most galling to all classes of Austrians. The intrigue is a most embarrassing one to the government. If the fatal gift is refused, Louis Napoleon of course takes it highly in dudgeon. If it is accepted, Austria takes a kind of millstone around her neck in the shape of gratitude

for something she did n't want, and some day she will be expected to pay for it in something she had rather not give. The deputation of the so-called notables is expected here this week, and then the conditions will be laid down on which Maximilian will consent to live in the bed of roses of Montezuma and Iturbide. I still entertain a *faint* hope that the negotiations may be protracted, and that something may interrupt them before they are concluded. The matter is a very serious and menacing one to us.

Fortunately our President is as honest and upright a man as ever lived, and there is no Minister of Foreign Affairs living to compare in ability with Seward. I think he will steer us clear of war, and a foreign war is the only thing which can save the rebellion from extermination. No paper published of late has given me such unalloyed pleasure as the President's letter to the Illinois Republican Committee. The transparent honesty and unsophisticated manliness of his character breathe through every line. Happy the people who can have so homely and honest a chief, when others live under Louis Napoleons and Jeff Davises!

Good-by, my dearest mother. All send best love to father and yourself and all the family, and I remain

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Vienna,
September 22, 1863.

My dear Holmes: I am perfectly aware that I do not deserve to receive any letters or anything else from

you. You heap coals on my head, and all I can say is that I hope you have several chaldrons on hand for me of the same sort. Pour on. I will endure with much gratitude and without shame. Your last letter was not to me, but to two young women under my roof, and gave them infinite delight, as you may well suppose, as well as to Mary and myself. I shall, however, leave the answering of that letter to them. The youngest of the two is not the less welcome to us after her long absence from the domestic hen-coop; she has so much to say of you and yours, and of all the kindness you heaped upon her, and of all the thousand matters belonging to you all. Your last letter to me bears date June 7. It is much occupied with Wendell's wound at Fredericksburg, and I thank you for assuming so frankly that nothing could be more interesting to us than the details which you send us. I trust sincerely that he has now fully recovered. Colonel Holmes has most nobly won his spurs and his advancement. I am always fond of citing and daguerreotyping him as a specimen of the mob of mercenaries and outcasts of which the Union army is composed. You may be sure I do him full justice, and even if I allow it to be supposed that there are within our ranks five hundred as good as he, it is an inference which can do the idiots no harm who suppose the slave-holding rebels to be all Sidneys and Bayards.

When you wrote me last, you said on general matters this: "In a few days we shall get the news of the success or failure of the attacks on Port Hudson and Vicksburg. If both are successful, many will say that the whole matter is about settled." You may suppose that when I got the great news I shook hands

warmly with you in the spirit across the Atlantic. Day by day for so long we had been hoping to hear the fall of Vicksburg. At last, when that little concentrated telegram came announcing Vicksburg and Gettysburg on the same day and in two lines, I found myself alone. Mary and Lily had gone to the baths of Schwalbach to pick up the stray chicken with whom you are acquainted. There was nobody in the house to join in my huzzas but my youngest infant. And my conduct very much resembled that of the excellent Philip II. when he heard of the fall of Antwerp, for I went to Susie's door, screeching through the keyhole, "Vicksburg is ours!" just as that other *père de famille*, more potent, but I trust not more respectable than I, conveyed the news to his Infanta (*vide* for the incident an American work on the Netherlands, I., p. 329, and the authorities there cited). It is contemptible on my part to speak thus frivolously of events which stand out in such golden letters as long as America has a history. But I wanted to illustrate the yearning for sympathy which I felt. You who were among people grim and self-contained usually, who I *trust* were *falling* on each other's necks in the public streets and shouting with tears in their eyes and triumph in their hearts, can picture my isolation. I have never faltered in my faith, and in the darkest hours, when misfortunes seemed thronging most thickly upon us, I have never felt the want of anything to lean against; but I own I did feel like shaking hands with a few hundred people when I heard of our Fourth of July, 1863, work, and should like to have heard and joined in an American cheer or two. Well, there is no need of my descanting longer on this magnificent theme. Some things in this world

may be better left unsaid. You and I at least know how we both feel about Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and I shall at least not try to add to the eloquence of these three words, which are destined to so eternal an echo. I wonder whether you or I half a dozen years ago were sufficiently up in geography to find all the three places on the map.

And now let me thank you a thousand times for your oration. It would have been better for me to write on the first impulse, perhaps, when I had first read it, but on the whole I think not. I felt no doubt that I should like it better and better after each reading, and so after devouring it in the very mistily printed journal which you sent, and next day in the clearer type of the respectable daily, I waited till the neat pamphlet which I knew was coming should arrive. Well, I have read it carefully several times, and I am perfectly satisfied. This I consider very high praise, because I had intense expectations both from the hour and the man. If I had had the good luck to be among the hearers—for I know how admirably you speak, and the gift you have of holding your audience in hand by the grace and fervor of your elocution as apart from the substance of your speech—I know how enthusiastic I should have been. There would have been no louder applause than mine at all the many telling and touching points. The whole strain of the address is one in which I entirely sympathize, and I think it an honor to Boston that such noble and eloquent sentiments should have resounded in ears into which so much venom has from time to time been instilled, and met with appreciation and applause.

Unless I were to write you a letter as long itself as

an oration, I could not say half what I would like to say, and this is exactly one of the unsatisfactory attributes of letter-writing. It is no substitute for the loose, disjointed talk. I should like nothing better than to discuss your address with you all day long, for, like all effusions of genius, it is as rich in what it suggests as in what it conveys. What I liked as well as anything was the hopeful, helpful way in which you at starting lift your audience with you into the regions of *faith*, and rebuke the "languid thinkers" for their forlorn belief, and the large general views which after that ascent you take of the whole mighty controversy, than which none in human history is more important to mankind. Then I especially admire the whole passage referring to the Saracenic conflict in Christian civilization. Will you allow me to say that I have often and often before reading your oration fallen into the same view of moralizing, and that when the news of the battle of Gettysburg reached me I instantly began to hope it might prove more decisively our battle of Tours than I fear, magnificent victory as it was, it has proved? Your paragraphs about the Moors are brilliant and dashing sketches.

I must confess, however, that you seem to me far too complimentary about the slaveholders. Perhaps it may be my ignorance, but I have always been skeptical as to what you call "the social elegances and personal graces of their best circles." Is it not a popular delusion to extend the external charms of a few individuals, or possibly a very small number of families, over a whole class? I ask in ignorance merely. It has been my lot to see a good deal of European aristocracies, and, without abating a jot of my reverence for and

belief in the American people, I have never hesitated to say that a conservatory of tropical fruit and flowers is a very brilliant, fragrant, and luxurious concern. Whether it be worth while to turn a few million freehold farms into one such conservatory is a question of political arithmetic which I hope will always be answered in one way on our side of the water. *Non equidem invideo, miror magis.* Another passage which especially delighted me was your showing up of neutrals. Again you will pardon me if I have often thought of Dante's *cattivo coro* in this connection. You will not object to this sympathetic coincidence, I hope. But I must pause, because, as I said before, I could go on talking of the oration for an hour. You can have no doubt whatever that it is triumphantly successful and worthy to take its place among your collected works. Do you wish higher praise? How is it, I often ask, that people, although they may differ from you in opinion on such grave matters as you have thus publicly discussed, can be otherwise than respectful to your sentiments?

I have not much to say of matters here to interest you. We have had an intensely hot, historically hot, and very long and very dry summer. I never knew before what a drought meant. In Hungary the suffering is great, and the people are killing the sheep to feed the pigs with the mutton. Here about Vienna the trees have been almost stripped of foliage ever since the end of August. There is no glory in the grass nor verdure in anything. In fact, we have nothing green here but the Archduke Maximilian, who firmly believes that he is going forth to Mexico to establish an American empire, and that it is his divine mission to destroy the dragon

of democracy and reëstablish the true Church, the Right Divine, and all sorts of games. Poor young man!

Ever sincerely yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

November 17, 1863.

My dearest Mother: . . . I shall say nothing of our home affairs save that I am overjoyed at the results of the elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, without being at all surprised. As to Massachusetts, of course I should as soon have thought of the sun's forgetting to rise as of her joining the pro-slavery Copperheads. The result of the elections in Missouri and Maryland has not yet reached me, but I entertain a strong hope that the latter State has elected an emancipation legislature, and that before next summer the accursed institution will be wiped out of "my Maryland."

The elections I consider of far more consequence than the battles, or rather the success of the antislavery party and its steadily increasing strength make it a mathematical certainty that, however the tide of battle may ebb and flow with varying results, the progress of the war is steadily in one direction. The peculiar institution will be washed away, and with it the only possible dissolvent of the Union.

We are in a great mess in Europe. The Emperor of the French, whom the littleness of his contemporaries has converted into a species of great man, which will

much amuse posterity, is proceeding in his self-appointed capacity of European dictator. His last dodge is to call a Congress of Sovereigns, without telling them what they are to do when they have obeyed his summons. All sorts of tremendous things are anticipated, for when you have a professional conspirator on the most important throne in Christendom, there is no dark intrigue that does n't seem possible. Our poor people in Vienna are in an awful fidget, and the telegraph-wires between London, St. Petersburg, and Paris are quivering hourly with the distracted messages which are speeding to and fro, and people go about telling each other the most insane stories. If Austria does n't go to the Congress out of deference to England, then France, Russia, Prussia, and Italy are to meet together and make a new map of Europe. France is to take the provinces of the Rhine from Prussia, and give her in exchange the kingdom of Hanover, the duchy of Brunswick, and other little bits of property to round off her estate. Austria is to be deprived of Venice, which is to be given to Victor Emmanuel. Russia is to set up Poland as a kind of kingdom in leading-strings, when she has finished her Warsaw massacres, and is to take possession of the Danubian Principalities in exchange. These schemes are absolutely broached and believed in. Meantime the Schleswig-Holstein question, which has been whisking its long tail about through the European system, and shaking war from its horrid hair till the guns were ready to fire, has suddenly taken a new turn. Day before yesterday the King of Denmark, in the most melodramatic manner, died unexpectedly, just as he was about to sign the new constitution, which made war with the Germanic

Confederation certain. Then everybody breathed again. The new king would wait, would turn out all the old ministers, would repudiate the new constitution, would shake hands with the German Bund, and be at peace, when, lo! just as the innocent bigwigs were making sure of this consummation so devoutly wished, comes a telegram that his new Majesty has sworn to the new constitution and kept in the old ministers.

Our weather has become gray, sullen, and wintry, but not cold. There has hardly been a frost yet, but the days are short and fires indispensable. The festivities will begin before long. Thus far I have been able to work steadily and get on pretty well.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,
December 16, 1863.

My dearest Mother: I received your letter of 25th November a few days ago, and am delighted to find you giving a good account of your health. As you say that you can find satisfaction in my stupid letters, I send you to-day another little note. Pray don't think it affected on my part when I say that I have literally nothing to write about.

We had the pleasure of a brief visit last week of a couple of charming bridal pairs—Irving Grinnell (son of my excellent friend Moses Grinnell) and his pretty, sweet little wife, who was, I believe, a Howland; and Fred d'Hauteville and his bride, a daughter of Hamilton Fish of New York—very elegant, high-bred, and handsome.

It was almost a painful pleasure to us to see Fred, for it brought more vividly to our memories his beautiful and most interesting mother, whose life was ended so sadly, just as it might have been gladdened by such a daughter. Still, although our regrets for his mother were reawakened, we were most happy to see the son, and to find how manly and high-spirited, and at the same time modest and agreeable, he seemed to be. Ah, this war is a tremendous schoolmistress, but she does turn our boys into men. And if all this campaigning has caused many tears to flow, it seems to me I had rather my son had died in the field, fighting for the loftiest and purest cause, than that he had remained in the sloth and the frivolity which form the life of too many who stay at home. I am determined to say nothing of political matters save to repeat my conviction, firm as the everlasting hills, that the only possible issue of the war is the reconstruction of the Union and the entire abolition of slavery, and such a glorious consummation is as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow. We are all well, and send much love to the governor and yourself and all the family. The little Schleswig-Holstein fuss is in a fair way of being settled.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

December 29, 1863.

My dearest Mother: We wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

We are very well satisfied with recent American

news. In a military point of view, thank Heaven, the "coming man," for whom we have so long been waiting, seems really to have come. So far as I can understand the subject, Ulysses Grant is *at least* equal to any general now living in any part of the world, and by far the first that our war has produced on either side. I expect that when the Vicksburg and Tennessee campaigns come to be written, many years hence, it will appear that they are masterpieces of military art. A correspondent of a widely circulated German newspaper (the "Augsburg Gazette"), very far from friendly to America, writing from the seat of war in Tennessee, speaks of the battle of Chattanooga as an action which, both for scientific combination and bravery in execution, is equal to any battle of modern times from the days of Frederick the Great downward. I am also much pleased with the Message, and my respect for the character and ability of the President increases every day. It was an immense good fortune for us in this emergency to have a man in his responsible place whose integrity has never been impeached, so far as I know, by friend or foe. The ferment in Europe does not subside, and I cannot understand how the German-Danish quarrel can be quietly settled. I rather expect to see a popular outbreak in Copenhagen, to be suppressed, perhaps, by foreign powers; but that Denmark will be dismembered seems to me very probable. However, I have no intention of prophesying as to events to be expected during the coming year.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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